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PENNELL

OF THE

AFGHAN FRONTIER

THEODORE LEIGHTON PENNELL IN 1908
He is wearing Pathan dress. This was his usual costume in Bannu.

PENNELL

OF THE

AFGHAN FRONTIER

THE LIFE OF

THEODORE LEIGHTON PENNELL

M.D., B.Sc., F.R.C.S.

Kaisar-i-Hind Medal for Public Service in India

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ALICE M. PENNELL

M.B., B.S.(Lond.), B.Sc.

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WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

FIELD-MARSHAL EARL ROBERTS, V.C., K.G.

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TO THE

BOYS

WHOM HE LOVED

INTRODUCTION

It is barely five years since I had the pleasure of writing a few commendatory words of introduction to a book entitled "Among the Wild Tribes of the Afghan Frontier," by Dr. Pennell, of the Bannu Medical Mission. I am glad to know that that book met with a cordial reception from the public, and has a wide circulation, for it well deserves its popularity. Now, alas! its gifted author is no more. Dr. Pennell died in March of last year at the age of forty-four, after a life all too short, wholly devoted to the teaching of Christianity and the cause of humanity.

Theodore Pennell distinguished himself as a medical student, and had he elected to practise in England there is little doubt but that he would have achieved distinction in his profession. But, largely influenced by his mother's inspiration and teaching, he decided to devote his life to Medical Missionary work in India. He arrived in that country in 1892, and from that time, with but two short absences of only a few months each,

he worked unceasingly for the spiritual and physical welfare of the turbulent tribes who inhabit the wild borderland round Bannu, where he made his headquarters.

Dr. Pennell was a man of striking appearance, of commanding personality, and of prepossessing manner. He was quite fearless (he never carried a weapon of any kind), and he was patient and determined. His aim was to get to understand the people and to be trusted by them; and in this endeavour, living amongst them and mixing freely and fearlessly with them, and by the example of his frugal, self-denying life, he achieved a remarkable measure of success. His fame as a physician and surgeon spread far and wide. Patients flocked to Bannu from Afghanistan and all parts of the frontier, and in Dr. Pennell's own words, he was "surrounded by them from morn till eve." In one year in the Bannu hospital alone 34,000 individual cases were dealt with, and 1655 of these were admitted to the wards. Eighty-six thousand out-patients were visited, and nearly 3000 operations were performed. This enormous amount of work was carried out by only four qualified medical men (two British and two Indian), and one qualified medical woman.

These figures will give some idea of the magnitude

and importance of the work, for the organization and execution of which Dr. Pennell was mainly responsible. That his life while so employed was —although intensely interesting—full of hardships, perils, and anxieties, will be gathered from a perusal of these pages, compiled by his widow. It is impossible, I think, for any one to read them without being convinced that Medical Missions are a great power for good in the land, and, as to their spiritual influence, I can only say from personal knowledge of their work, that I heartily agree with the Bishop of Lahore who, after a visit of inspection to Bannu, testified to their being "of immense service in breaking down opposition, softening hearts, making clear to the rough, untamed people of these parts the real meaning and bearing of the gospel message, and so preparing the way for its reception."

I sincerely hope that this volume will have a wide circulation. No one can read the story of "Pennell of the Afghan Frontier" without realizing that he was a power for good in the field of his labours, and that his influence always upheld the best traditions of our race.

ROBERTS, F.-M.

November, 1913.

AUTHOR'S NOTE

THE Author's thanks are due to the Rev. William Bramley-Moore, whose notes on the Pennell family have supplied the material for the first chapter; also to a friend to whose assistance she owes more than she can express.

The Author's profits on this book, as on Dr. Pennell's "Among the Wild Tribes of the Afghan Frontier," will be devoted to the Afghan Medical Mission.

LONDON,
November, 1913.

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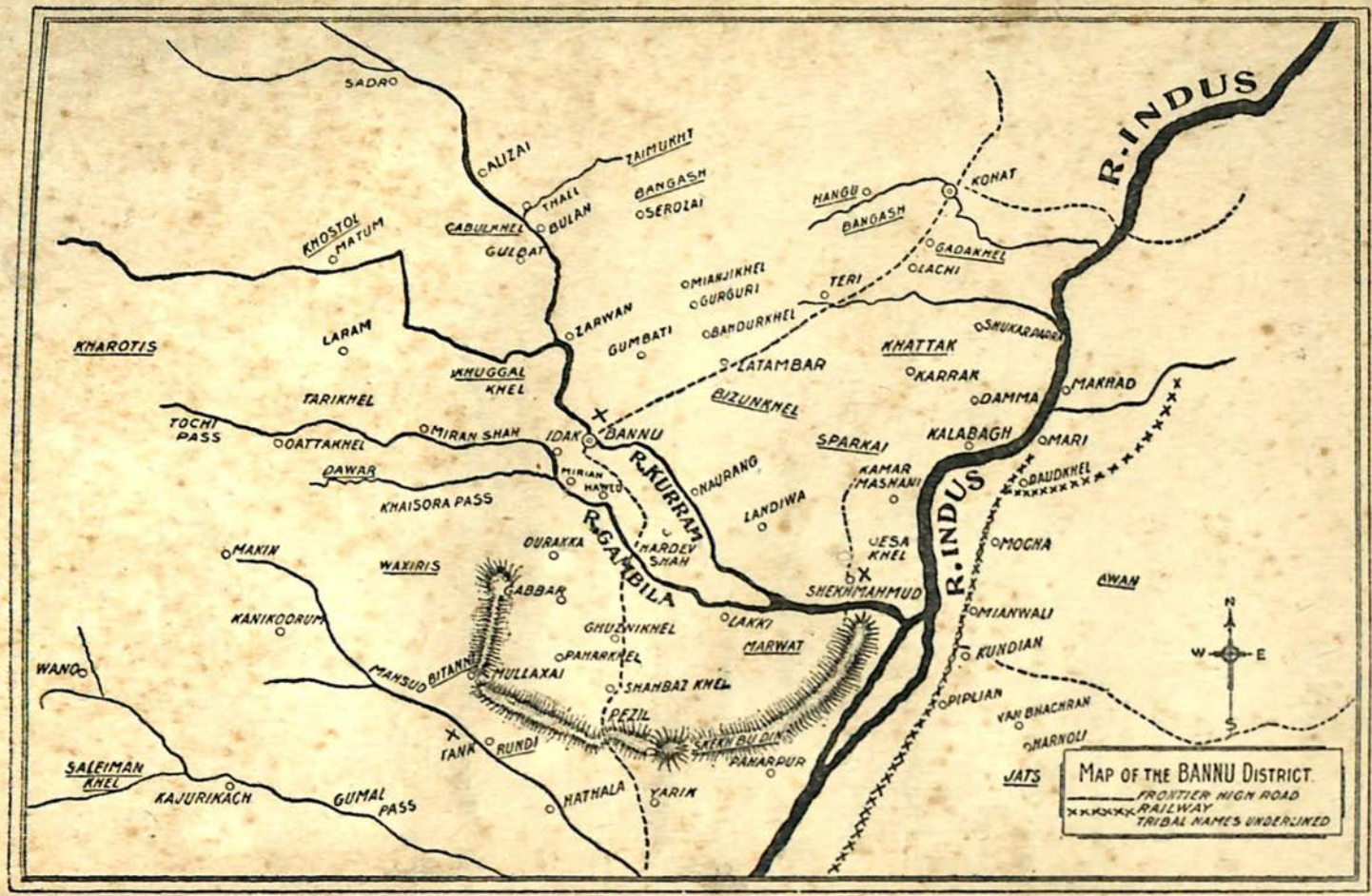
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MAP OF THE BANNU DISTRICT.
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PENNELL
OF THE AFGHAN FRONTIER

CHAPTER I

Family history—Interesting ancestors—Delicate childhood—Pursuits—School days—The Pennell family and childhood—Appearance.

THE family of the Pennells is of ancient West-country origin, and traces its descent from ancestors who were already living at Penhall, in Cornwall, before the Conquest. Subsequently the family moved to Lupton in Devonshire, where they resided for some centuries.

The name went through several variations in spelling, being written at different times as Penhall, Penhale, or Pennyl, and did not assume its ultimate form of Pennell till the fifteenth century.

About 1390, John Penhale and Richard Penhale are recorded as being Priors of Plympton Priory, and in 1415, a certain Richard Pennell, who was Canon of Crediton and Exeter, and Vicar of Paignton, became Archdeacon of Cornwall. He was also President of the Consistorial Council.

The next ancestor of whom any important records are extant is William Pennell, commander of an East Indiaman, who settled in Topsham and married the sister of Charles II's physician.

His great-grandson and namesake was appointed Consul of Bordeaux in 1814. During his consulate in this city, times were very troublous and full of adventure. There is a magnificent diamond, still kept as an heirloom in the family, which was given to him by the Duchesse d'Angoulême, as a reward for his help in aiding her escape from Bordeaux on a British frigate.

Later he became Consul of Bahia, and in 1829 he was appointed Consul-General for the Empire of Brazil. He married Elizabeth Carrington and had twenty-two children, many of whom became distinguished men and women.

One of the sons, Sir Henry Pennell, held the position of First Clerk of the Admiralty, and was the author of a continuous system for manning the Navy.

Among the girls, chief interest is attached to Rosamond, the thirteenth child, who at the age of six weeks was adopted by her eldest sister, then the wife of the Right Hon. John Wilson Croker. It was only by accident that she eventually learned that her supposed mother was really her sister. She was celebrated for her beauty, and her portrait at the age of seventeen by Sir Thomas Lawrence is a renowned and familiar picture. When a child at Kensington Palace, she was sent for to play with Queen Victoria. The "Croker Papers" are full of references to "Nony," as she was called.

"June 13, 1831. Took my little girl (Nony) to the King's (George IV's) ball. We arrived five minutes after the time appointed, half-past eight. His Majesty was already in the room. He was very gracious to Nony, and kissed her at her departure. William IV, when she was presented at his Court, kissed her twice, once, it was explained, as King, and the second time as man!"

Dr. Pennell's Great Aunt

Rosamond Pennell, "The Beautiful Miss Croker," aged 17. From the painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence. She afterwards became Lady Barrow

Her portrait made a great sensation. Allan Cunningham, speaking of it, says it was all "airiness and grace," and "men stood before it in a half-circle admiring its loveliness." Nony was as serious-minded as she was beautiful, and fearing that her beauty might arouse in her the vanities of weaker women, she vowed not to look at herself in a mirror for two years!

A sister of Nony's, Louisa Pennell, married Swinfen Jordan, of Falmouth, and was the grandmother of Theodore Leighton Pennell.

Augustus Frederick Pennell, one of her brothers, married Harriet Roberts, whose brother was General Sir Abraham Roberts, the father of Field-Marshal Earl Roberts, V.C., K.G. Theodore Pennell's father, John Wilson Croker Pennell, was a son of this Augustus Frederick Pennell. He was a successful student of Guy's Hospital, London, where he won the Gold Medal of the London University in the M.B. examination in Medicine.

For some years he was in Rio de Janeiro, where he had a large practice and a plantation. In 1866 he married his first cousin, Elizabeth Fanny Jordan, and had two children, Theodore Leighton, born in 1867 at Clifton, and Evangeline Sybil, who died in infancy.

He settled in England after his marriage, though he visited South America once, with his wife and infant son. He died when Theodore was nine years old, and his widow made it her aim to inspire in her boy the desire to dedicate his life and talents to the service of others.

During his childhood Theodore was rather delicate. One of his favourite amusements was to illustrate the books of travel and adventure which he read. Ballantyne's books and many others, such as *Robinson Crusoe*,

were illustrated on sheets of blank wall-paper, and then his special boy friends were invited to hear the story, the pictures being exhibited with great pride.

On account of this early delicacy he was prevented from taking part in the games of his boy friends, and being brought up by his mother, herself a great student, he became an omnivorous reader, and showed a far stronger inclination towards scientific pursuits than is usual in the ordinary boy.

His grandfather, Swinfen Jordan, was an enthusiastic naturalist, and it was Theodore's delight to collect botanical and geological specimens for him and help in their classification. The greater part of this collection came to him after his grandfather's death, and most of it he gave to the Bristol Museum. A few cases he took out to Bannu in 1908, to start a museum for his Pathan boys.

During these years of boyhood, books of travel and adventure alternated with those on botany as his favourite reading. His work in school was always good, for he had a very quick brain, and proved in all subjects a most satisfactory pupil. He could grasp a subject in half the time necessary to other boys, and his good memory went far towards helping him to outdistance his fellows.

Soon after his father's death his mother decided to take him to Eastbourne. As he was considered delicate, she rejected all idea of sending him to a public school, and he became a day-boy at Eastbourne College. Her intense affection made her resent any separation from him, and even when he went to college, she left Eastbourne and settled near his hospital in London, so that she could still make a home for him.

It was at Eastbourne he first got that love for the sea

THEODORE PENNELL AND HIS MOTHER IN 1874

which was such a dominant feeling with him throughout life. One of his recreations was to go out in a sailing or rowing boat for hours at a time with only a boatman as companion. His nature always seemed to crave for the wide spaces of earth and sea, and he was never so happy as when the great expanses of the desert or the mighty wastes of the ocean surrounded him. After the age of fourteen his health improved considerably; and in the course of the next two or three years he attained his full stature, and gained the vigour and intense vitality that characterised him so markedly throughout life.

His personal appearance is thus described by a friend.

"Of no one could it be more truly said than of Dr. Pennell—

"For soul is form, and doth the body make."

Standing well over six feet (6 ft. 2 in.), he carried his inches so easily that one scarcely noticed his height. Well proportioned, spare and yet muscular as he was, his quiet and gentle manner gave one but little indication that he was in the presence of a man of special distinction. Indeed, Pennell's own opinion of his abilities was so small that when asked to print his lectures in book form, it was only after considerable pressure that he consented to entertain the idea. Though at all times a striking figure, it was when dressed in the yellow flowing garb of an Indian Sadhu, or the even more picturesque costume of a wild Pathan, that Dr. Pennell was seen at his best. This impression was not at all marred by his wearing glasses, for his aquiline features, clear blue-grey penetrating eyes, and firm mouth, completed a picture as striking as it was characteristic. In fact, one's own mental conception

of Dr. Pennell's commanding personality is of necessity and quite inseparably bound up with the native dress which he habitually wore on the north-west frontier. In this guise it was that he influenced Indian Pathan and English Government official alike, and, as elsewhere explained, this dress was deliberately adopted by him as an expression of his own policy."

CHAPTER II

1884–1892

College days—Successes—Working lads' clubs—Norfolk Broads—Preparation for India—Missionary Breakfasts.

In 1884 Theodore Pennell matriculated, and won a medical entrance exhibition at University College, London. His early love for science stood him in good stead, and in 1886 he was able to take his B.Sc. with honours, winning the Gold Medal. This grounding in science formed a good preliminary for his medical career, which was a series of brilliant successes from start to finish. In October, 1890, he passed the M.R.C.S. and L.R.C.P. examinations, and in November he took his M.B. degree with honours, winning a scholarship and the Gold Medal. At college he won the Atchison Scholarship, Bruce Medal, and Morley Scholarship. The next year he took the M.D. degree and obtained the Gold Medal, and the same year he became an F.R.C.S., though being under twenty-five he was not allowed to use the letters after his name till the following year.

In all his work he had the stimulus of his mother's sympathetic interest, as she set herself by diligent reading to acquire a knowledge of all his scientific subjects.

Already, on November 22, 1890, he had written to offer his services to the Church Missionary Society. From

his earliest years his mother had set before him the inspiring ideal of a missionary's life, and all his reading tended to strengthen his deep-rooted resolve to adopt this career.

His interests were by no means confined to his studies. He had a wonderful power of acquiring knowledge without any apparent effort, and could grasp the details of the most intricate problems, while others were still endeavouring to deal with the bare outlines.

From the days of his childhood onwards he was remarkable for marvellous energy and for the faculty of doing in one day what his friends found difficult to accomplish in double the time.

Though he was so busy with his professional work, he was always able to find time for outside interests. The Working Lads' Institute, which he originated and for which he did so much, was one of his most successful undertakings. A great deal of his influence over boys must be attributed to his wonderful power of entering into all the circumstances of their lives, and he never lost touch with them once he had known them, as is evidenced by the fact that in the last week of his life he wrote to some of the boys who had belonged to this club in his early college days in London. This was all the more extraordinary, as his work in India brought him into contact with hundreds of boys, all of whom he regarded as his special charges, and to whom he gave himself in the most generous and unstinted manner. His success with them was due, in large measure, to his custom of praying for each of those with whom he came in contact on special days every week. He always held that one of the most potent means of helping boys was by writing to

THEODORE PENNELL AT THE AGE OF NINE

THEODORE PENNELL AT THE AGE OF NINETEEN

them, and he set apart certain hours every day, beginning at 5 a.m., for this correspondence. He was always ready to help and advise them, and very few of his "old boys" neglected to consult him in the important, as well as the trifling affairs of their lives. He never deemed anything too small to do for anyone, and he always concluded an interview with rich or poor with the kindly offer: "Can I be of any service to you?" and with him it was no mere phrase. His visitors all learnt to expect and count on his sympathetic and ready: "Koi khismat farmaye?" (Tell me of any service?).

For several summers while at college he was in the habit of taking the boys of the Working Lads' Institute to the Norfolk Broads, where they lived the simple life in the open, sleeping on wherries, and spending the days in trawling and fishing, or collecting butterflies and beetles.

His love for Natural History made him indefatigable in collecting the rarest and most attractive insects, and from boyhood it was his custom to spend long days in the woods, on the chalk cliffs of Sussex, or by the sea with his butterfly net and his vasculum. Later he wrote thus of these pursuits:

"From childhood upwards, my natural bent has been towards science—in fact, it is rather in the family; my grandfather was a great naturalist and he nurtured and encouraged my scientific inclinations. I am thankful to say that neither he nor my mother were among those who are afraid of an antagonism between the Book of God and the Nature of God, and when I was about twelve my grandfather gave me a copy of Darwin's *Origin of Species* which quite entranced me, and from that time till my medical work thrust aside my natural history hobbies I

was always collecting specimens and studying Darwinism. When my grandfather died he left me all his natural history collections, and these with my own made quite a formidable museum. When my mother and I came out to India, the giving up of these collections and studies was the nearest approach to a renunciation that I ever made."

One summer he took thirty-eight boys from the Working Lads' Institute with three friends to Yarmouth. They started from London Bridge by steamer. As the wind had entirely dropped they had to stop the night at Yarmouth. Next morning, at 3 a.m., they set out in three wherries, the *Jenny Morgan*, the *Faith*, and *Britannia*. They stopped at Runham for the day, to give them an opportunity of attending church. Dr. Pennell was always very anxious that Sunday should not be a depressing day for young people or robbed of all innocent pleasures, and on this occasion they spent the afternoon in bathing in the river. The next day was spent at St. Benet's Abbey, and a concert occupied the evening. Potter Heigham and Horsey Mere were visited, and much time passed in bathing in the sea or rowing on the Mere. One day a paper-chase was organised to give variety to the boys' pleasures, and moth and butterfly catching, cricket matches and regattas added to the list of their enjoyments. Pleasant little trips were made to Hickling, Acle, and Yarmouth, and then they left by the *Philomel* for London.

Another time he took the boys to Wroxham Broad on wherries. Each wherry had a rowing and a sailing boat, so their boating experiences were many and varied. One Sunday they all went to church at Woodbastwich, where the aged sexton caused much amusement by going to

every pew to inform the people that "Forty boys—poor boys—from London were present!" On this excursion they visited different broads, had every kind of water sport possible, and, to add to their pleasure, Dr. Pennell enlisted the help of his mother and cousin to entertain them, in addition to several of his men friends. One night they had a mock trial on his wherry, the boys thoroughly enjoying and entering into the spirit of the game. Another evening Mrs. Croker Pennell gave a tea-party followed by a concert in a barn at Horsey, to which all the villagers came. The Squire of the village, Admiral Rising, was most kind and hospitable to the boys, allowing them to fish in his private mere, and inviting them to tea at his own house. Even after Dr. Pennell had left for India the Admiral still kept up his interest in these boys and invited them another year to his place, showing them great kindness.

The excursion to the Broads was brought to an end after a delightful series of sports, including a rowing race, a swimming race, and a tub race with barrels, the last event proving a fruitful source of scratches. Starting from Meadow Dyke at five one morning, the party breakfasted at Kendal Dyke, rowed by Womack Dyke to Acle, and then stopped at Runham for the night. Some of the boys started to walk to Yarmouth, which they only reached at midnight, and then slept in a shelter on the parade, where their party found them next morning. A paper-chase he had with the boys on one of these excursions on the Broads he describes thus:

"Kendrick and I were hares, Foster was huntsman, Mould was 'whipper-in,' Goffe, Chiddell and fifteen boys ran. We ran round the Mere, and over the Dyke at

the first bridge, but there we got entangled in the Dyke, enabling the hounds almost to catch us up, so that it was a neck and neck race through Hickling village, with the hounds close upon us. Here we turned homewards, and after covering about a mile, were caught by Foster, with Sharp and Shadbolt close upon him. Five of us made our way homewards by easy stages, and completed a ten-mile run in a little over two hours."

In later years at Bannu, Dr. Pennell often had similar "chases" with his Pathan boys, and great were the rejoicings when he announced that such an event would take place. The fastest runners, who were to be hares, would come up to the house the day before to tear up paper and fill their bags, and then in secret conclave would decide their route. Fortunately for them the neighbourhood abounded in streams, and so they were able to give the hounds the slip time and again. The villagers being familiar with raiders and their ways, were often hard put to it to understand why these runners were so foolish as to leave a trail behind them. In Bannu very careful arrangements had to be made to keep the boys under surveillance all the time, as otherwise use might have been made of this opportunity for the favourite border pleasantry of kidnapping, and Dr. Pennell was able to secure the hearty co-operation of his masters in this, as in all his schemes. One of Dr. Pennell's special gifts was his power of inspiring other people with his own enthusiasm, as is shown by the fact that in London to this very day men who shared this enterprise of the Working Lads' Club still carry on the spirit of the work which he initiated. On the frontier also many a young officer was enlisted by him in the service of his beloved boys. He induced them to act as coaches

in cricket or football, to go paper-chases or have matches against the boys, or join in their sports. He believed thoroughly in the discipline of the playing fields for these Pathan lads. After they left school, he always kept in touch with them, and he found that the officers and others who had played with the boys were always ready to befriend them and scarcely ever forgot them in after years.

Dr. Pennell was particularly fond of swimming, and there were scarcely any baths in or about London which he had not visited.

During the summer of 1891 he was Ophthalmic Assistant to Mr. Tweedy, now Sir John Tweedy, and he took a great interest in his patients, entering into their home life and circumstances as much as he could.

His F.R.C.S. and M.D. examinations took place during the winter. He did brilliantly in both, winning the Gold Medal at the M.D., though his diary shows that in his modesty he did not expect even to pass, and was surprised at his success. Even during these examinations he did not concentrate his energies solely on the work, as is customary with the average student, but was able at the same time to continue his gymnastic classes for the boys, as well as his regular Bible class, besides arranging his geological specimens and collections of butterflies and moths.

When he had obtained all his degrees and qualifications, he put himself at the disposal of the Church Missionary Society as an honorary worker, leaving it to the committee to decide where he should go. He always felt very strongly that a Missionary should obey unquestioningly, even as a soldier would, and therefore put forward none of his own desires.

From the time he was nine years old his mother had devoted her life to him alone, and now when she saw the fulfilment of her desire that he should go to the Mission Field, she realised that it meant a parting between them. This possibility she felt unable to face, and so when the Church Missionary Society decided to send him to India, she made up her mind to go with him.

The end of August and September of 1892 he spent in getting ready for India, visiting hospitals for special diseases, dispensing at medical missions, and learning all he could about the country where he was to spend so many years and accomplish so much. He bought Urdu, Pushtu, Punjabi, and Persian Bibles, and even took lessons in Urdu. It was characteristic of him to use this opportunity to interest his boys in Mission work. He took Indian curiosities down to the Working Lads' Club, and used them as subject matter for lectures. His mother also began to learn Urdu in London as a preparation for the new life that lay before her. To the last he kept up his classes with his boys, and made most careful arrangements for their continuance after his departure.

On October 3, 1892, he and his mother attended their farewell meeting at Exeter Hall. He used the four minutes allotted to his speech in pleading for Medical Missions, which he called "the picture language of the Church Militant." By this time he had equipped himself in every possible way for his future work, giving much thought and care to the selection of necessary instruments and appliances.

It was significant of his thought for others that on his last day in England he wrote to forty-three of his boys, sending each of them a small present. The voyage to

India was uneventful. They did not land at Bombay, but immediately took a boat to Karachi, where they landed on November 15. To the end of his life he always spoke of his impression of surprise at the spaciousness of the first Mission-house he saw. He had always conceived a Missionary's life as consisting of a long series of deprivations and hardships, with nothing better than a hut to live in, and perhaps only dry bread for a meal. When he was a boy at school his reading was largely guided by his mother, and books of adventure or tales of Missionaries formed a large part of his library. He became imbued with the idea that starvation was part of the régime of a Missionary, and he used to collect crusts till they were dry enough to satisfy his Spartan taste, and then he would go out with a kindred spirit, missing his meals at home, to indulge in what he called his "Missionary breakfasts"!

CHAPTER III

1892–1893

Landing in India—First patient—Village doctoring—Patients—Wazirs and Mahsuds—Mullah Powindah—Accessibility at all times—Early Tours.

DR. PENNELL thus describes his landing at Karachi:

"We cast anchor in Karachi harbour at 10.15 a.m. There was at once a great commotion, for we had about 250 Indians as deck passengers. All had boats and friends to meet them. As no one met us, we singled out one boat which vociferously applied for our custom, and got into it with our luggage. There being no wind and a strong tide running out, it took us over half an hour to row and tow to the landing-stage. I landed half-way on the sea-wall, and photographed the boat—our first landing in India. I noticed great numbers of crabs about four inches across, and the rocks were covered with shells, like large Littorinas, as well as lots of Cirripedes. After getting through the customs, in which my medicine chest was the only thing examined, we put the luggage on a bullock-cart, and ourselves got into a two-horse carriage of thoroughly British appearance, in which we drove to the Mission-house."

It is amusing to notice that prescribing for his first patient, a Hindu child, the very day he landed, he ordered *beef-tea*, to the no small horror of the father and the older

Missionary. This is the more amusing when it is remembered that later on he himself became a vegetarian in order to induce the Hindus to eat with him.

From Karachi they went to Dera Ismail Khan, which was to be their first station. The journey from Karachi to Darya Khan was interesting, in so far as it presented new types of men, new geological formations, and a fauna and flora with which he was not familiar, but otherwise it did not offer any features of great interest.

The journey from Darya Khan was accomplished in a mail tonga. Dr. Pennell describes it thus :

" We started in the dark at 5.30. The road is merely dried grass and branches laid down in the desert, and as the cart has no apology even for springs, the riding is pretty rough. The horses were changed twice in the fourteen miles. The sun rose when we were half-way, and we made our first entry into Dera Ismail Khan in full daylight. The first sight of Dera gave a better impression than I expected, there being an abundance of fine trees (especially the Sirris in seed, its long pods hanging down very conspicuously) and a fair amount of vegetation."

His work was to be among Pathans for the most part, and he soon learnt to know them through and through.

The Pathans consider themselves to be descendants of the tribe of Benjamin. Solomon had a son named Afghana, whom they claim as their direct ancestor. Certainly the Pathan physiognomy lends credence to this theory, and many customs still prevalent among them bear witness to their Semitic origin. There is a verse in Genesis (xlix. 27) that accurately describes the Pathan of to-day :

" Benjamin shall ravin as a wolf : in the morning he shall devour the prey, and at night he shall divide the spoil."

To meet the demands of hospitality he will cheerfully slay his last sheep, or, in default of his own, that of his nearest neighbour. His fine physique and free carriage are significant of his characteristic courage. He is a born fighter, and his conceptions of the rights of property are, to say the least, primitive. A male child, at birth, is passed through an aperture in the wall by his mother, who says, "Be a thief, be a thief"!

An Englishman, who was once travelling in barren Waziristan, enquired of his guide where were their harvests. The answer was a sweeping gesture towards the rich and fertile plain of Bannu, which lay blazing in the sun below the hill on which they stood. "Those are our harvests," contentedly replied the unabashed son of raiders. The Pathans are dreaded by the rich Hindus of the frontier towns, whose children they kidnap and hold for ransom as a set-off to the heavy debts recorded against them in the account books of the distracted parents. Another method of settling their financial difficulties is a sudden raid upon the dwellings of the Hindus, during which the shops are looted and the inconvenient record of their debts is destroyed in the flames. The exorbitant interest enacted by the grasping Hindu is perhaps slightly justified by the extreme precariousness of his returns, but it is certainly the cause of his unpopularity. The Pathan's hatred is such that it prompts him to frequent and barbarous acts of retaliation.

When claiming ransom for kidnapped children, should there be any delay in response, the activity of the parents is stimulated by the receipt of a severed finger of their unfortunate child, to be followed, as they well know, by similar reminders till the money is produced. A simple

THEODORE PENNELL WITH THE GYMNASTIC SQUAD

The boys belonged to the Working Lads' Club run in connection with University College, London, in 1890.

method of avoiding the trouble of guarding their prisoners is to brand the soles of their feet, so as to make walking impossible. To intensify the agonised appeals of the prisoners to their relatives for speedy ransom, they are submitted to refined forms of torture, such as being forced to stand in ice-cold water for hours, while the crack marksmen of the tribe amuse themselves with a sharp rifle practice round their victim's head.

For centuries past until the establishment of the British control, the history of India is punctuated by the frequent raids and invasions of the fertile northern provinces by these turbulent denizens of the Afghan hills. To this day the Afghan merchant finds his way to the most distant corners of India, and though no longer fortified by the moral support of his beloved rifle, which is confiscated on the British frontier till his return, the domination of his personality is unquestioned in his tyrannical commercial transactions.

The Pathans make excellent fathers, and are devoted though jealous husbands. Their women, unlike those of other Muhammadan, are, as a rule, not kept in *purdah*, which doubtless largely accounts for the unusually splendid physique of the race. This freedom of the women probably results from the marauding habits of the tribes and the consequent prolonged absence of the men from their villages. To guard their honour, or *izzat* as they call it, stringent punishments are considered imperative. For anything even suggestive of conjugal indiscretion, drastic measures are immediately taken by the offended husband, who considers it quite unnecessary to authenticate his suspicions. On one occasion, a Waziri returning home found his wife talking to her neighbour

over the wall. Without waiting even to ask what was the subject of their entirely innocent conversation, he struck her head off with his murderous knife and flung it at the feet of the horrified neighbour, with the curt remark, "If you wish to talk to my wife, here is her head."

A less hasty husband contents himself with cutting off his wife's nose, and, if he can catch him, the foot of the male offender, as a permanent testimony to their misdeeds. A patient was once brought into the Bannu hospital by her husband, who, having cut off her nose in a fit of passion, bethought him that he had rather depreciated his own property, and would like to have her inexpensively patched up. For certain surgical reasons the ordinary operation of making a new nose from a flap of skin taken from the forehead was not possible in her case, and Dr. Pennell proposed to procure an artificial nose from England at the cost of thirty rupees. The man demurred on hearing the price, and being asked why, explained, "You see, Sahib, I can get a good new wife for eighty rupees." However, on mature reflection, he decided against making new matrimonial ventures, considering probably that a removable nose could be made an efficient safeguard against further indiscretion.

In cases of illness, their devotion to either wife or child is unsurpassed. A Pathan father will nurse his sick child for hours in his arms till the danger is past. One of their strongest characteristics is an unfailing sense of humour, either at their own expense or that of others. Some of the Border chiefs once came in to attend a tribal council summoned by one of the chief officials of the Province, who entertained them lavishly, as is the custom. Before returning to their mountain homes, a deputation of these

grateful councillors called upon the Sahib to take leave of him and express their thanks for his hospitality. As a token of their appreciation, they presented him with a young gazelle, and departed in excellent good humour. The gazelle was duly tethered in front of the official tent. Later in the day, distracted servants of the local Nawab came to enquire if anything had been seen or heard of their master's favourite gazelle, which had disappeared coincidently with the departure of the Border chiefs. Considerable embarrassment was felt on all sides by the sight of the lost pet contentedly browsing in front of the Sirkar's tent.

Pathans are all Muhammadan by religion. The following extract from a speech of Dr. Pennell's exemplifies the vitality of their creed:

"'There is no God but God, and Mahomet is the prophet of God.' Such is the cry which electrifies 250 millions of the inhabitants of this globe. Such is the cry which thrills them so that they are ready to go forward and to fight for their religion, and consider it a short road to Paradise to kill Christians and Hindus and unbelievers. It is that cry which at the present time is echoing and re-echoing through the hills and mountain fastnesses of the North-West frontier of India. It is that cry which the Mullahs of Afghanistan are now carrying to mountain hamlets and to towns in Afghanistan in order to raise the people of that country to come forward and fight. That is a cry which has the power of joining together the members of Islam throughout the world, and preparing them for a conflict with all who are not ready to accept their religion. It is by that cry that the Ghazi, the fanatic on the North-West frontier of India and other places, is stirred to kill some British officer, thereby believing that

he will at once enter Paradise. And it is perhaps more especially these Muhammadans on the North-West frontier of India who have this intense religious zeal—call it what we will, fanaticism or bigotry—but which, nevertheless, is a power with them overruling every other passion. So great is the power in this cry that I have borrowed a horse from an Afghan chief, and at the utterance of that cry alone the animal has darted off at a gallop, because it was accustomed when it heard it to charge into the enemy's ranks. And if the horses feel the thrill of it, how much more will the men themselves!"

Their priests or Mullahs have a great influence over them, and constantly incite them to acts of violence against all "unbelievers." Nearly every Border rising, large or small, is instigated by some bigoted Mullah, who preaches that the path to Paradise must be paved with the heads of infidels, either Christians or Hindus. Many a promising young Pathan is transformed into a raging fanatic and bloodthirsty murderer by the preaching of some cowardly Mullah, who incites the hot-blood of youth to commit deeds that he dare not attempt himself.

Their mosques are most simple and unpretentious, and often consist of merely a few square feet of ground, carefully swept and garnished, and jealously guarded from the polluting foot of an unbeliever. A very moderate claim to sanctity justifies the conversion of any tomb into a shrine, and it is around all these that the religious life of the people centres.

In all cases of distress the Pathan seeks help and solace at the shrine appropriate to his particular need, for each has its own characteristic efficacy. A childless Pathan woman will often journey many weary miles to hang

a rag torn from her clothing at the shrine of some saint in the belief that the reproach of barrenness will thus be removed. In a like way the raider will solicit success for his enterprise, or the would-be murderer for his deed. Should any village lack the prestige of owning a shrine, no method of supplying the deficiency is considered unjustifiable.

The dress of the Pathan is as severe as his surroundings, to which, indeed, it is designedly adapted, as his very existence so often depends upon his being indistinguishable against the neutral colouring of his rugged hills.

And what sort of converts do these Afghan people make? Here is one example which Dr. Pennell gives us. A learned Moslem, one well able to argue, and give a reason for the new faith which was in him, became a Christian some years ago. He came to the Missionary and said, "Our country is closed to *you*, but let *me* go and preach the Gospel to my fellow-countrymen there." He was told such an action would probably result in his death, but he remained firm in his determination, and went. He was soon arrested and taken before the Governor of Kandahar, and also before the Amir, who commanded him to repeat the Kalimah or Muhammadan Creed, but he refused, and was cast into prison. A series of acts of inhuman cruelty followed; first one arm, then the other was cut off, and still he refused to recant, until at last they cut his throat. And when some of the Christians of Bannu heard of his death they volunteered to take his place.

Dr. Pennell's energetic nature is shown by the fact that, on his arrival at Dera, he plunged into work, learning the language, seeing his patients, watching the schoolboys at cricket. His patients increased rapidly, and he soon

found how impossible it was to deal with them without a hospital, or to treat them adequately. His fame as a doctor even induced a Nawab to bring his wife for examination. She arrived in a carriage hedged about with many purdahs (veils) and entirely covered by a *burqa* (a veil that envelops the whole person, leaving only small slits for the eyes). In default of a hospital and nurses, he had to spend much of his time in visiting patients in their homes and hovels, to nurse as well as doctor them. The love of variety of treatment, which characterises the Indian patient, was first brought to his attention in the case of a man with pneumonia, whom he had spent hours in poulticing and nursing. After he returned home, the patient sent back all the medicines with a message that an Indian Fakir, with a spirit in him, had undertaken to cure him.

From the very beginning his medical skill was in great demand. One of the most stimulating thoughts to a medical man is that his services are in immediate requisition, and he has not the weary months of waiting and preparation that damp the ardour and cool the enthusiasm of so many. As he visits his patients in their homes, he learns more about their customs, manners, and language in a few weeks than the ordinary Missionary does in a year, besides which a doctor always has his congregations coming to him, and has not to go in search of them as does the preacher. In India, moreover, a doctor commands much the same love and respect as a holy man or teacher.

Very soon after his arrival he began planning the establishment of dispensaries as near the border as he could possibly venture. He was an absolute stranger to

fear, and risk of any sort simply served as a stimulus to his enterprise.

One of his earliest visits to a patient in a village is worth recording. The man was one of his first cataract patients, and lived in a village called Gomal, about four miles from Dera Ismail Khan. So Dr. Pennell and an assistant started out early one morning to see him. To their surprise, he lived twelve miles away. When they got to Gomal, they found that there were two villages of the same name, one and a half miles apart, and the patient lived in the second of them. But Dr. Pennell always found some purpose even in a mistake, and so made good use of his time by seeing patients in the first village. The villagers were most hospitable, bringing him sweetmeats and milk, of which he partook, to their great satisfaction, and wishing him to stay with them for a fortnight. To eat the food of the people amongst whom he worked, and to share their simplest meals, was one of his strongest principles, and nothing endeared him to them so much as this custom of his. Fortunately, he was not afraid of possible infection in food, and would eat and drink whatever was given him in simple faith. He made it a rule in his wanderings to carry nothing more than the ordinary *chapatti* (unleavened bread) of the country, and to live on exactly the same food as the people around him.

Early in January he paid his first visit to Tank. He started on foot, and walked twelve miles before the mail tonga overtook him. In Tank a baptism took place, which roused a good deal of local feeling. Once the man was baptized, however, the Mullahs recommended the people to "leave him to the devil," thus making the best of a bad job! This visit to Tank only served to deepen

and strengthen his zeal for evangelising India and Afghanistan. As he gazed at the hills, only four or five miles distant, he hoped for the day when they would no longer mark the boundary beyond which no Missionary was allowed. One of the most earnest desires to the day of his death was to visit Kabul, and if possible preach the Gospel there. During the last days of his life he was making plans for this purpose. Limitations of any sort, physical or otherwise, were irksome to him, and his only attitude towards difficulties was to find some means to overcome them. If a district were dangerous, he felt inspired to go to it. When he heard that a certain Mullah had preached of his murder as a sure road to Paradise for the Ghazi who accomplished it, he forthwith set out unarmed and unescorted to visit the house of his adversary. If a road were known to be beset by raiders, his intrepid spirit would find exhilaration in traversing just that way. It was this spirit of fearlessness that not only won him friends amongst the manly Pathans, but more than once was the means of saving his life. His powers of endurance were extraordinary, for once on the return journey from Tank he walked twenty-six miles without food or drink, and so was thankful when the mail tonga overtook him. About this time he was greatly cheered by hearing that three of his college friends had decided on becoming Missionaries. He had no idea that he himself had done anything to influence them till in May, 1910, at the C.M.S. meetings in Queen's Hall. He and Dr. Cook, of Uganda, were both speakers, and the latter surprised him by publicly attributing to Dr. Pennell his own decision to become a Missionary.

Even at this early date he began to make friends with

the Mahsuds and Waziris, both hill tribes, who, in later years, formed such a large proportion of his patients. His first invitation from the Mullah Powindah came in January, 1898, several of whose people had been successfully treated by Dr. Pennell. This was the Mullah who was responsible for some of the Border risings, and on whose head a price was set. The Waziris, too, begged him to go up to their hills, promising to take great care of him and to treat him very well. They offered there and then to write him a certificate as a kind of passport which he could take up and show to their friends. One of these Waziris had atropine given to him for his eyes. He was so pleased with the relief it gave him, that he put it into the eyes of most of his friends. Next morning Dr. Pennell was besieged by a crowd of patients with widely-dilated pupils, complaining bitterly of blurred vision!

Another patient having some trouble with his ear, had to have it examined with a speculum and mirror. This so took the fancy of all the patients who had already been treated for quite other complaints, that one after another remembered he could not hear well, and begged to be examined in the same way. Once a Waziri, after getting home, returned one rainy day through all the mud and slush with a doleful face, to say that he had not been given his old medicine. It took hours to persuade him that the new prescription was more suited to the present stage of his complaint. He sat mournfully on the verandah gazing at the bottle. At nightfall, however, he went home, and next day returned rejoicing, to say how much good it had done him.

Dr. Pennell had only been at Dera Ismail Khan a few weeks when he began to consider the advisability of

taking a house in the city, as he thought it would be a good thing to live more among the Indians, instead of estranging them by constantly being in English society. When he went to Bannu, he did try this experiment, but as his hospital was of necessity in the Mission compound outside the city, he found himself too far away from his patients, and so had to give it up. It was, however, a strict rule in his house, the infringement of which was, perhaps, the only offence for which he ever scolded his servants, that no visitor, were he prince or beggar, should be kept waiting. He had a wonderful faculty of making the most troublesome person feel welcome, and he would put aside whatever he was doing, if possible, to give his whole-hearted attention to the other's business. Those who knew him in Bannu will remember the large crowd which always seemed to follow him as he went from school to hospital, from church to city, each and all with their various requests. "Padre Sahib! Arz laram" (I have a request) was always the prelude, and one which he never disregarded. There would be the lame man, who wanted him to write a letter to the Deputy Commissioner to allow him to have a water-mill, or a father asking him to get his son into the police force, which would necessitate another letter, or a little boy wanting his fees reduced at school (which generally meant that Dr. Pennell paid them himself). Perhaps amongst the applicants would be the friends of a patient who wished his medicine changed or his operation postponed, or a teacher with a recalcitrant schoolboy brought up for punishment, or a Khan, who wished to enlist Dr. Pennell's help and interest in being made a *Kursi-Nashin* (one who could sit on a chair in the presence of English officials). To each suppliant he

managed to give the impression that he had time to devote to his special plea. He would write the requisite letters to the officials concerned, would send the old lame beggar away with his pockets heavier and his heart lighter, would reason with the patients' friends, and speak seriously to the little boy.

It may well be imagined how every minute of his day was occupied, when he never denied himself to anyone. All his Pathan and Indian friends, great and small, learnt to appreciate and rely on his easy accessibility. His personal experiences at the houses of Missionaries, when he was on his Fakir tour, made him all the more determined that similar treatment should not be meted out to anyone who came to his own house. He remembered how when calling in Pathan dress at a Missionary's house, the servant met him with: "Yahan sirf sahib log ate hain, tum jao hujra men baitho" ("Only gentlemen may come here, you go and wait in the Indian guest-house"). When asked at least to tell his master there was a visitor waiting, the servant refused, saying: "Hukm nahin hai. Tum wahan ja kar baitho, jab Padre Sahib ko fursat hoga wo tum se milenga" ("There is no order to disturb the Padre Sahib, you must wait there, and when he has time he will come and see you"). Dr. Pennell thereupon did go and wait in the Hujra till the Missionary felt at leisure to come and see him. But this incident, coupled with others, made him realise how rudely Indian servants will treat those whom they imagine their masters only receive grudgingly.

He began touring and preaching in the villages during his first winter. He had a wonderful gift for languages, and as he spent much of his time with the people of the

country he soon found himself able to speak Urdu and understand Pushtu.

He started one February morning on a riding camel, his assistants following on another, for a village eight miles off. There he began by treating patients and preaching to them. The people were delighted, and hospitably spread rugs and brought pillows for them to sit on, besides offering almonds, raisins, and green tea to refresh them. He was preaching on the fact that our sinfulness precluded our receiving answers to prayer, and that it would finally exclude us from heaven, when a Mullah said, "Yes, but if a man does or tries to do what is right, then he goes to heaven; if he does not, then he is 'lost.'"

Dr. Pennell's Urdu being only in its infancy, he found it difficult to answer the man promptly. In his own words, he was "at a loss how to show the falsity of this statement, when in answer to an ejaculatory prayer, a man at that moment handed me a small phial for his eye lotion which I had sent him off to fetch. I noticed that it was very dirty inside, so that it occurred to me to compare it to our hearts, saying that if I were to put good medicine into it, it would be spoilt by the dirt in the bottle, and just in the same way any good action that we may do has its bloom destroyed by the contamination of our own hearts, and cannot stand the light in the presence of the All-Pure."

He was soon familiar enough with the language to talk easily with the people, as he travelled amongst them, healing their sick, ministering to their minds, and entering into their lives and interests.

Speaking in a village once, he said:

"I have only the remedies of the body with me, but

our hearts are also ill with a fell disease. Can anyone tell me the cure for that ? "

Most of the people looked puzzled, then a Khan (chief), more intelligent than the rest, brightened up, and said :

" I know, Sahib—a wife ! "

A note he makes in his diary at this time is worth recording :

" 2nd Kings VI. 25. ' And there was a great famine in Samaria: . . . until an ass's head was sold for eighty pieces of silver.' This suggests that such is the famine for Christian workers in this land that they even set a price on my poor services."

His next entry is :

" Isaiah XXXV. 1. ' The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose.' Very true here, where the presence of God and His power working among the people make every solitary village bright with the promises of His salvation, and set round every desolation a halo of promise that ' My word shall not return unto Me void.' ' Your God will come, He will come and save you.' "

CHAPTER IV

1893–1894

Location—Coolies—Service—First Examination—Jahan Khan—Early Bazaar Preaching.

THE appointment at Dera Ismail Khan was only a temporary arrangement, until it could be settled where it was best for Dr. Pennell to establish his permanent headquarters. At the first Missionary conference he attended Mr. Mayer wished him to go to Bannu, Mr. Thwaites was in favour of Tank, whilst others suggested that he should stay in Dera. Dr. Pennell and his mother visited Tank to see what prospects existed there, and at the time thought it would make an excellent centre for work among the Waziris.

The following is an extract from his diary while in Tank :

" This is eternal life that they may know Thee, the only true God and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent. This seems the one hope of India, amid divers radiations of religious thought and the endeavour to reach the truth by all kinds of circuitous methods, without acknowledging the reproach of the Cross, but we have His word that the ' foolishness ' of preaching shall be the power of God unto salvation. Let us therefore endeavour to change the religion of the people by changing their hearts, and not ' vice versa ' which results in the increase of those who bring discredit on the name of ' Christian ' by exciting com-

parison between them and some of the better heathen around them. Then again, how can the converts be expected to exhibit more self-denial than the missionaries around them, by whose instrumentality they have been brought to the truth? This fact renders many comforts, otherwise lawful, inexpedient."

Whilst here he made many friends amongst the inhabitants, Takochis and Pathans, who were anxious that he should settle down in the place.

Even up to the end of March, 1893, his permanent station was still a matter of great uncertainty, and on March 31 he writes in his diary:

"There are still many difficulties in the way of arranging our future, but sometimes the greatest trials are a prelude to the best work, if met in His strength, and we must not regard difficulties except as something to be overcome. A difficulty overcome leaves a man stronger, not weaker, and it may be just because we have a great work here, that we get all these difficulties."

In the middle of April he paid his first visit to the little hill station of Sheikh Budin. The Mail Tonga took him to Chanda the first day, where he spent the night, going up to Sheikh Budin early in the morning. Of Chanda he writes:

"Lovely night at Chanda, the hill loomed black above the Dâk Bungalow, suggesting a type of the spiritual darkness of Afghanistan, of the mountains of which it is the eastern spur. Suddenly a bright star appeared above the dark peak, so may the Dayspring speedily arise in that dark land."

During the twenty years he lived in India he never became used to seeing coolies treated as beasts of burden,

and on the uphill road from Pezu to Sheikh Budin, a journey of ten miles, he insisted on relieving one of the coolies of half his load, greatly to the man's astonishment. This was merely a characteristic example of his customary attitude towards others. During his Fakir tour, one of the bicycles on which he and his chela, or disciple, were riding, met with a mishap, which rendered it necessary to carry the damaged machine until a new wheel could be procured. As a matter of course Dr. Pennell strapped it on his own back and gave the perfect one to his chela.

On another occasion, while travelling from Bombay, his companions lost sight of him at a station. After some search he was found, laden with an old peasant woman's parcels, assisting her into a third-class carriage.

Late one night a Pathan guest arrived from across the frontier at the mission house. As the servants had all gone to their own quarters he would not send for them to make other arrangements, but gave his own bed to his Pathan friend, while he himself spent the night on the floor. The guest was greatly horrified when he discovered in the morning what his host had done, but the act cemented a lifelong friendship.

While at Sheikh Budin, Dr. Pennell spent most of his time in studying Urdu and Pushtu.

Afghan merchants travel long distances to bring their wares to India, and Dera Ismail Khan is one of the most important trade centres. A merchant, who was travelling with his son was brought into the mission hospital at the point of death. Disappointed of immediate recovery he insisted on being taken to a potent shrine at Sakki Sarwar, but this hope also proved vain, and he died leaving his boy to the care of some Muhammadans. When Dr. Pennell was

wishing to engage a Pushtu-speaking servant this youth was recommended to him. For some months Jahan Khan was very careful not to become too friendly with the *Feringi Sahib* whom he served, and would scarce touch his hand lest contact should lead to conversion, but a desire to learn Urdu was the means of first introducing him to the New Testament, and before very long he asked to be baptised. So great was the rage of his relatives and friends that he immediately became an object of persecution. Several attempts were made upon his life of which Dr. Pennell records the following:

"One summer afternoon I was keeping my dictionary company on the verandah of the house at Sheikh Budin when I became conscious of distant shouts of 'My Doctor Sahib—Doctor Sahib!' coming up the hill. At first I scarcely appreciated its import, but when it continued I hastily ran down the hill and found him seized by three Pathans, two of whom had pinioned his arms, while the third had wound Jahan Khan's puggari tightly round his neck to strangle him!"

He was the first-fruit of Dr. Pennell's work amongst his beloved Afghans, and showed his devotion throughout life. After his conversion he was very anxious to preach the gospel to his own people, and in spite of the danger he ran, he returned to Afghanistan with copies of the New Testament sewn up in his Pathan pyjamas.

In June of the same year Dr. Pennell started early one morning with Jahan Khan for Paniala, a pretty little village with several streams and groves of date palms, where he was most hospitably entertained by the Numbardar or Headman. He very soon found himself surrounded by the boys of the village, and organised an

enthusiastic contest in races and gymnastics for which he gave prizes, thereby winning all their hearts. As he walked about the village the people brought their sick, blind, maimed, and halt to him, and his kind and cheering words added greatly to the efficacy of his medicines.

The people of Paniala were loth to let Dr. Pennell go, and thought that tales of the terrors to be encountered on the night journey to Sheikh Budin might deter him from attempting the perilous path, so they drew terrifying pictures of panthers, snakes, precipices and pitfalls, that beset the way. But as he had to go back, he showed them that he was not in the least afraid of dangers real or imaginary, and he set off on the journey travelling partly on horseback, partly on foot. It was two o'clock in the morning when he reached home, footsore and tired, and rather than disturb his mother he slept out on the rocks with nothing but his turban for a pillow. He had gained the lasting affection of the people at Paniala by sharing their food, wearing their costume, and accepting their hospitality in preference to isolating himself in the solitary dignity of the Dâk Bungalow.

The fact that he passed his first Pushtu examination in the July after his arrival in India is an admirable illustration of his determination to overcome obstacles and the facility with which he undertook and accomplished any intellectual labour, for it must be remembered that Indian languages and dialects are notoriously difficult to master, and he had had to learn Urdu as well as Pushtu.

When returning by tonga from Dera to Chanda after his examination in Pushtu, Dr. Pennell and his party found the roads under water. He had to get out of the cart and swim, and in places the current was so swift that they

were obliged to unpack and repack the tonga several times, carrying the loads across on their heads and then returning to encourage the horses to follow with the lightened vehicle. From Chanda to Sheikh Budin he was obliged to ride, as the flood had carried away his Indian shoes and he was therefore barefoot.

In the intervals of studying the language it was his habit to spend some time daily preaching in the bazaar, instructing enquirers, and 'doing' medical work. On one occasion, hearing there was to be a *méla* or fair at Paniala, he went there accompanied by some of his assistants, taking with him his magic lantern. The pictures excited their wonder, but they were greatly puzzled to know how he had obtained the photograph of Satan, which appeared in one of the pictures, and who had supplied it!

During these first eight months spent in the country he had passed a language examination, had done much preaching in the bazaar, doctored many patients, and toured on foot, on camel, and on donkey-back over quite a large tract of country, making friends with the people and learning their ways and customs—a remarkable achievement for any man in so short a time.

CHAPTER V

1893–1895

Bannu—Bannuchies—Their characteristics—Khair Ullah—First Sermon—Examinations—Necessity for hospital—Early Catechumens—The day's work—Early itineration—Pathan dress—Difficulties—Thieves—Persecution of converts—Kurram—Story of a Testament.

ALONG the north-west frontier of India one of the most fertile valleys is that of the Kurram, on the lower waters of which river stands Bannu.

The Kurram rises in the Sufed Koh range and follows the line of the mountains for many miles till it reaches a valley inhabited by the Turis. After Sada the valley narrows considerably and runs south-east for thirty-five miles to Thal, where it enters the independent territory of Waziristan. After serpentining through these wild hills for another thirty miles it emerges into the Bannu plain and flows through the Bannu and Marwat districts till it joins the Indus at Isa Kheyl. Before this district was administered by the British it had passed through many vicissitudes, and the Sikhs, who were its last rulers, were replaced by British officers in 1847. Bannu district proper lies between the hills of Kohat on the north and the plains of Dera Ismail Khan on the south, with Waziristan to the west and the Indus on the east. There are four passes which form gateways from Central Asia into India by way of Afghanistan. Peshawar is at the head of the

Khyber Pass in the north, Kohat commands the Kurram, Bannu the Tochi, and Dera Ismail Khan the Gomal. These have always been the routes taken by the Northern Invaders who have harassed India from the days of Alexander, and now in more peaceful times they form the great trade routes for Merchant Caravans from Afghanistan and Central Asia into British India.

Tribal levies are organised under British officers, and help to maintain the safety of these passes, with the support of the regular British troops at the more important stations on the border. The tribes across the frontier are frankly robbers, and descend at intervals to pillage the rich valleys on the British side of the border, thus keeping the troops constantly in practice repulsing their raids, or recovering kidnapped victims.

In September, 1893, it was decided that Bannu was to be Dr. Pennell's station. Herbert Edwardes thus describes it:

"In spring it is a vegetable emerald, and in winter its many coloured harvests look as if Ceres had stumbled against the great Salt range (to the north and east), and spilt half her cornucopia in this favoured vale."

But the Bannuchi is not a lovable or attractive type of Pathan. He has all his vices and few of his virtues. The mountains to the north-west and south-west are inhabited by Waziris, another of the Pathan tribes; these are brave, hardy rogues, fearless and unashamed, who inhabit a strip of wild mountainous country lying between British India and Afghanistan. Their territory is a sanctuary for all bandits and outlaws from both sides of the border, and the frequent raids that they carry into India are a constant source of anxiety to the British Raj.

It was in 1847 that an intrepid young English officer was sent by Sir Henry Lawrence to the Bannu district to investigate its financial obligations. This emissary accomplished his mission successfully, and further, enlisted the services of the Pathans in building the present Fort of Edwardesabad, now called Bannu. A few years later Edwardes, when Commissioner of the district, suggested the establishment of a Christian Mission. "The Gospel of Peace will bear its own fruit and justify its name," he said. The establishment of other Mission stations along the frontier then followed, and it soon came to be recognised that those of a medical character were by far the best means of reaching the people. It fell to Dr. Pennell to start the Afghan Medical Mission at Bannu.

Here he arrived in October, 1893, and immediately felt in sympathy with the place where he and his mother were to live and work for the rest of their lives.

There is no question of the difficulties surrounding a Missionary at Bannu, which is isolated, and surrounded by fanatic followers of Islam who count it righteousness and the way to heaven to kill an "unbeliever."

Dr. Pennell found ample scope for his energies. The establishment of a Medical Mission alone would have given him enough to do, but besides this he had the whole Mission under his care, and school work was added to evangelisation of the villages. The work called forth all his enthusiasm, and he immediately set about getting to know the people thoroughly. In his characteristic way he did not wait to learn about them from other Missionaries, but made their acquaintance in the village *Chaŭk* (or meeting-place), and in their own homes, stopping

by the friendly fire on the roadside, walking with the caravans, breaking bread with them on his journeys, sleeping in their mosques, tending their sick, and winning the hearts of their children.

He soon became familiar with their paradoxical characteristics, but it made no difference in his treatment of them to find that their sense of honour was not on a level with his own, and their love of truth somewhat different from his. He had, what is given to few Englishmen, a just appreciation of the qualities of an alien race. This rare sympathy, so free from any feeling of superiority, combined with a keen sense of humour, enabled him to get rapidly into the hearts of the people, and to influence them as no one else could.

The Pathans have an unconventional way of giving presents in expectation of an adequate return which they have no shame in claiming. In early days at Bannu a man once brought Dr. Pennell an enormous melon, insisting, when he hesitated to accept it, that it was a free gift. The next few days the giver hung about the house a good deal, and finally came to ask for payment. When reminded of his earlier statement, he was rather unhappy. Dr. Pennell then promised that he would give him medicine if he were ill, whereupon the man straightway went off and made himself ill to secure his *quid pro quo*.

Dr. Pennell also soon got to know that where it was a case of Muhammadanism against Christianity, the statements of the orthodox were not necessarily limited to facts.

Khair Ullah was an orphan he found in Paniala in a very wretched state, begging at the mosque, with one eye hopelessly gone, and the other almost blinded by disease.

Dr. Pennell took him up from Paniala to Sheikh Budin, fed him, gave him a bath, replaced his rags by decent clothes (which were a great novelty), and doctored him. The boy's eyesight improved wonderfully, so that from having to be led by the hand, he could go about easily, even in the dark. After a time the Mullahs in the bazaar began to fear that the boy might become a Christian, and therefore scared him by telling him that the Christian's food would poison him, with the consequence that the boy refused to eat except in the bazaar. On Dr. Pennell's disapproving of this arrangement, the boy disappeared, and the Mullahs shut him up safely, later sending him to be hidden by the Sheikh Budin Fakir. When visited by Dr. Pennell, the Fakir professed to side with him entirely against the Mullahs, and denied all knowledge of the boy, though he was at the time in his house. This same Fakir in after years was one of Dr. Pennell's greatest friends, and before his death there was scarcely a Mullah along the frontier, even amongst the bitterest enemies of the British, who was not proud to call the "Padre Sahib of Bannu" his friend.

In spite of all these glaring faults of the Pathans, Dr. Pennell loved them greatly, and his gentle patience with their failings won for him in the long run their unstinted affection.

The text of his first sermon in Bannu was Matthew x. 16–22, and in the light of future events it has peculiar significance:

"Behold, I send you forth as sheep in the midst of wolves: be ye therefore wise as serpents, and harmless as doves.

"But beware of men: for they will deliver you up to

the councils, and they will scourge you in their synagogues;

"And ye shall be brought before governors and kings for My sake, for a testimony against them and the Gentiles.

"But when they deliver you up, take no thought how or what ye shall speak: for it shall be given you in that same hour what ye shall speak.

"For it is not ye that speak, but the Spirit of your Father which speaketh in you.

"And the brother shall deliver up the brother to death, and the father the child: and the children shall rise up against their parents, and cause them to be put to death.

"And ye shall be hated of all men for My Name's sake: but he that endureth to the end shall be saved."

Though he may not always have seemed "wise as a serpent," as men count wisdom, yet his love and sympathy were eventually an unfailing inspiration for good, even to those who at first abused them. In answering his opponents it was always his habit to trust to the inspiration of the moment; he believed absolutely "it is not ye that speak, but the Spirit of your Father which speaketh in you."

During his ministry in Bannu, he was often to see the truth of these verses of his first sermon, the brother delivering up the brother to death, and the father the child, and he was always willing to share with his converts the hatred and persecution to which they were subjected for the Name of Christ. "It was enough for the disciple to be as his Master."

His sermon on the second Sunday was from one of his favourite texts, Hebrews XII. 1, 2. He ever set before his people the ideal of "enduring the Cross, despising the shame."

He had not been a fortnight in Bannu when he realised the necessity for a hospital. He was walking through the city with his mother, when a man asked him to visit his friend, who was in a most miserable and neglected condition, and needed an immediate operation and constant nursing. That there was nowhere to put him, and no means of nursing him, made a great impression on Dr. Pennell and his mother, and confirmed them in their opinion that a hospital was an immediate necessity. So strongly did they feel this that shortly afterwards they built some wards with their own private funds.

At the end of October, 1893, he went to Dera Ismail Khan for the higher standard Pushtu examination, which he passed. As he shortly afterwards passed an examination in Urdu, this gave him the unusual record of three language examinations in one year, besides meeting the great demands made upon him by the Mission work at Bannu. His knowledge of Pushtu at this time was sufficiently good to enable him to work with Mr. Mayer in the revision of the Pushtu translation of 2 Samuel, and also at a Pushtu-English dictionary.

At this time, besides his medical work and Scripture classes in the school, he spent five hours a day in language study, and always gave an hour to his correspondence.

When he had been a year in the country and only a month in Bannu, once he had 220 patients to see him in the day, some of them coming from distances of over seventy miles.

During the autumn, the admission of a Hindu as a catechumen was a great encouragement to him. This man made a public confession before an excited crowd of 200 or 300 people at great risk to himself. A few days

later a member of the Arya Samaj was similarly received for instruction. Great bitterness of feeling was aroused amongst the Aryas and Hindus by these defections from their ranks, and they used every means to persuade their misguided friends to recant. Finally, they kidnapped the second man, and kept him in safe custody.

Dr. Pennell's medical fame had already reached Ghazni and other parts, and before he had been in Bannu three months, the tribesmen were only too glad to avail themselves of his professional skill.

Medical practice on the frontier is full of thrilling interest and variety; an ordinary morning's work often includes a series of urgent cases such as the following, recorded in Dr. Pennell's diary shortly after he reached Bannu.

It begins with the arrival of a Khorot whose leg had been shattered in a skirmish with the Waziris. After a wearisome camel ride, lasting twenty days, to Dera Ismail Khan, this man was met by the disappointing news that Dr. Pennell had gone to Bannu, but with undaunted persistence he had followed him. A small girl, terribly burnt over the arms and back, was brought three weeks after the accident, in a dangerous condition; the only treatment she had so far had being an immediate application of turmeric and burnt rags. Following on this case, a man and woman came running in with a boy of six, who had been gored in the face by a cow. His right cheek was stripped down from the nose, eye, and ear, and the jaw was fractured. To add to the accidents of that day, a girl was brought in, who had fallen off a buffalo and fractured her *ulna* and *radius;* and the list of serious cases was completed by a little girl of three with gangrene of both

ears, resulting from inflammation set up by the wearing of heavy ear-rings, as large as tangerine oranges.

At the Missionary Conference held towards the end of this year, he strongly urged that the Medical Missionary should have full charge over his own agents in the hospital, without any ecclesiastical intervention. It would seem that Dr. Henry Martyn Clark and he were the only advocates of this practice at the time.

In January, 1894, he began touring with his first convert, Jahan Khan. He wore Pathan dress, and they travelled on foot, with a donkey to carry their medicine chest. Speaking of his adopted costume, he says:

"I found it not particularly uncomfortable, and got along very well. Indeed, as several streams had to be crossed, it was just as well to have no socks on. Only those who knew me, recognised me. Others took me for a Mullah not well acquainted with Pushtu, either as an Urdu-speaking one from Hindustan, or a Persian-speaking one from Kabul. At 11.30 we arrived at Merian, introduced ourselves to one of the Maliks, and at once set about dispensing medicines in his *Chaŭk*, soon collecting a goodly crowd. At first there was a lively discussion among them as to whether I was a Sahib turned Mussulman, or a Mullah turned Christian; but when after a while I began preaching and selling books, all doubt was dispelled. The remainder of the day was spent seeing people, and the evening passed pleasantly in listening to the talk around the fire in the *Chaŭk*. After a time I was asked to preach, there being no Mullahs present to object or grumble, so a lamp was set on a *hookah* by my side, and I read some passages from Matthew, which I proceeded to explain in rather a halting fashion, it being my first attempt in Pushtu. The people approved of all I said, though it

would have made a Mullah's hair stand on end, and no objections were raised."

Dr. Pennell spent the next two days visiting the neighbouring villages, treating the people medically and preaching in their *Chaŭks*. He found the villagers simple-minded and ready to listen, except in one priest-ridden village near the old Greek city of Akra.

A month later he revisited this district, and found that the Bannu Mullahs, having got wind of his intention, had sent six of their number to keep the people away. Their former host regretted that the death of a near relative prevented his taking them in. One *Nambardar* (village headman), however, was brave enough to entertain them. The Mullahs had warned the people that the *Padre Sahib's* medicine would only make them worse, so only a few were courageous enough to risk taking it.

To quote his own words:

"At night a great crowd collected to see the magic lantern, but they had been told that 'the pictures would bewitch them,' so at the third picture the Muhammadans all suddenly made a rush and scrambled for the door, leaving only the Hindus, our host, and his friends. They then began throwing clods of earth and stones from outside, but we did not stop, as we had no mind to submit to the tyranny of the Mullahs, and the lantern fortunately was not hit. Afterwards we went to sit in the *Chaŭk*, but those outside began throwing stones again. Our host and his men then armed for a fight, to avoid which we retired to the *Patwarkhana* (the Revenue Office) and passed the night there. The Mullahs, however, made it so uncomfortable for our host that he was forced to escape in the middle of the night; and next morning, being unable to

hear anything of him, we had to start off to Bannu without breakfast. The sale of some *Gurmukhi* Testaments to the Hindus was at any rate some solace to us."

Nearly all the trouble that arises on the frontier can be traced to the Mullahs, among whom none is more dangerously influential than the Mullah Powindah. He has proved to be the originator of so many risings that the British Sarkar has now placed a price on his head. For this reason he seldom is known to leave the security of Kaniguram, which lies across the border. The Waziri chiefs of this place, some of whom had already profited by Dr. Pennell's medical skill, asked him to spend a summer in their hills, promising to be responsible for his safety. He says in reference to this request:

"I feel sure, that though at present it might be dangerous, most of them would welcome a Medical Missionary, and the season now seems to be approaching when a Medical Mission might be founded there as an outpost of Bannu."

This hope was never realised, as the political developments on which it was based did not take place.

One day in Bannu bazaar Dr. Pennell saw a blind boy begging. Finding on enquiry that he had no relations, he adopted the boy and put him under instruction. This boy suffered considerable persecution in company with a young Pathan convert, of whom mention is made later.

As there were no hospital buildings till March, his patients had been accommodated in a large tent and in outhouses. One night thieves visited the compound, and cut away half the tent. The next night a special police guard was put on, as it was assumed that the thieves would return for the rest of their booty. Suddenly there was a noise of scuffling at the far end of the compound.

The police guard rushed to see what was the matter. Finding nothing, they returned, and, to their chagrin, found scarcely anything left of the tent they had been set to watch.

In March of 1894, the veteran Missionary, the Rev. Robert Clarke, then seventy years of age, visited Bannu. He opened the wards which Dr. Pennell and his mother had built. These were of the most primitive description, being built of mud and sun-dried bricks, as they were only meant to be temporary; but the demand for accommodation increased so rapidly, that, in spite of continual additions, they were still in use till shortly before Dr. Pennell's death.

About this time a young Pathan became interested by Dr. Pennell's preaching, and began to attend the Mission church, later asking for baptism. His conversion aroused a good deal of feeling among the Muhammadans. They were incited by the Mullahs to organise a scheme to kidnap this convert on his way up to the hill station of Sheikh Budin, where he was taking Mrs. Pennell's luggage. Fortunately, a friendly Mullah warned Dr. Pennell not to let the boy go with the luggage camels. The blind boy before mentioned and this new convert had already been subjected to great persecution, being beaten in the bazaar for refusing to say the *Kalimah* (Muhammadan Creed), one of them saying instead, "Tera Nam ke taqdir ho" ("Hallowed by thy name"). Three miles out of Bannu the camels and luggage-cart were stopped by the kidnapping party. To their great annoyance, instead of their quarry, they found a Sikh boy who had been purposely hidden in the cart. They were very much annoyed at being thus tricked, and retired discomfited.

The enmity of the Muhammadans was in no way assuaged by this contretemps. The Mullahs could not but be annoyed by the number of enquirers who continued to frequent the Mission, and a Ghazi was sent to shoot one of these would-be converts in Bannu. Dr. Pennell, therefore, hastened down from Sheikh Budin, and thought it wise to take the man away with him on a tour into the Kurram Valley. They started in an *ekka*, travelling by Latambar, Bahadur Kheyl, Banda and Teri, where they spent the night with the old *Nawab*. Leaving on foot next morning at 3 a.m. they travelled through Gurgury to Thal, where, in 1908, Dr. Pennell founded a Mission station. At Thal they got into the mail *ekka* for Parachinar. They had a very interesting time, and found the people most hospitable.

Dr. Pennell writes:

"The Kurram Valley is situated just halfway between Kabul and Bannu, and is a fine strip of land made fertile by the Kurram River, which rises in the high mountains south-east of Kabul, and it is inhabited by the Turi tribe of Afghans, who, unlike their Sunni neighbours, belong to the Shiah sect of Moslems. After the last Afghan war, this tract of land was annexed by England, though it was only eighteen months previous to our visit that the occupation was effected. Shortly after the war a civil officer stationed in this district gave a Pushtu Testament to one of the headmen, and occasionally explained it to him. Four months later the officer returned to India, and it was quite eight years afterwards that he heard from a friend of his, who had been in the Kurram Valley, that the man had been a diligent reader of the book, and had come to believe in it.

"Hearing of this circumstance from the officer himself, I

THEODORE LEIGHTON PENNELL, B.Sc., AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-TWO

B.Sc.—Gold Medal—Oct., 1886; M.R.C.P. Oct., 1890; L.R.C.P. Oct., 1890; M.B.—Gold Medal—Nov. 1890; F.R.C.S. Nov., 1891; M.D.—Gold Medal—Dec., 1891.

thought I would look the man up, so as to give him some instruction and Christian books, therefore I went with two Afghan converts to seek him. The journey was rather tedious, being largely through tracts of Afghanistan inhabited by brigands, and as we travelled chiefly by night, on account of the heat, and over rugged mountain tracks, we had generally a guard of one to four men well armed, according to the customs of this part of the country. These guards are themselves brigands, and were they not your bodyguard would be quite as happy murdering and looting you; but having entered into a contract to protect you through their own country, they defend you from their friends, and can always be trusted to do so, but the difficulty is, as soon as they get beyond the borders of their own tribe, they are of no more use, and fresh men have to be got from the new tribe. They used to regale the journey by pointing out the numerous cairns of loosely piled stones, which marked the spots along the road where luckless travellers have come to an untimely end at the hands of their fellow-tribesmen, and by telling us the story of their deaths. One of these may serve as an example. The Muhammadans have a great regard for the tomb of a holy man or Mullah (priest), and the people of the district in which the tomb is, make no little gain from the pilgrims to the shrine. A Muhammadan Mullah, equally renowned for his piety and his wealth, was passing through this part of the country when he fell among thieves, who desired to rob him. He represented to them that he was a lineal descendant of Muhammad himself, and revered by all people for his holiness. On this the brigands brightened up and said: 'But that is just what we wanted, we are always being unlucky, because we have the grave of no holy Muhammadan saint here. We don't care about your money, but we'll have you.' So they promptly despatched him, and buried him with great honours in the sure hope that with so holy a shrine to

sanctify their country, God's blessing would always be with them. That this feeling is pretty general, and not confined to the uneducated, is shown by a remark made by my Pushtu teacher when our senior Missionary was taken ill on a visit to Bannu: 'How fine a thing it would be,' he said, 'to have the grave of so good a man here!' A very remarkable testimony for a Muhammadan to give to a Christian, I thought!

"However, to return to the point. Not having given our guides to understand that we were any of us particularly holy people (at least not in a Moslem sense), we reached our destination on the fifth day in safety, and discovered the object of our search in one of the villages there. We gradually unfolded to him the purpose of our journey, and he was very pleased to welcome us, while we were equally pleased at our intercourse with him, and found much cause to praise God for having so manifested the power of His Spirit in this man, with so little human agency. He had been reading his well-worn Testament every day, for all the eight years he had had it, and knew large parts by heart, while he showed a wonderful grasp of the main doctrines of salvation through Christ, and was able to quote texts in support of nearly every question that was brought forward. He was an example of what can be attained by persevering study of the Scriptures in solitude.

"'The first time of reading,' he said, 'I understood but little, the second and third times rather more, the fourth time the truth began to dawn on me, and the fifth and sixth times I was able to see the salvation and life of Christ in all its glory.' Not only had he thus studied the book, and realised salvation through Christ, but he had not neglected to let his light shine before men, and had been in the habit of reading the book to many priests, chiefs, and others who used to collect in his house to hear him. But the remarkable thing to me, knowing the usual

bigotry of Muhammadans, was the open mind and freedom from persecution with which many of them were allowed to listen to him. Although he had excited the ire of some of the priests by refusing to unite in their public prayers (justifying himself by Matthew v. 6) or to repeat their creed, yet he was able to continue his testimony before them, because, as others told us: 'We saw that the book had changed his life. From being cruel, tyrannical, and hard, he had become mild, kind, and just, and it could not be a bad book which had that effect!' We found many there who, impressed by his example, had become seekers after truth; and all those who could read repeatedly asked us for Bibles in Pushtu, Persian, or Arabic, as the case might be, requests which we were, of course, very pleased to grant; and we believe that many men in that village are now sincerely searching the Scriptures. Our friend had been accustomed to pray regularly, quite untaught except by the Bible and the Holy Spirit, and listening to him I was struck by his repeated earnest prayers for the increased gift of the Holy Spirit in his heart.

"Needless to say we enjoyed our stay there very much, and the people were hospitable to a degree, so that every meal was a feast given by a different headman, and we never had two meals at the same house. One man who was most hospitable, and was delighted with the Persian Testament I gave him, was a very handsome fellow, with quite a pale Saxon complexion, and most scrupulous Eastern politeness. For instance, all the time we were eating (and he ate with us with perfect freedom) his younger brother had to stand behind with a goblet of water to supply our needs. We left these kindly people with much reluctance, and they begged us to open a dispensary among them, one man offering land for a site. We went as far as Peiwar, eight thousand feet high, where General Roberts fought his chief battle, on the road to

Kabul; here we saw the scene of the battle and the village, which was fairly riddled with bullets, and we had the joy of preaching the Gospel in these villages, perhaps for the first time."

CHAPTER VI

1894

Summer work—Wards enlarged—Sheikh Budin—Hostel for boys—First visit to Karak—Followed by patients—Bahadur Kheyl mines—Inhospitable villagers—Kamar—Opposition by Mullahs—Later tours—Bhatanni chiefs—Khajawahs—Riding camel—Accident—Crossing the Indus—Delays.

JUNE and July were spent in work at both Sheikh Budin and Bannu. At the former place Dr. Pennell found that the Missionaries objected to the presence of his patients, as it was a health resort.

In August he found it necessary to enlarge the hospital he had built in Bannu. A new ward, store-room and operating-room, with other small rooms were added, and in October he performed his first operations, both for cataracts, in this theatre. It is interesting to note that in January, 1910, the first operation done by Dr. Pennell in the Barton Memorial Theatre was for cataract. It was this operation for which he was most famous, and patients came to him from all parts of the frontier and Afghanistan, often travelling several months to reach Bannu, begging their way for the whole journey.

In September he went up to Sheikh Budin to take over the Civil Surgeon's duties, as the latter expected to go with the expedition to Waziristan.

In the new wards, one of the first patients was a deaf

man. With the aid of an artificial ear-drum he was enabled to hear, and the first thing he heard was the Gospel story preached in Pushtu by the Afghan catechist. This made a great impression on him. The first woman admitted to the women's ward of the Bannu hospital was suffering from cataract. She came in on October 11, 1894, having started from Khost with her husband, who also had cataract, a whole year before. They had scraped together for the journey the large sum of Rs.15 (one pound sterling). This fact became known to some rascals, who attacked them, cut the man's throat, smashed his head with a stone, and drove the woman off. She being nearly blind, and quite penniless, wandered about for months before she finally found a home and resting-place in the Bannu hospital.

At the horse fair in the spring of this year the Mission had a bookstall which aroused considerable feeling. This was expressed by unprovoked attacks on Dr. Pennell and Mr. Day while they were mingling with the rough crowds in the bazaar.

Dr. Pennell rushed to the assistance of Mr. Day who had been thrown, and immediately shared the same fate himself. Mr. Day fortunately was not hurt, but Dr. Pennell was thrown down time after time and badly kicked while on the ground.

One man stamped on him and cut his face about dreadfully. Seeing the damage they had done the crowd got frightened and ran away.

Early in 1895 Dr. Pennell was able to carry into execution a plan for starting a hostel in connection with his school. He was convinced of the necessity for providing accommodation for boys who attended the Mission school

from distant parts of the Frontier. The boys thus in residence were in continual touch with him, and profited so greatly by his personal influence that they in their turn were able to spread his teaching and ideals throughout the school, in a way which would not otherwise have been possible. Till other buildings could be provided he set apart the largest room in the Mission-house as a dormitory, of which the first inmates were three Muhammadans, two Sikhs, and a Christian. He took personal charge of the scheme, both sleeping and eating with the boys. This he continued to do for some time, and till the demands of the Mission work, which so often necessitated his absence on tour, made it imperative for him to appoint a special superintendent.

In the Salt range to the north-east of Bannu lies the fertile district of Karak, inhabited by Khattaks. Karak is a centre for the salt trade, and merchants come here with strings of camels from all parts of Afghanistan and Khost. The Government levies a tax on the salt which is hewn out of the rock in slabs a square foot in size; these are packed into *khajawahs* or panniers on the camel's back, and the caravan returns to its far-distant home. Bahadur Kheyl, which is ten miles across the hills and on the high road, is also an important salt post. Hence the great country carts take their loads for places which can be reached by road.

Karak itself is a pretty little village, and in spring and summer the valleys stand so thick with corn that, in the words of the Psalmist, they veritably "laugh and sing." Water is found very near the surface, and every little holding has its well, with a picturesque Persian wheel turned by a blindfolded buffalo who walks round and

round in a circle while the rows of earthenware pots successively empty their contents into the water-channels of hollowed tree-trunks.

Dr. Pennell soon saw how advantageous a place this would be for a Mission station, as it formed a centre of commercial activity, to which Afghans and tribesmen came regularly.

In March, 1895, he made his first tour in this district with Jahan Khan, who in later years was to settle down among these people as their doctor and preacher.

Their first stopping-place on this journey was Latambar. Here they made friends with the Malik, a friendship which continued to the end of Dr. Pennell's life.

Latambar is a small village nineteen miles from Bannu containing about one thousand houses, whose inhabitants are mostly agriculturists. As soon as they heard of Dr. Pennell's arrival patients came in large numbers. Some of them who needed operations were sent into the Bannu hospital to await his return.

From Latambar they set off on foot for Jhala, with their baggage on donkeys. A party of Zadrans, hearing Dr. Pennell was in the neighbourhood, encamped at Jhala for the night so as to be able to avail themselves of his skill. They had travelled for twenty-six miles the previous day to try and catch him up, bringing all their families with them on camels. They were on their way back to their own country, but were taking a roundabout route to avoid the Waziris, who might loot them, though to all appearances they seemed ragged and poor in the extreme.

From Jhala Dr. Pennell and Jahan Khan started off for the highest point of the Bahadur Kheyl range, a peak 2760 feet high.

" The ascent was somewhat difficult," Dr. Pennell says, " but two and a half hours of climbing were well rewarded by the extensive view from the top, all over the Bannu plain on the one hand, and to the Kalabagh Hills on the other, with the Karak plain in between, the Sufed Koh range looming in the distance, and another white peak among the hills to the north called 'Ster Garh.' We descended by a much easier route, and reached the Dâk Bungalow at one o'clock. Here we preached and gave medicine to a large number of Khattaks.

" After visiting Bahadur Kheyl, and taking some photographs of the salt mines on the way, we watched the *Darogha*, or revenue officer, taking toll for the loads of salt going to all parts of India on camels, oxen, and donkeys. One man was bitten by a scorpion, and we were interested to watch the local treatment, the wound being first blown upon and then rubbed. The head Malik had been shot by another one now in prison, so only a few of the minor Maliks were present. The Qazi, or religious law-giver of the village, was a pleasant and fairly enlightened man, and had a long talk with me about the second coming of Christ. The engineer's Munshi, an open-minded and intelligent *Barakzai*, was repairing the roads, so I gave Gospels to these two men, and to the *Darogha* of the mines. In the afternoon we had a second delightful swim (the first being yesterday afternoon) in a pool about twenty yards square and ten feet deep. This was a fine salt pool in the Kushai River, the water gaining its brine during its passage through the salt range. Afterwards we treated some patients, to whom we were also able to preach. Next day we left for Karak at sunrise, going over the mountains. We ascended a peak from which we had a beautiful view of Kafir Kot in the west, and the Kurram Valley in the east. We reached Karak at about midday, and put up in the *Chaŭk*, or public courtyard, of the principal Malik. I saw about sixty patients that afternoon

and preached to them. I also did one major and one minor operation. We found that the *Thanadar*, or police officer, had some excuse for his alleged severe treatment of the people, as they were exceedingly stingy and inhospitable. The Malik in whose *Chaŭk* we were stopping even charged us full price for milk, in violation of the Pathan custom of hospitality to strangers, although we bought all our food in the bazaar, and none of them would lend us cooking utensils, as they said they would be defiled if used by Christians. This was most unusual for the Muhammadans of these parts. No Mullahs turned up, though there are said to be a great number here. The *Chaŭk*, too, was uncomfortable, and the Malik did very little for us. Next morning sixty-five patients came for treatment and listened to our preaching. Again, towards midday, as about fifty people had collected from the neighbouring villages, I gave them medicine, and Jahan Khan addressed them.

"At 2 p.m., as the people showed but little interest or hospitality, and the illnesses were for the most part of a trivial nature, we left for Kamar, which we reached at about six o'clock. We tried to find lodging in the *Patwar Khana* (the settlement office), but the Patwari, a Sikh, being away, and the place locked up, we had to content ourselves with the verandah.

"Early next morning I began seeing patients, and after treating forty of them I began to speak on the benedictions in Matthew v., after which Jahan Khan repeated the gist of my remarks for their better understanding. Before, however, he had got very far, the Mullahs present said they had come for medicine and not to hear such misguided teaching. On my pointing out that it was our rule to carry out the Biblical injunction of healing the sick and preaching the Gospel, they said they would prefer going without medicine if it had to be accompanied by preaching. On my refusing to omit the preach-

ing the Mullahs drove the people away. Some Muhammadans, however, loudly protested that they were ill, and were not going to lose this opportunity of being cured. The Mullahs, however, drove them away with sticks, telling them that all sorts of vile stuff, such as wine and swine's blood, were mixed with our medicines, which would make them Christians willy-nilly, and that it was better to remain blind or sick than to get cured at the expense of polluting their faith. They shut the yard gate of the *Patwar Khana* from the outside, and set a guard on it, letting in, however, about twenty Hindus for medicine, as they had no authority over these men. Seeing how far from welcome we were, we thought it useless to stop, and therefore saddled the asses and left for Latambar. At Biloch Kali, the next village, some men made up for this unkind treatment by being very hospitable; they gave us milk to refresh us, and showed us the way on. We reached Latambar just a few minutes before the Kohat Mail tonga, and as there were no other passengers, we came on in it to Bannu, where we arrived at six o'clock in safety and health."

In April Dr. Pennell again toured in the villages with Jahan Khan. As before, they had a donkey to carry their medicine chest, and they themselves went on foot. At Hawed they at first encountered some opposition, for the people utterly refused all intercourse or medicine, if there were also to be preaching. However, by dint of firmness and persuasion they were induced to listen to a short non-controversial address, and afterwards, later in the day, Dr. Pennell was able to preach three times without let or hindrance, and over one hundred and twenty people came for medicine. At Ahmedzai, the next village they visited, the people were much more agreeable and hospit-

able, and made no objection to the preaching. At Tajori they found an epidemic of whooping-cough, and were soon surrounded by a bevy of mothers with their coughing babies. A number of Bhatanni chiefs and others came and made friends with Dr. Pennell at this village, and the Mullahs and officials were quite hospitable. Khairu Kheyl, Shabbaz Kheyl and other small villages were also visited. Wherever possible, Dr. Pennell stayed with the headman of the village, in accordance with the Biblical injunction. In this way he made great friends with all the Maliks around, and entered heart and soul into the life of the people. On the frontier the *Chaŭk* is to the villagers just what the forge is in an English hamlet. It is here the men all come to smoke and talk, whether of a summer evening or winter afternoon. Here they gather to listen to the famous deeds of their own braves, recited by some wandering bard. Village affairs are discussed, raids are planned, news from both sides of the border, and matters affecting Islam throughout the world are quoted and criticised. He often joined these gatherings as he passed from village to village, dressed as a Pathan, visiting the sick in their homes, and sharing their simple meals. In this way they soon learnt to love him as a friend, and value him both as a teacher and healer.

On the return journey to Bannu after this tour he experimented in travelling on a camel, riding in one *khajawah*, or pannier, himself, and putting his luggage in the opposite one. But the camel shook so, and the *khajawah* was so cramping, that he got out and walked ten miles into Naurang, where he slept in a mosque till the passing mail-cart gave him the chance of a drive into Bannu, leaving his luggage to follow on the camel. Two days later he acci-

dentally met his camel-man in the bazaar and claimed his luggage. The man declared he had enquired everywhere for the "*Munshi*" who had arrived from Lakki, not knowing Dr. Pennell to be an Englishman.

The riding camel, which he had acquired some time previously, was found very useful on the journeys to Sheikh Mahmud and Esa Kheyl across the desert tracks. The Indus River is, however, very treacherous at certain times of the year, and often the first warning of a quick-sand or *dal-dal* is given by the sinking of one's animal. Dr. Pennell thus describes one such experience when he was on his riding camel:

"We reached the Kurram River at Khuglanwala at 5.40, just after sunset, both of us riding the camel—Sahib Khan sitting in front of me. Here the bed is wide and sandy, but as it did not appear difficult we resolved to cross. It became too dark to see the tracks before we had got right across, and we must have missed the ford, for when within four yards of the opposite bank, just as I was remarking that all the difficulties were now over, Sahib Khan called out that one of the camel's fore-feet was sinking in the sand. Urging only made it sink the deeper, so Sahib Khan jumped off into the river; but as this did not help matters, and the camel's nose string broke, I also got off. As quickly as possible we bundled all the things on to the opposite shore, but the camel still remained immovable. Sahib Khan went on to Khuglan-wala for assistance, and in half an hour returned with Maliks Muhammad Khan and Khan Begh, and about thirty men. It was now quite dark, but they lit a fire on the bank and worked hard for two and a half hours to extricate the camel, all to no purpose. Then they sent to the village for spades, while the shivering men, who had got very wet in the cold water, tried to warm themselves

at the fire. After twenty minutes' hard work with the spades the camel was liberated, to the delight of all, but instead of showing its gratitude, as soon as it got to land it lumbered off into the darkness, and though the men ran after it, it could not be found anywhere. I rewarded the shivering men, and we all went off to a *Powindah Kyrie*, or camping-place, to warm ourselves at a most welcome fire which the men had made and round which we dried our things. Sahib Khan, who had been working with heroic energy in the cold water, was shivering like an aspen leaf. As it was now 10 p.m. I had to leave him in charge of the *Powindahs*, telling them to warm him well by the fire, give him dry things, and to try and find the camel by daylight. I told Sahib Khan to follow on the camel when he had recovered, and then loading two stalwart Afghans with my baggage I started on foot for Kundal, which we reached at 11.30 p.m. Here we woke up the *Nambardar*, and by 12.30 he had given us two men for the luggage and a pony for myself. We reached the Indus at 2 a.m. after some difficulty, as it was very dark and there was no road, and then we proceeded to wake up the ferrymen living on the bank. At first they said no one ever would or could cross by night, but after some persuasion four willing men were found and we started. We had to ford the Kurram again just at its outlet into the Indus, the water here coming up to the pony's saddle, and we then all got aboard one of the boats. Shortly after starting we ran on to a sandbank and were delayed for nearly an hour, the men complaining much of the cold wind; but at last we got safely across by 4 a.m. We then made for Kundian, and my guides must have missed the way, for we made a long detour, the result being that dawn broke while we were still eight miles from Kundian; and when still about four miles away I heard the whistle of the train coming into the station. As I knew that the train stopped at Kundian for half an hour, I urged the pony to a gallop for

the rest of the way, but in parts the sand was so heavy that it could only do a slow trot. However, I got past Kundian village, but alas! was within two hundred yards of the station as the train steamed out. When I lamented the fact to the station-master he cheerfully remarked, 'Well, this is most providential, as now you will have time to see my wife who is very ill.'"

Dr. Pennell had perforce to wait twenty-four hours for another train, and was able to treat the station-master's wife, for which professional service he was given the princely sum of *one* rupee, "without which," he says, "I should have been short of money, while that left me four annas for refreshments!"

When he did get his train he found some Yusufzai soldiers were to be his travelling companions, with whom he had much talk, discussing points of similarity in their faiths, and before the end of the journey they were all excellent friends.

CHAPTER VII

1895-1896

Tochi Valley—Touring with converts—Discussions—Waziris—Ungrateful patients—Interfering Mullahs—Second visit to Karak—No welcome—Hard travelling—Alum mines—Patients and operations—Sunni Mullah—Kamar Mashani—Encounter with rogues—Stoning—Thal—Difficulties of nursing—Tochi Valley—Sickness in Bannu—Taib Khan—Esa Kheyl District—Journey across the desert—Thal.

THE Tochi Valley is one of the least peaceful parts of the frontier. The various military posts which are scattered throughout the district are particularly isolated, and the one or more officers in charge of each lead a very restricted life. The unsettled condition of the tribes necessitates their remaining within the limits of the Fort, an armed escort being absolutely imperative even if they are but playing games under the very walls.

In October, 1895, Dr. Pennell toured in this district with two converts. He writes of this journey:

"I left Bannu on Tuesday, October 8, for a short tour in the neighbourhood, some of the experiences of which will illustrate the character of the people of the district. With me were Jahan Khan and Taib Khan (i.e. 'Lord of Life' and 'Pleasant Lord'), the former having now developed into an excellent preacher of the Gospel, whose simple words and warmth of feeling made much impression on the dark but unsophisticated minds of the tribes-

men. Taib Khan had only lately been received into the Christian fold. He is a Pathan of the Peshawar district, educated as a Mullah or Muhammadan priest, in which capacity he had come to Bannu. In Peshawar he had frequently heard the preaching of the Missionaries in the bazaar, and had been much struck by some of the things said, so that when he came to Bannu and heard the preaching there too, he asked for instruction in the Christian religion, and after receiving this for a time he professed belief in the sacrifice of Christ, and a desire to confess Him publicly, which he did, notwithstanding threats, and even blows, from the Bannuchis. Since then he has pleased us much by his earnestness and progress, and we hope and pray he may himself become a bearer of the glad tidings to his own people.

"We three, having packed our medicines, books, and blankets on a donkey, set out on foot for a village towards the Tochi Pass called Merian, about nine miles from Bannu. We passed through desert and stony plains, which were almost devoid of vegetation, save for a few stunted, prickly acacias, the useful 'Calotropis gigantica,' and some small thorny plants. We had twice been to this village before, and once had met with rather a rough reception. One of the headmen here, however, had always stood by us and gained for us more or less of a favourable hearing, so we went direct to his *chaŭk*, where he and his section of the people gather daily. He received us well and placed on the floor in front of us a large dish of *pilau*, a mixture of rice and fowl. We three sat round it, and after washing our hands, each of us set to on the portion nearest him with a will, eating native fashion out of the one dish. Here I saw a large number of patients, the people being on the whole friendly, partly through the influence of some old patients who had been in our Bannu Mission Hospital for varying lengths of time, and had carried back good accounts of the kindness shown

them. Most of the Mullahs kept clear of us, but one endeavoured to get us to discuss all conceivable subjects. He first of all wanted to know what death was—man, woman, or child; green, black, blue, square or round—and then he tried to prove to the people that we must be very ignorant, because I said that none of these epithets were applicable to Death, and they all agreed that obviously it must have some colour, shape, or sex, otherwise it would be inconceivable.

"I ought to have realised the extent of their logic from this, but perhaps unwisely asked him for an explanation of the sun's heat. 'These poor strangers require to be enlightened on this subject too,' said he, turning to the people; 'they must be very ignorant!' Then to us, 'Why, of course, hell is under this earth and the sun passes down every night, gets well warmed up in the fire, and rises nice and hot in the morning; and as for summer and winter, the Devil puts on firewood every spring to heat the place up, and so we get nearly baked in the summer, and chilled in the winter.' I endeavoured to give him another view of the matter, but all present agreed in regarding such an idea as the earth being round, or the sun itself a fire, as very improbable, if not absurd, in comparison with the rational explanation of their Mullah, and they evidently considered our religious views and arguments must be on a par with our ignorance of the universe.

"Taib Khan and I being tired with the day's work, went to sleep early in the *chaŭk*, but Jahan Khan was up till late talking and arguing with the people. Next day we started at sunrise to visit the neighbouring villages, intending to stop wherever we should find a welcome.

"About 8.30 a.m. we reached Sacchi Kheyl, where we preached and dispensed medicine. Here the people gave us some milk; after leaving this place we went on to Narma Kheyl, where the people were all Waziris, of rather

bad repute. After preaching, giving away medicine, and performing one operation here, we passed on to the next village, only half a mile distant. We did not unpack here, as there was another village just beyond, where we intended stopping. So we told the people they might easily bring their sick on to us there. This they refused to do, as they were at enmity with all their neighbours, and a fight would most certainly ensue. However, when we passed on they followed us, evidently bent on mischief, shouted us down as soon as we began to preach, and tried to steal our things, so that we had to pack up and go on. They set the village dogs on us as a parting salute!

"It was now about 3 p.m., and the sun was very hot. As the next few villages were so small that, although the people were very friendly and wished us to stay, they would have been unable to protect us after dark from the men of the other villages, we had to press on, and just before sunset we reached a large village called Barakzai. We asked for the headman and he was very polite, killed a fowl for us, and gave us a room to sleep in. It was fortunately too late for us to preach there that night, or we might not have fared so well, for next morning, when we began seeing patients and preaching, the Mullahs came and forbade anyone to take medicine on pain of excommunication, and told us that if we did not depart at once they would 'bring the trees down about our heads,' though what they meant by that I do not know. They were angry with the headman for having so far forgotten his religion as to have fed and housed us the night before. Seeing we could not do any good there, but rather a tumult was made, we packed up and moved on. Providentially, however, before the Mullahs made the row, I saw and relieved a poor boy who had fallen off a donkey, and whose arm they had tied up so tightly that it was quite black, and threatened to become gangrenous. I removed the bandage and sent him off at once to the Bannu Mission

Hospital, where he now is, though we are not yet sure that his arm will be saved."

After Dr. Pennell had toured in the Esa Kheyl district, he visited Lahore, Ferozepur, and Ludhiana, and also spent some time in the Kurram Valley.

During this year he was greatly encouraged by several of his pupils embracing Christianity.

Dr. Pennell's second visit to Karak is worth describing. He started with two of his Pathan converts at noon one February day in 1896, taking tents and medicines on camels. They walked to Latambar, nineteen miles off, where they spent two days treating patients and preaching. Starting from Karak at sunrise one morning, they worked their way round through many little villages. In one or two of them they were well received, but unfortunately the greater number were inimical. Arrived at Karak, they pitched their tent in the Malik's *chaŭk*. He was most disagreeable, and wanted them to pay for everything, including water, water-pots, and watchmen. He said he would have to break his own water-pot if he defiled it by lending it to unbelievers such as they.

Patients kept coming all the next day ; they were much less bigoted than the year before, and listened with tolerance to the preaching.

As they continued their tour, they were given the most hearty welcome in those villages where old patients lived. There they were made honoured guests, and were listened to with attention and eagerness.

They experienced very severe weather during this tour, and found but scant comfort within their tent walls. It was, at any rate, invigorating to have to break the ice on the pool in which they took their morning bathe, and

Dr. Pennell's cheery way of meeting difficulties stimulated his assistants. They visited the salt mines and all the villages in that district, thus making themselves familiar with its dialects and customs. He thus describes part of the journey :

" We left Khardog shortly before sunrise, and had some talk with the Mullahs at Darma Kheyl, then going on, waited for the camels in Masti Kheyl. The journey through the Chichali Pass was very tedious. At one part of the descent, it was only with great difficulty we could get the camels down the narrow path running between a cliff and a precipice, and the loads slipping forwards on to the camels' necks. With the help of three coolies we tied ropes to the baggage, and so held it up. We did not reach Kurwi till an hour or more after dark. After much difficulty we got a straw awning to sleep under, and wood and water wherewith to cook ourselves some rice and *dâl* (lentils), for we had not had anything since our early morning *chapatti*.

" This place lies in a kind of punch-bowl in the hills, which is full of sulphuretted hydrogen, with alum mines round about. My assistant was very tired, and the camels, too, found it a hard day's work.

" We visited one of the alum mines, a long tunnel going into the heart of the cliff, and here we treated nearly 250 patients. Next morning we left for Kalabagh, which we reached about 10.30. We put up in the *Serai*, or public camping-ground, adjoining the hospital, pitching the tent under a large *Ber* tree. Patients at once began coming in large numbers, and we had a busy afternoon. Next day we were occupied from morning to night in operating and seeing patients. I treated 170 patients, and did twenty-six operations, including nine cataracts and a lithotomy. Next day over 200 patients came to our tent, and I performed sixteen operations. I had to refuse several

more cases of cataract for want of suitable accommodation. After another day of medical work, we visited Mari, and treated some patients there, among them a Shiah preacher who was suffering from rheumatic fever. We preached in the bazaar to a large and attentive audience.

"A Sunni Mullah from Bombay, a convert from Hinduism, who had been preaching to the people, hurried down as fast as he could to oppose us, on hearing of our arrival; but we had finished, and only met him in the bazaar as we were returning to our tent. In the evening he sent a message requesting a discussion, and about 9 p.m. we all went over to the dispensary to meet him. He began in the usual boastful strain, demanding that whoever lost should accept the faith of the other. His first question was whether the promise of safety from 'snakes and other deadly things' referred to believers of the present day. Unfortunately for him, he forgot the reference and vainly searched for it. After some time, when he had made many excuses to the audience for having forgotten it, I referred him to Luke x. 17–23, from which, much to his chagrin, he was unable to support his contention in the eyes of any of the Muhammadans present. As it was late, and we did not care for a mere show of arms, he declined a reply-question, and left him much crest-fallen. The Muhammadans whom he had called to witness his expected triumph over us were full of derision."

From Mari they went on to Kamar Mashani, where they put up in the police *chaŭki*. Dr. Pennell treated 250 patients next morning, and then left for Esa Kheyl, where he acquired a small piece of land for a Christian cemetery. They travelled back to Bannu by way of Landewah, seeing old patients and spending the night in the village *chaŭks*. An incident of this journey is worth recording. Dr. Pennell writes of it thus:

"Three men met me just as darkness fell, and in reply to my 'Salaam alaikum,' returned, 'Wa alaikum salaam! Ta Feringhi ye!' ('Peace be unto you!' 'To you peace. You are a foreigner!') Two were Waziris and the third a Bannu priest, and they were going to Esa Kheyl on a marauding expedition. The two Waziris suggested: 'Let us kill him and make sure of Paradise, for he is an unbeliever.' But the Mullah restrained them, saying, 'No, he is working for the good of the people, and cures the sick. His blood is not lawful.' So they passed on, and I knew nothing of it till two months later. Truly the Lord protecteth us at all times."

It is worthy of note that these men later claimed Dr. Pennell's gratitude as they said he owed them his life seeing they had not killed him when they might so easily have done so.

The horse-fair in Bannu gave an opportunity for preaching which Dr. Pennell used to its full advantage, being undeterred by the hailstorm of stones and clods of earth which greeted him and his assistants.

In these early days the constant visiting of the villages was found to be very necessary, for in no other way would it have been possible to capture the confidence and interest of these wild and sceptical tribesmen. It was not long before he set off again with Jahan Khan and another man, this time for Thal, travelling by Bahadur Kheyl, where an old Mission schoolboy entertained them. At Aman Kot, they met a Mullah who owed his eyesight to Dr. Pennell's skill. He insisted on giving them a young goat, which was added to their train, and the old Mullah himself accompanied them to the next village, Gurgüry. The next morning they walked on to Thal,

where they treated many patients, and were very well received.

One of the difficulties of this mode of treating patients was to provide the necessary nursing after operation. In most cases this was met by leaving one, or even two, of the assistants behind to attend to all the patients in a village, while Dr. Pennell went on to the next one. On the return journey they did long marches, one day going thirty miles at a stretch over the hills.

In May of this year he paid a visit to the Tochi Valley. Owing to the unsettled state of the Valley and the frequent acts of violence that had occurred, no one was allowed to go inside the villages, and intercourse was only possible in the fields.

When the other Missionaries went up to Sheikh Budin in June, Dr. Pennell stayed down in Bannu, and found his hands very full of work, as it was a peculiarly unhealthy year. The Mission-house was turned into a hospital, and he spent many nights sitting up with the sick. About the middle of June he heard that his colleague had enteric fever at Sheikh Budin, so he went up to look after him till he was convalescent.

During this time occurred the exciting chase after Taib Khan, the Peshawari convert who had joined him shortly before, and who had once intended to become a Mullah. He describes it thus:

"I discovered this morning that Taib Khan had disappeared yesterday, in company with his uncle and another man. As I could find no trace of them in the fort or elsewhere, I supposed them probably to have gone along the Kohat road, and therefore left in an *ekka*, or country-cart, at 3 p.m. to search for him. We heard nothing of him till

we reached Kurram about 10 p.m. Here at last Sahib Khan, whom I had taken with me, was told by a boy that a Talib had arrived at midday, stopped till 4 p.m., and then gone on. His description answered precisely to that of Taib Khan. We presumed that being on foot he would not be able to go farther than Banda, and would spend the night there, but as our *ekka* horse was tired out we waited till midnight, when the mail cart came, and got taken on in it to Banda. Taib Khan not being in the *Serai*, Sahib Khan led me to a *mosque*. Here we found thirteen travellers sleeping on the ground, each covered with a *chadar*, or sheet, which concealed him entirely. It was now about 2 a.m., but by the light of the moon Sahib Khan examined the sleepers, carefully lifting up the *chadar* from each face without waking any of them. On his discovering the fugitive I went in myself and roused him. We embraced, and he at once expressed himself ready to start back with us. We had to go as far as Kurram on foot. Consequently we did not reach there till an hour after daybreak, and were footsore, thirsty, and tired. Here we found our *ekka* and started for Bannu. A short time in the heat of the day was spent at Latambar, and we reached Bannu at 5 p.m. amid much rejoicing at the return of the prodigal son."

In July he again toured in the Esa Kheyl district. Here he settled the land question of the Christians, arranging that they should pay their debts and have their rights. At Sheikh Mahmud lived a Christian family who had suffered much for their religion. When they first became Christians, their kinsfolk burnt down their houses, and subjected them to every sort of persecution. The Missionaries of the time were able to help them to rebuild their houses, and gradually regain their land, but encroachments on their boundaries were frequent, and even

to the present time an unfriendly Muhammadan official can make things unpleasant for them. As the survivors of these early converts have all the faults of the Pathan, it is not easy always to settle matters satisfactorily! On the return journey Dr. Pennell describes how they lost their way:

"At 9 p.m. my assistants and I left on two horses provided by the *Tehsildar*, or village headman. They proved very slow ones, and what with the darkness and the heavy sand, we lost our way in the Marwat Plain, and wandered about till we came to Aurangzeb Kali, and then on over the desert until 3.30 a.m., when, finding nothing but jungle everywhere, we tied the horses to a bush and dismounted for a nap. At dawn we found our way to a village near by, and discovered that we were two miles from the road and four miles from Landewah, which we reached at 7 a.m. Leaving the horses here, as they were dead beat, we ourselves walked on. We were much refreshed by the delicious water of a tank near Landewah, recently filled by the rain. At midday we arrived at Naurang, very hot and tired, and after three hours' rest we got an *ekka*, in which we reached Bannu just after evening church."

In August he records another visit to Thal:

"Hanif, Sahib Khan, and I left at 4 p.m. in an *ekka* for Bahadur Kheyl. The *ekka* was a dreadfully poor specimen, the horse no good, and the man intoxicated with opium, so that we did not reach Bahadur Kheyl till next morning, besides being upset into a ditch of red mud in the Soordagh Pass on the way. We left Bahadur Kheyl on foot the next morning at 4 a.m., and reached Gurgury at one o'clock, after a very hot crossing through the Manzallai Pass, owing to which Sahib Khan got fever.

We did not arrive at our destination till 5 p.m., when the three of us left again on horses, provided from the village by the *Thanadar*, or police officer. We had a nice trot into Dallan, when, as it got dark, we walked the horses into Thal, arriving at 8.30 p.m. very hot and tired. We put up in the *Serai*. Very few actual Thalwals came to us, as the Mullahs of Thal had told the people not to take the Christians' medicine, but more people came in from the district."

During this visit Dr. Pennell again made enquiry about the possibility of a Mission Dispensary being opened at Thal. He went on from there to Hangu, and made the acquaintance of a great many Maliks and Khans. Thence he walked to Mamu, a village near by, treating patients at all his stopping-places, and putting up in the *chaŭks*, or in the house of a friendly Malik.

CHAPTER VIII

1896–1897

Chikki, of Chinarak — Pathan hospitality — Enquirers — Opposition — Sheikh Mahmud—Shakadarra—Peshawar—Railway accident—Printing press—Esa Kheyl sand-storm—Doctoring the villagers—Magic Lantern.

It was in the summer of 1896 that Dr. Pennell was invited up to the Fort of Chikki, the freebooter, in Chinarak, a visit he describes as follows:

"Chikki was only a miller's hand, and earned his living on one of the numerous water-mills which abound on the mountain streams of the Afghan frontier. But his stalwart frame, sinewy and muscular beyond the common even for an Afghan mountaineer, and the firm set of his features marked him out as having a character something above the common, and one which would not remain content with the humdrum duties of a mill and its poor pay. Chikki soon became a member of a gang of desperadoes who used to waylay travellers, and proved himself so recklessly daring that he soon become their recognised leader. Not, however, satisfied with the spoils of these expeditions, he sought to increase his assets in a still less scrupulous manner, and he began to take rewards from all and sundry who had enemies whom they wished to dispose of while preferring the expenditure of a few hundred rupees to the risk of murdering their enemy themselves. Chikki became so experienced and

reliable in these little businesses that he was in constant request; for on the Afghan border disputes are frequent and generally lead to bloodshed, which, in its turn, means retaliation, so that even a trivial quarrel may lead to a sacrifice of several lives on either side extending over a period of some years. When the man marked out for removal was powerful or rich or of well-known bravery, then the reward would be correspondingly large; so that before long not only did Chikki no longer find it necessary to go to the old mill, but he found himself the leader of the wild spirits of his tribe. At this time a fresh opportunity arose which he was not slow to avail himself of. The neighbouring tribe of Turis was split up into two sections, and strife between the two parties had reached an acute phase, and both approached Chikki to secure the assistance of his band against their opponents. Chikki was too crafty to give himself away to either party unreservedly, so he contrived by sometimes helping one and sometimes the other, and deceiving both, to accumulate treasure from both and increase still further his credit in his own tribe. Chikki's fortune was still in the ascendant, for in another few years tribal feud and assassination had removed all who had a claim to the leadership of the tribe, and when the tribal greybeards met together no one was found more worthy to entrust the fortunes of the tribe to than this man, who had proved himself not only a warrior *sans peur et sans reproche* (according to Afghan ideas), but just the man for an emergency like the present. Thus it came about that when scarcely over thirty years of age Chikki found himself the recognised leader of his tribe, and the owner of extensive lands and treasure. The picture, of course, has its reverse and darker side. Chikki's enemies were in proportion to his victims; consequently neither by night nor by day could he dispense with the continual presence of his bodyguard of a dozen or more stalwarts, all armed with modern breechloaders.

"It was about this time that, hearing I was in the neighbourhood, and knowing a good deal by report of the Mission Hospital where many of his tribe had received treatment and cure, he sent me down an invitation and an escort to visit him in his mountain home. He proved an excellent host, though he would not let me wander far for fear any harm coming to me should discredit him. Devout in the ordinances of the Muhammadan religion, he divided his time between the management and defence of his tribe and religious devotions. He showed me one Pushtu prayer he had composed himself in which he prayed that his bullet might not miss its mark; this he said he repeated before taking aim at anyone 'in the name of God the merciful and the compassionate,' and (he said) it was always accepted. Though very religious, he was not bigoted, and besides asking many questions about the British Government, its power, policy, aims, and so on, he appeared much to enjoy a religious discussion between his mullah (priest) and myself, and he listened with great attention when I explained to him the merciful and loving nature of Christ's Mission, and the blessings that are promised to the merciful and to the peacemakers; these latter verses seemed to strike him much. Not many months elapsed when the Afridi and Orakzai tribes round him rose in arms against the British Government; and I much wondered how my friend Chikki would act, and whether he would unite his forces with those of the neighbouring tribes and defy the English power. Such would have been much the easiest course for him to pursue in some respects, as all the mullahs were preaching up and down the country that it was a religious war in which all true believers were bound to unite in expelling the infidels. Moreover, his country was so situated that the thousands of marksmen he could have at a moment thrown into the conflict at a point of vantage would have had no little effect on the course

of the war, and pressure was brought on him from both sides—from the Afridis to take up arms and make common cause with them, and from the English to remain passive. Fortunately for himself as well as for ourselves, he chose the better policy of abstention. Not long after this he sent a message to me through a mutual friend, saying that he had been thinking much of the teaching he had heard from me, and that he intended giving up the life of constant fighting and bloodshed and devoting himself to religious study and administrative work.

"Soon after I heard that he had sold up his lands, and had taken an administrative post under the Amir of Cabul. I have no doubt that the Pushtu 'Injil' and other books I left with him are often studied, and that here, as in many other cases, the introduction of the Gospel has resulted in bringing thoughts of peace and goodwill where before bloodshed, retaliation, and violence reigned supreme."

On his way back to Thal, he had to stop one night at the village of a Wazir Malik, and as soon as he arrived the Khan's son had a savoury chicken *pilau* made for him. Late at night when the Khan returned, and found on enquiry that the Bannu Padre Sahib was his guest, he asked if he had been suitably entertained. To his dismay he heard that only a chicken had been prepared for dinner. Immediately, therefore, he ordered a sheep to be killed and cooked, so that his "honour" might be saved. The tired traveller, who was just enjoying a good sleep, was therefore waked at midnight to partake of this tough meal.

Dr. Pennell's next host was the famous outlaw Gulbat. A *badragga*, or escort of three men, two of whom were riflemen, accompanied them to his fort, which he was at the time rebuilding. Gulbat looked little more than a

labourer himself. He conducted them to his brother's village, where there were several sick people to be treated. These fierce outlaws were all very friendly and hospitable, and gave of their best to the Doctor Sahib ; though it was often but a simple meal of milk and *nhgan*, as the leavened cake of the Waziri is called. Then, relays of guides being provided, the travellers left for Maddi Kheyl and Zarwan *en route* for Bannu.

At all these transfrontier villages he was well received by the Waziris, who gave him food and provided escorts most willingly. Dr. Pennell treated their sick, and preached among them. The travelling was hard, for the Kurram River had to be crossed over twenty times between Thal and Bannu, and so the loan of a horse proved of great value.

On his return to Bannu one or two Mullahs came to him as enquirers, and one day as he returned from preaching in the bazaar, a Marwat followed him, saying he wished to become a Christian. On the following Sunday, when Dr. Pennell and his men were preaching again, the Marwat stood by them. Seeing that he was with the Christians, the people became very angry indeed, and laid wait for him as he was going home.

The Marwat was walking ahead with one of the men, and Dr. Pennell a short distance behind, when he was suddenly torn away from both of them and hustled into the house of a bigoted Muhammadan official, who promptly sent him to the *thana*, or police station. Next morning, being brought up before the police officer, he clearly stated that he wished to stay with the Missionaries, but on some excuse he was sent back to the *thana*. He was then taken away to his village by his relations, on the

pretext of attending the funeral of an uncle. When they had him safely in their power, they bound his hands behind his back and kept him under strict surveillance day and night; but one day some of the village camels strayed, and all the men went out to seek them. The Marwat seized the opportunity to make his escape, and by travelling all day he reached Bannu at midnight, where he was joyfully received and made welcome.

In November, 1896, Dr. Pennell left Bannu with one of his converts to make another tour in the district. Having driven to Naurang they proceeded on foot, hiring a coolie to carry their luggage. At Sheikh Mahmud Dr. Pennell spent a morning arranging the ever-recurring difficulties of his Christian villagers. From here he went across to Mianwali, where some of his workers were established in a tent pitched by a well near the bazaar. Here a little time was spent in preaching and treating patients. Then Dr. Pennell went on with one of his men to a village where the Maliks and others were anxious to have a Mission Dispensary. They then walked up the railway line to Daud Kheyl, where they were lent a railway trolly to take them to Mari. In this neighbourhood they visited several villages, preaching in the bazaars and distributing medicines. Shakadarra was one of their stopping-places, and here they found an old Bannu schoolboy acting as police officer. From here they went to Lachi, seeing several patients before leaving in an *ekka* for Kohat, where they spent the night. Next morning they had a difficult journey through the Kohat Pass, the road being very bad.

In Peshawar Dr. Pennell had an interesting time preaching in the bazaar with Mr. Thwaites, a fellow Missionary.

On the way back he witnessed a horrible railway accident. There was an encampment of *Powindahs* near the railway line, and one of their number, an old woman, was saying her prayers on the rails when she was run over by the train. Both legs were cut off and the trunk cut in two at the hips. After a short wait to discover what had happened, the train went on, leaving the poor *Powindahs* to shrug their shoulders over what was "God's will."

He sums up the work of 1896 with this remark: "This year has been marked by severe and continued opposition from without and by strife within."

In January, 1897, Dr. Pennell visited Lahore, where he bought a printing-press for Bannu. Later on he started the first Bannu newspaper, which was printed by his machine. For some years he ran the press mostly at his own expense, but in January, 1910, when he was going on furlough, he found nobody willing or able to look after the press in his absence, and therefore sold it.

From Lahore he went to Tarn Tarn, where he preached in the bazaars, and visited the Leper Asylum and hospitals. He also visited Jhandiala and Amritsar. In the train back to Lahore, a Peshawari addressed him in Pushtu. When Dr. Pennell replied, asking him how he had recognised him to be a Pathan, the Peshawari answered with smiling assurance: "Can a Pathan ever be disguised?"

In February he paid a visit to the Esa Kheyl district, taking his magic lantern with him, and travelling most of the way on foot, the luggage going by camel.

At Sheikh Mahmud the Muhammadans were very inimical to the converts who were with Dr. Pennell, and would not let them even touch their dishes or cooking-pots, calling them "blasphemers" and fearing pollution

from them, though they made no such restrictions with regard to Dr. Pennell himself.

The little Christian cemetery had one grave in it by this time, and from that the cross had been stolen by the bigoted Muhammadans, to whom its very sight was an offence.

Leaving on a riding-camel, Dr. Pennell crossed the ferry and came right into a violent sandstorm, which continued most of the way across the Indus, till he reached Mianwali. At Mianwali he was visited by some of his old schoolboys. One of them he found was very much impressed by Thomas à Kempis' *Imitation of Christ*, a copy of which he always carried about with him. This man later on came back as a master to the Bannu Mission School. From here Dr. Pennell went on to the village of Musa Kheyl, where he had a very busy time with patients of all kinds. In one morning he operated on two cataracts, did an iridectomy, a lithotomy, and some other operations, many of which were necessitated by the after-results of an epidemic of smallpox which had lately scourged the place.

One day Dr. Pennell and Taib Khan made a journey on his new riding-camel to Sakesar. They went to Nimmal, where they preached in the bazaars and visited the people. Rain had made the roads so bad, that the camel found it very difficult to keep its feet, and while trotting along the road to Chakarala, it fell and threw its riders. They got up, however, none the worse for their fall, and continued their journey. Arrived at Chakarala, they put up in the school, and here Dr. Pennell had interesting religious talks with Wahabi Moulvis and Shiahs. Then they proceeded to Paya Kheyl, where the assistants had already

gone with the tents and luggage. During his short stay here Dr. Pennell treated patients all day long. One evening he was showing his magic lantern to an audience of about 250 people, who listened with interest till near the end, when a Mullah made a disturbance. In the scuffle that followed, one of the assistants, who was a convert, was beaten, and his clothes were torn.

One afternoon they walked over to a neighbouring village, where they preached in the bazaars to attentive audiences.

Their next camp was at Kalabagh, and here Dr. Pennell did several operations, including, as usual, some for cataract. In the afternoon they preached in the bazaars, and in the evening the more educated of the inhabitants came to the camp for religious discussions. The magic lantern proved a great help in collecting the crowds and holding their interest.

In one village the bigoted Muhammadan doctor of the Government Hospital enticed away one of Dr. Pennell's assistants; leaving his brother to look for him, Dr. Pennell and the other men went on to the next village, where they had large crowds of patients.

Dr. Pennell paid one or two visits to the villages where he had previously done operations, and found his cases progressing satisfactorily. He left an assistant behind to travel from one village to another, and look after these cases, while he himself went on further, visiting Kamar Mashani and Trug, where he treated several patients and preached in the bazaars.

CHAPTER IX

1897–1898

Pathan dress—Encouragement—Bazaar preaching—Hustling—Internal troubles of Mission—Syed Badshah's martyrdom—Waziri treachery—Maizar—Mission defences—Crossing the desert in summer—Search for Taib Khan—Teri state—Waziri scares—Afridi Mullah—British soldiers in Bannu—Epidemics—School enlarged—School howlers—Schoolboys' hospitality—Justice—Arguments—Wagonlits!—Bannu boys and faith.

DR. PENNELL was convinced that his adoption of the native dress gave him a speedy entry into the affections of the people. It certainly made them look upon him as a friend, and he felt that for his part it gave him a just appreciation of the feelings of the people among whom he worked if he resembled them in outward appearance, and was therefore likely to be subjected to the same treatment that they received. The *lungi* or *paggri* is an accepted form of headdress in many Indian cavalry regiments for English officers, and Dr. Pennell realised how much the Pathans appreciated his wearing it. It is the custom on the border when friend meets friend, for them to exchange *paggris* as a sign of affection, and by thus adopting the dress of the people Dr. Pennell could share this custom in a way that would otherwise have been impossible. For this reason also he early grew a beard, as amongst the Muhammadans of the north the beard is the sign of manhood. It is a

common sight, and one that is apt to startle the uninitiated, to see a Pathan, with an arz, or petition, touch the beard of the one from whom he is asking a favour. In South India, the suppliant generally puts his head at one's feet—a much more embarrassing form of supplication to deal with. Indian shoes, too, are a great convenience in a non-Christian country, for they are easily removed on entering a house, temple, or mosque, where head and feet may not both be covered at the same time, and as it is a sign of respect not to uncover the head, one must remove the shoes from off one's feet.

Dr. Pennell went all over the country dressed in the various local fashions of the Pathan, as a Waziri, a Peshawari Khan, or a Mullah, according to the errand on which he was bent, and the district in which he was travelling.

On one occasion Dr. Pennell was travelling to Ferozepur in a third-class carriage as usual, when he fell in with some Indians, who at first took him for a Pathan, and were surprised that he knew any English. He had some religious talk with these men, who were so interested in the subject of discussion that they asked for the address of a bookshop where they might get Christian books. On the journey he was joined by one of the Mullahs from Bannu who had lately received baptism. At Mianwali Dr. Pennell's riding-camel was to have met them, but as it had not arrived they started off on horseback to cross the Indus. Between two ferries in the dry part of the river-bed they met the camel, and mounting him set off for Esa Kheyl, which they reached at four o'clock, travelling by Landewah and Naurang. They arrived at Bannu next day in time for Dr. Pennell to be at the service held in the

Mission Church for the baptism of seven of his hardly-won converts, one of whom was the Mullah who had been such a vindictive opponent in the early days. This is the Mullah of whom he speaks in the story of Taib Khan in his book, and who was won over to change his opinion of Christianity when he saw how it taught its followers to tend the sick and forgive their enemies. Shortly afterwards he received further encouragement, for another Muhammadan asked to be received as a catechumen ; and a former convert from the Sikh religion, who had held back for some time, found courage to make a public confession and was admitted a member of the Church.

All these events roused much opposition in the bazaar and the villages around. Dr. Pennell thus describes an incident of the bazaar preaching which occurred about this time, when he had four of his recent converts with him :

" Jahan Khan, Taib Khan, and I preached in the Corn Bazaar. Ghassa Singh (the Sikh convert) was also there, and Syed Badshah (the recently baptized Mullah) came in at the end. One of the men at the back of the crowd, a talib, pushed through, seized Taib Khan, and tried to pull him over. There was a scuffle, but we eventually liberated him, some of the people near by being friendly and helping us. I recommenced preaching, but stones and clods were aimed at us, one hitting Ghassa Singh hard on the temple. So I stopped, and we were about to go away when a man sprang on Syed Badshah, who had just arrived. This was the signal for a general scuffle, and those with me would have retaliated had I not prevented them. However, stones continued to fly about, and I lost my *paggri* a second time, but it was returned to me by Tulsi Das. Our supporters began to find it was being

made too hot for them, and retreated into their shops. As the stones began to fall about the merchandise and the vendors, the Hindus begged us to move on quickly, so we moved off along the bazaar. One Hindu offered us shelter in his shop, but I thought it would have been unbecoming in us to take refuge, and unkind towards him to bring the wrath of the people upon his head, so we continued our way, the stones following us as we went, to the considerable inconvenience of the shopkeepers *en route!*".

Characteristically he says nothing about the "inconvenience" to himself and his men of the stones and clods of earth that were aimed at them.

In spite of promised help from the police authorities, three of the converts were again beaten in the bazaar shortly afterwards.

About this time Dr. Pennell started regular classes for his young converts in the Mission in addition to all his other work, giving them teaching on the Christian and Muhammadan religions, and thus preparing them for the work of evangelisation that he hoped they would undertake.

The Bannu Mission was not without its internal troubles. There were the usual shortcomings and failings among the newly professed Christians, which make a Missionary's life so hard. Two of his converts were caught stealing from the printing-press which he had just started. They were, however, made to confess, and to return the money. Jahân Khan was threatened by many enemies, and Taib Khan and Syed Badshah were also in danger. After finding a dagger outside Syed Badshah's door one morning, Dr. Pennell made him sleep at Jahan Khan's house for greater safety.

In the summer they were all sleeping out of doors, when in the middle of the night Dr. Pennell was waked by a shot, followed by a great shouting. Rushing instantly to Jahan Khan's house he found the victim was Syed Badshah, who had been shot through the abdomen. Dr. Pennell immediately operated on him, removed the bullet, and dressed the wound. The wounded man was carried to the Mission bungalow and everything possible done for him, but it was of no avail, and he died bravely confessing his faith in Christ. Jahan Khan, knowing that he himself had enemies who were seeking to take his life, was most unhappy, believing that Syed Badshah had been killed in mistake for himself. It was very difficult to find the murderer, and finally the case was referred to a *Jirgah*, or Council of Tribesmen, but the murderer was never brought to justice.

On June 10 of this year there was a treacherous attack on a British force by Waziris. *The Times* described it thus :

" A treacherous attack on a British force was made last Thursday by some of the Darwesh Kheyl Waziris. It appears that Mr. Gee, Political Officer, was received on his arrival last Thursday at the village of Maizar, south of Sherani, by the headman of the local tribes, whose attitude was most friendly. Sadda Khan, the Headman, provided food for the British officers and the Muhammadan Sepoys in the escort. This hospitality must have thrown them off their guard, as the Pathans usually respect the lives of men who are their guests.

" Just as lunch was over, a heavy fire was opened from the walls of the numerous small towers which guard the village. The range was so short that all six military officers, upon whom the fire was at first concentrated,

were shot down almost at once. Colonel Bunny of the 1st Sikhs, Captain Browne, R.A., and Lieutenant Cruikshank, R.A., were killed on the spot. Colonel Bunny had just strength left before his death to give orders for the retreat. The three other British officers were wounded. Mr. Gee alone escaped. In a few moments the troops were enclosed in a circle of fire, some five hundred of the tribesmen joining in the attack. No defensive position could be taken up, as the British were in the open, while their assailants were under cover. A retirement therefore towards Sherani took place, the tribesmen being reinforced on the way until about 1000 were engaged in harassing the party, encumbered with dead and wounded. Of our native troops one officer and twenty-one men were killed and twenty-four wounded. For four miles sharp fighting took place. Beyond Sherani more tribesmen were seen coming over the hills to cut off the retreat, but they retired when reinforcements sent from Datta Kheyl appeared. The troops did not reach the latter post till 11 o'clock at night. The guns were brought in safely, but 9 rifles and 24 mules were missing. The retreat was conducted in excellent order, the troop behaving splendidly. It is said that the tribesmen sent a message for help to the Mullah Powindah, who headed the Waziri rising three years ago, but the Mullah declined to assist them."

Because of this affair the officer in command of the troops at Bannu wished the Mission to have a guard of soldiers, a precaution of which Dr. Pennell distinctly disapproved, as he maintained that the surest way of calling forth the kindliness and protection of the tribes was by showing them that he did not rely upon material arms for his defence. For this reason he never carried arms of any description himself, and on more than one occasion it

was this fact which saved him from assassins, who deemed it cowardly to attack an unarmed man. He also felt that among the Pathans anyone carrying firearms exposed himself to the danger of being killed and robbed by the tribesmen, who value such weapons more highly than anything else on earth, and will risk their lives to acquire them.

In July he made a journey on his riding camel to Esa Kheyl. The heat was excessive, although they travelled by night; and the camel driver was so exhausted that he spent the last three miles in declaring he would never ride a camel again, and it was two hours before he could summon up enough energy to take off the saddles after they arrived at their destination. The visit to Esa Kheyl was spent yet again in trying to settle the affairs of the Christians and dividing their lands between them. Leaving in the evening on his riding camel, Dr. Pennell was lost in the desert, and after wandering about in the darkness for some time, he finally went to a zemindar's house at Mundra Kheyl. Starting at daybreak for Kalabagh, he travelled by train to Pindi on his way to Hasan Abdal, as usual making valuable use of his time by conversing with all his fellow passengers, some being Indians and some British soldiers. At Hasan Abdal he took an *ekka* for Haripur, where he went on a visit to a Muhammadan Moulvi, who was greatly learned in the Quran.

Returning to Hasan Abdal he took train to Peshawar, where he spent some days waiting for Taib Khan, who had left Bannu for his own village on a month's leave. Dr. Pennell had told him that if he did not return at the end of the month, he would conclude that something was wrong and go in search of him.

" As this was the day I had told Taib Khan to meet me here, and he did not turn up, I left in the 5 p.m. train for Jehangira Road, met Azizuddin (an Afghan convert) at the ferry, and we walked on to the nearest village where we got a couple of ponies and travelled all night. After we had passed Zaida, a fearful storm of hail and torrents of rain, accompanied by thunder and lightning, caught us in the open plain. For nearly half an hour it was so dark we could not stir, then it got a little lighter, and the road became a flowing sea of water, in which all landmarks were almost obliterated, so we pushed on through mud and water, reaching Thand Koi in the rain at daybreak, and put in the *chaŭk* of a friend of Azizuddin's, who provided us with change of raiment while ours was being dried. As soon as our object was known, it was evident we could not get true information as to Taib Khan's whereabouts from the people, who were evidently desirous of misleading us, some saying he had gone to Buneyr, some one thing, some another. His uncle came in and said he had gone to Zaida three days before with his friend, the Tutalu Mullah.

" We sent messengers to Zaida, Shah Mansur, and other places, but unfortunately for the fruitfulness of our enquiries, warning had already been given, consequently he had been hidden, or had hidden himself, and his place of concealment could not be ascertained. I therefore left Azizuddin at Thand Koi, and set out for Zaida. The river had risen owing to the rain, and was up to our armpits, being very difficult to cross, owing to the slipperiness of the bottom. At Zaida I went to the Chief's bungalow, he at once set enquiries afoot. It appeared that Taib had left there and gone in the direction of the Yaghistan early in the morning, but the Khan brought his friend the Tutalu Mullah to give information. The latter said that Taib had been informed early in the morning of the Sahib's arrival at Thand Koi, and had left at once, saying that he was going to the Pir Babu Zyarat, a shrine in Buneyr. He

reported that Taib had owned that he could not face the Sahib, and was very much ashamed. I think the Mullah might have produced Taib had he chosen, but as the latter was evidently hiding of his own accord we could do nothing. The Khan was very kind, and promised to sift the matter to the bottom. He had us to dinner with his friends, but I could not eat. At eleven we left on the ponies, and got the 6.30 a.m. train at Jehangira. Yesterday was the saddest day of trouble I can remember experiencing in India, as I did not for a moment believe Taib capable of such a thing. I left Azizuddin at Nowshera, and proceeded to Peshawar on my way back to Bannu.

"A fortnight later I heard that Taib Khan had visited someone at Nowshera, and said he was coming to Bannu. But he did not appear.

"A few days later, while I was touring in the Kohat district, I had a letter saying that Muhammad Hossein (a convert from Islam) had been to Zaida in search of Taib, and after much difficulty had met him, but that the truant, though professing himself a Christian, refused to return with him. I settled that the right thing to do was to go for him myself, so got a *tum-tum*, and at 7.30 started off, reached Kohat at 10.30, walked across the Kohat Pass, finding it extremely hot, especially while crossing the Kotal. I reached the Spin Thana at 3 p.m. and found that all the *tum-tums* had been taken on the Swat expedition, but the Thanadar, or police officer, lent me his horse, which took me to Mattanni, and there I found a solitary *tum-tum*. After some difficulty I persuaded the driver to take me to Peshawar, in spite of his fear of being commandeered for the expedition. That evening I left by train for Jehangira Road with Muhammad Hossein, and we reached Zaida next day at 10.30 a.m. I sat by a well near the village while Muhammad Hossein went to look for Taib Khan, but he came back unsuccessful; the people either said that they knew of no such

person, or that he had left that morning, his destination being unknown. Thinking he might be near one of the wells where many of the people spend the heat of the day, we made a circuit of Shah Mansur, and I stopped with some Zamindars by a well between Shah Mansur and Zaida, while Muhammad Hossein continued his search. By 4 p.m., however, he returned unsuccessful again, though he had had the assistance of a friend. They said it was no use our waiting, as Taib would be sure never to appear so long as we were about, but that we had better return to Peshawar until our friend had ascertained the particulars of his whereabouts, when we could return to continue our search. I felt sure he was there, however, and was not willing to leave without him, therefore I settled to let Muhammad Hossein return alone to Peshawar. I accompanied him three miles to Kunda, and then after dark, removing my *paggri*, or turban, and covering myself in a *chadar*, or sheet, I returned to the house of our friend in Zaida without anyone seeing me. We then sent out a messenger for news, and he soon returned to say Taib was in a certain mosque, having his evening meal with the Tutalu Mullah and other talibs. Having satisfied myself that this was so, I then went to the Khan of the village, told him where Taib was, and asked him to send for him. He very kindly sent two of his men, telling them to ascertain which the man was, and then to say that he was under suspicion for the trouble in Swat, for which reason he must give security. By this means they could bring him in under arrest. This they did, and it was then about 11 p.m. Taib, as soon as he saw me, seemed very pleased, though he was also ashamed, and we embraced heartily. I found him in a very low spiritual state, afraid to confess Christ publicly, but he consented to accompany me to Jehangira Road, and said that he would then return for five days to his village to complete his engagement with his teacher, subsequently returning to Bannu. The

Tutalu Mullah arrived shortly afterwards, and taking Taib Khan aside, urged him vehemently not to go with me, as I should be sure to lead him astray again. However, Taib Khan remained firm, and although the Mullah waxed very wrath, he told the Khan that he wished to go back with me. The Khan gave us a guard as far as Kunda, and made the Mullah stop with him for half an hour after our departure. We left shortly after midnight, and by quick walking reached Jehangira Ferry by 5 a.m., finding Muhammad Hossein sitting in the boat. He was both surprised and delighted to recognise in my companion our long lost sheep. I talked to Taib about the sin he had fallen into, and he consented to stay with me altogether. We reached Peshawar by 9 a.m., and left again in the afternoon train for Khushalgarh, *en route* for Hangu."

In July Dr. Pennell paid a visit to the small State of Teri. He started in an *ekka* from Bannu one afternoon, reached Kurram after midnight, and after a few hours' sleep by the roadside, started again for Banda. Here he stopped, did some preaching and treated patients. From Banda, as the road was very bad, he walked on to Teri, a distance of about five miles.

He spent a short time here, treating the people and addressing them. The old Nawab was a great friend of Dr. Pennell's, and always entertained him most royally. On this occasion he sent him dinner enough for fifteen people! Proceeding to Kohat, Dr. Pennell spent some time at Latambar, seeing patients and preaching in the bazaars, and then went on to Hangu by *ekka*. Here he treated several patients, and one day had an interesting discussion with the leading men in the Anjuman-i-Islam.

After rescuing Taib Khan, Dr. Pennell returned to

Hangu to continue his work, to the great relief of the Indian Christian assistant he had left there during his absence, who had been very hard pressed by the Muhammadans, but had nevertheless bravely stayed at his post and carried on the work.

Many of the Khans and Maliks now came to Dr. Pennell, and during the long talks held with them, he won their confidence and affection in every way. From Hangu he went on to Mastar, but was not able to stay there long, as the tribes were still very disturbed, and news had been received of an attack on Fort Shabkadr, so the Deputy Commissioner of the District asked him to return to Bannu, which he did most reluctantly.

For some time after this there were frequent scares of Waziri risings and raids, and news of projected attacks on the Mission, but Dr. Pennell fortunately did not know the meaning of fear, and made no difference in his daily round of duties, still visiting his patients in the city or neighbouring villages, and touring in the Bannu district.

In October of this year fever was very prevalent in Bannu, at least two or three in every house being down with it. Dr. Pennell was therefore unable to go out into the districts for some weeks, all his time being taken up with visiting the sick in the city and adjacent villages.

An Afridi Mullah, who was convinced of the truth of Christianity, had to leave his own country, as the Muhammadans sought to take his life. He came to Dr. Pennell for protection, bringing a horse and donkey as presents. Ten days later, his courage having revived, he resumed possession of his gifts and went away.

The freebooter Chikki sent down three men and two women for treatment from Chinarak. One of the women

had granular conjunctivitis, and Chikki sent a requisition with her, asking that she should be cured and sent back in six days! Being accustomed to the unquestioning gratification of his slightest wish, he expected implicit compliance with this order!

One night a Pathan woman was found lying outside Mrs. Croker Pennell's bedroom door. She refused to speak or move, and was in consequence very nearly stabbed by the *Chaukidar*, or night-watchman, whose challenge she would not answer. The next day she had to be removed by the police. Her story was not known, and was never discovered.

Fever and dysentery played great havoc among the British troops that had come to Bannu for the expedition into Waziristan. Many of them now lie in the little cemetery there.

Dr. Pennell was kept very busy attending some of these men, and at the same time an epidemic of fever was raging in the city. To add to his anxieties his mother got seriously ill, and continued to be so for several months. His indefatigable energy and cheerful optimism went far towards helping him through this trying time.

In February of the following year (1898) the school, which up to now had only taught to the "middle" standard, was by his mother's generosity raised to the status of a *High* School, and a new building was erected to accommodate the extra classes. This increased Dr. Pennell's work a good deal, but as it kept the boys longer under his influence, he felt it was worth while.

The Pathan boys' knowledge of English history was sometimes rather amusing. One of them had to explain the following sentence: "Stephen brought 1000 *mail-clad*

men to the battle," and knowing only the conditions of the frontier, took it to mean "mail coachmen." Another, making a (mis)quotation, wrote: "The Austrian King 'Dum,' like a wolf on the fold, and his cowherds were gleaming in silver and gold." Another, writing about King Alfred, said: "Alfred was King of England, who was sent to School in Rome, when he came back, he fought with the Danes, but was defeated. Then he said 'I don't care,' and went back to a woodman's cottage and baked pancakes. He then returned and won the battle."

A debating society was now started in the new High School. The first subject of debate was, "Should Female Education be Encouraged?" This, strange to say, even in a Pathan country, was carried in the affirmative by a majority. This society was kept up without interruption until Dr. Pennell's death. Debates were held every Friday, and all through her life in Bannu, his mother, Mrs. Croker Pennell, made a point of attending them. Many old boys remember to this day how she used to direct their crude views, and help them to express themselves.

Sometimes, instead of a debate, there would be a lecture followed by a discussion or recitations. Mrs. Croker Pennell had a gift of elocution, and it was not uncommon for her responsive hearers to be moved to tears as she recited some thrilling dramatic poem.

In April Dr. Pennell invited an Indian preacher from the Punjab to hold a Mission at Bannu, and at its completion they both toured in the district and neighbouring villages. This preacher, the Rev. Ihsan Ullah, is the first Indian Archdeacon in the Lahore Diocese, and was an old friend of Dr. Pennell's. He found the latter's mode of travelling far too rough, and as he fainted when they got to their

first resting-place, he had to be allowed to rest there all day.

On this tour they were the guests of old schoolboys at every stopping-place, and Dr. Pennell treated many patients, and did much surgical work and the usual preaching in the bazaars.

In May he took his mother up to Sheikh Budin, and having settled her there, went to visit Tank, which was in those days worked as an out-station of Bannu. In Tank he had interesting talks with some enquirers, one of whom confessed himself a Christian, but was afraid to do so openly before the Muḥammadans on account of his wife.

Dr. Pennell had a great deal of trouble with the Christians in his compound during this summer, their quarrels among themselves adding greatly to the difficulty of recommending Christianity to the outside world. He used to spend much time with the offenders, doing his best to persuade them to return to the paths of peace and righteousness. It was a strict rule with him, and one from which he never deviated, to insist that anyone against whom an accusation was brought should be present while it was done. This custom did much towards promoting peace, and also gave a sense of security and just dealing to all his assistants.

Another practice he always tried to impress upon the Christians was that each should confess his *own* sins and not those of other people; it was often rather amusing to find how this mandate would result in complete silence when only five mintues before it had been difficult to restrain their eagerness to report on each other's sins of omission and commission.

Dr. Pennell went up to Sheikh Budin in July, taking

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with him several of his young men for whom he had regular classes. This was all the holiday he could take, for lack of a substitute to carry on both the clerical and school work for which he was responsible. The Mahsud hostages taken in the last expedition, who were kept at Sheikh Budin at this time, were rather troublesome during the bazaar preaching.

To interest the English officers and other officials, Dr. Pennell had some magic lantern slides made illustrating Mission work. These he exhibited to the visitors at Sheikh Budin, and made many friends for the Mission among the usually indifferent English people.

He also had an interesting discussion in the bazaar with some Muhammadans. These men maintained that the Bible had been superseded by the Quran, and that it was therefore unnecessary to act on these former Scriptures. Dr. Pennell gave them a Quran, asking them to show him their authority for such a statement. They, however, made no attempt to open the book, but asked a number of counter questions, to some of which he replied, but finally, when he pressed them in vain for answers to his original questions he determined to leave them, whereupon the defeated combatants stirred up the crowd to jeer at the Christians, pretending that they were compelled to retire, because they were not able to hold their own in the discussion.

Dr. Pennell and his mother very rarely took a holiday in the strict sense of the word, and though the rules for Missionaries on the frontier allow two months' privilege leave every year, neither of them ever took advantage of this. As soon, therefore, as he could, he brought his "disciples" back to Bannu for the Junior Divinity

MRS. CROKER PENNELL IN A DANDY

She is being carried up the steep slopes at Shekh Budin, a hill station near Bannu. Her Muhammadan ayah is beside her. The bearers are all Muhammadans.

examination. To his great satisfaction they all passed with credit.

In October he himself passed the "Higher Standard" examination in Persian, and began studying Arabic so as to be able to read the Quran.

On his return from a journey to Dera Ismail Khan and Tank he was stopped by the Border Military Police at Bani; they said that a Wazari caravan had been looted by the Bhatannis the day before in broad daylight, and therefore the road was not safe. After much persuasion the Havildar consented to allow Dr. Pennell to accompany him through the Pass. They had to spend the night in a *Chaŭk*, and starting before daybreak they went to Naurang, where they met the mail tonga, and got into Bannu quite early in time for a day's work.

It was always his habit after arrival at any place to set to work with as little delay as possible. A bath and a meal, not always the latter, were what he allowed himself, and then, however fatigued by the journey, he would set about doing whatever duty lay nearest. One of his favourite modes of saving time was to travel all night after a busy day's work in one place, so as to arrive at the next place in time for the work of the following day. This custom of his had taught him to sleep in almost any position when travelling. In a tonga he generally slept sitting upright, with his long legs curled over the luggage; in a *tum-tum* he found it less risky to sleep in the net under the seats, his head at the driver's feet and his feet sticking out over the footboard at the back; and as the driver generally kept the horse's grass in this net, he found it a very comfortable bed! An *ekka* did not afford such good sleeping accommodation, so he would unwind his

turban, and plaiting it about the poles of the awning would draw his knees up to his chin, and thus leaning against the back-rest made by his *paggri*, or turban, would sleep peacefully until his journey's end.

Many of his journeys were of necessity on horseback. One hot weather he had been working hard all day, and late at night started on his horse for one of his out-stations. A good part of the way was uphill, and he was very sleepy. His horse knew the way well, so he had very little to do but keep his seat. As the journey continued, to his great wonder he noticed the horse's neck growing longer and longer. Memories of *Alice in Wonderland* made this phenomenon seem not unduly out of the way. But as the ascent got steeper, the length of the horse's neck seemed to increase in proportion, whenever he looked at it; still he was not disturbed, till, quite suddenly, he found himself seated on the ground with the whole length of the horse in front of him. This sudden descent having completely roused him, he found on investigation that the saddle girths had been slack, and the angle of his ascent, plus the force of gravity, had caused his gradual decline!

Very soon after he acquired a bicycle, which greatly helped him in his wanderings, and superseded the donkey, camel, or horse of earlier days. He acquired it in his usual impulsive way. On one of his treks across country he met an officer who, for some reason, desired to part with his machine. Without any knowledge of bicycling, Dr. Pennell immediately bought it and brought it back to Bannu. This machine was the one he used on his Sadhu journey.

The boys in the school had already begun to be very

keen about their games, and a healthy rivalry had sprung up between them and the Government school at Bannu.

In December they had a cricket match against the city boys. One of the Afghan boys in the Mission school, a member of the eleven, writing to a friend, described the end of the match thus:

"Now these two boys were the last, and they had only one run to make to win, when I saw this my hair stood on end, and through fear I knelt before God, and though many boys laughed at me, I prayed to God with a true and meek heart, 'O God, help us, and keep the honour of the school, for thine is the power'; and as soon as I said this, and stood up from the ground, the boy was made 'wicket out,' and the match was not lost, but was won by our team."

Years after at a school tournament, when a football match was in full swing and neither side had made a goal, one of the Mission boys wrote a little prayer for success on a piece of paper which he buried between the opponents' goal-posts. Soon after, and just as time was called, his side kicked a goal, a fact which he proudly attributed to his forethought.

About this time Bannu was full of Mahsuds from over the border, and the regiments then stationed in Bannu numbered many Afridi soldiers amongst their men. These two tribes were always falling out with each other, or with other tribes in the bazaar. Whoever the opposing parties were, it always resulted in the poor Hindus having their shops looted by both sides! One day the Mahsuds and Darwesh Kheyl Waziris had a big fracas just outside the Mission compound, which began by a Darwesh Kheyl man pushing over a Mahsud. When he resented this "ragging"

the Darwesh Kheyls began to stone all the Mahsuds they caught sight of, and the latter being outnumbered, ran into the Mission compound to take refuge.

Dr. Pennell was teaching one of his classes in the school when these men rushed in, causing no little panic among the Hindu boys, who had reason to dread the tender mercies of the tribesmen. However, it was soon discovered that they themselves were seeking shelter, and with the help of the police Dr. Pennell managed to restore peace.

CHAPTER X

1898–1899

Christmas—Discipline—Anjuman—Faculty for giving—Difficult journeys—Life in the Bazaar—Karak—Hostel—Bannu Sundays—Wazir Malik—Fakir Syed Hussain.

DR. PENNELL and his mother always exerted themselves to the utmost to make Christmas a really happy time in the Mission. No one was forgotten; the little Christian community was feasted, and the children had the joy of a Christmas tree and branpie, while the non-Christian boys in the school were entertained in batches. These festivities were a great joy to all, and were looked forward to for days before, and remembered for long after. The patients in the hospital were not forgotten, and those who were well enough had a grand feast of *pilau*, and the others had to content themselves with more moderate joys. From far and near claimants for Christmas-boxes, money, food, clothes, would make their appearance, and no one went away empty-handed.

In December of 1898, Dr. Pennell went to Sir Mackworth Young, the Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab at Lahore, to ask him if he might pay a visit to Kabul. He was advised to write direct to the Amir, and it would seem the answer was not encouraging. In spite of this discouragement, Dr. Pennell never gave up hope of some

day realising his desire. Writing of Afghanistan, he says:

"As is doubtless known to many, Afghanistan is one of those, fortunately now few, benighted countries where the herald of the Gospel has hitherto found his entrance barred.

"It is a sad fact that, as far as is known to us, the Gospel has never been publicly proclaimed within its borders. It is true that some thirty-five years ago the clergyman and traveller Wolfe visited Cabul and preached in the Armenian church there, and some fifteen years ago the Native pastor of Peshawar visited the same place and ministered for a few days to the few Armenian Christians he found in the city; but since then harder times have come, and the Armenians, though able to get work under the Amir, and free from persecution so long as they keep quiet, are yet unable to conduct public worship, and their small church has been destroyed.

"The present Amir is an astute ruler, and thoroughly comprehends the character of the people whom he has to govern, and to what an extent they are ruled by blind religious passion; and, though probably himself broad-minded and caring more for the affairs and pleasures of the world than the arguments and phantasies of his religion, yet he realises the necessity of appearing a devout Muslim in the public eye, and visits with no slight punishment any tendency towards heresy or schism from the State religion. In nearly every place where a Muhammadan government has had untrammelled action, secession of any person from the State religion is a capital offence, and there is little reason to suppose that a convert in Afghanistan would be able to make his change of religion known and yet save his life. Added to this, we have to bear in mind the great power wielded by the priesthood in Afghanistan, almost the only people in the country

possessed of any learning; and accustomed from countless generations to be in all things the trusted advisers of chiefs and people in matters temporal as well as spiritual, they have attained a tremendous influence, and it is scarcely to be expected that that influence will be to favour any leanings towards a new religion, which, if accepted, would at once take away their livelihood and their name. Thus it comes about that these priests, or mullahs as they are termed, are nearly everywhere our most bitter and rancorous opponents, and not infrequently succeed in stirring up enmity against us and our work where the people were originally and naturally friendly disposed. It is the old cry as in Ephesus, 'not only is our craft in danger to be set at nought, but the great prophet Muhammad about to be despised,' and so now, as then, the town or village is put in an uproar till the uncongenial element is expelled.

"Another very prominent feature of the people is their division into tribes, who keep themselves very distinct by the prejudice against inter-tribal marriages and traditional enmities, which, working on their fiery and bloodthirsty temperaments, is so constantly a source of tribal feud and bloodshed. It has been aptly said that the Afghans are never at peace except when they are at war, for in the face of a common enemy or invader the tribal feuds are dropped, and those who but a while ago were the bitterest of foes now fight shoulder to shoulder till the common danger is averted, when they will again, with unquenched avidity, take up the cudgels against each other.

"Nor does this strife end at the tribe, for within that tribe, as in Israel of old, are many distinct families or sections living more or less apart, and each with its own grievances and bloodscore against its neighbours; and within the family again it is too often the case that house is divided against house, and a man's foes are those of his own household. It seems strange, but I have frequently been in a village where my host could not accom-

pany me at night to a different section of the same village, but at every few streets it has been necessary to take a new guide resident in that neighbourhood, as all only retire at night after placing their guns loaded in readiness and their swords by their side, and regard a man of a different part of the same village, visiting their street at night, as necessarily doing so for sinister purposes. Only a few days ago I was visited by an influential priest from over the border, and, in addition to the Koran under his arm, he had his rifle and a well-filled cartridge belt, a revolver in his waistband, and a short sword dangling by his side; and when I remarked on the incongruity of his accoutrement, he said, 'Oh, but these things are necessary in our country; there are few houses here which have not their own blood feud.'

"It can be well understood what an advantage a Medical Mission has among these people over any other, and no more forcible proof could be given of it than a visit over our in-patient hospital."

Coming back from Lahore, he paid a visit to Tank, using his bicycle from Dera Ismail Khan. One pedal got out of order seven miles from Dera, so for several miles he had to work with the remaining pedal only, till a friendly Tehsildar, coming along, gave him a lift in his *tum-tum*.

At Tank he had a disagreeable task to perform. The Christian hospital assistant was found to have been taking bribes right and left. Dr. Pennell called together all the Muhammadan headmen of the village, and investigated the case thoroughly. When he found the man was really guilty he dismissed him.

It is one of the most trying and difficult experiences in Indian hospitals to prevent impositions on the patients by the subordinates. In Government hospitals, where

the Civil Surgeon lives at a distance and only comes to his work at a stated hour every day, it is not easy to stamp out this practice; but in Mission hospitals, where the doctors are constantly in and out, and where all fees must go to the Mission, it is an evil that is easily detected, and as a rule immediately put down. Dr. Pennell was always very careful that no patient who came to his hospitals should be able to complain that even the lowest menial had demanded anything from him. By careful and constant personal supervision and by his own loving ministrations to the poorest of his patients, he was able to ensure that they all had the best treatment and nursing possible, and were never made to feel that because of their poverty, comforts were denied them.

In the hospital there were often cases that required an almost superhuman amount of tolerance and patience, and it was always his habit to attend to the more disagreeable cases himself. Many a time have the other doctors marvelled at his gentle treatment of some specially repulsive disease. Indeed, the patients themselves have often protested that it was not suitable work for the "Burra Doctor Sahib" (the chief doctor).

On his return journey from Tank, his bicycle again got out of order, and he had to borrow a horse. The return to Bannu after any absence always necessitated an extra amount of correspondence, accounts, and business, and invariably a number of patients, who refused to be treated by any other doctor than their own beloved "Padre Sahib," would also be waiting for him.

In January, 1899, we find a note in his diary for an Anjuman, or Brotherhood, which he thought of starting:

"Plan of Anjuman—Common property, Common table,

Common worship, Serving God in serving others, Seeking daily opportunity of service, Worshipping together at even."

This little summary gives the keynote of his life. He always considered his money and goods were not his own, and acted literally on the Biblical injunction, "He that hath two coats, let him impart to him that hath none, and he that hath meat let him do likewise," so that his wardrobe was in a continual condition of wanting replenishment. His gold watch and chain he also sold to supply the wherewithal for a Mission building. To his mother's great horror she found that his gold medals were going the same way, and she therefore rescued them and locked them up safely. It was not till after her death in 1908 that these were again seen; and he noticed with embarrassment that in the empty cases of the missing medals she had left notes saying for what object he had sold them, a fact which he had hoped to keep secret. In his later years, there was only one threat which kept him from giving away the greater part of the scanty wardrobe he allowed himself, and that was that more clothes would be ordered to replace those he gave away. He had almost a horror of any multiplicity of goods, and any reduplication worried him exceedingly. This trait led to an amusing incident. Finding two fountain pens on his desk one morning, he immediately presented one to the pathology clerk. Later in the day, one of his fellow Missionaries, who had been hunting high and low for her fountain pen, found it in this youth's possession. For Dr. Pennell there was only one way out of the difficulty. He immediately gave the youth another pen, but he never heard the end of it from his

colleagues, who were greatly amused at his commandeering their property also to satisfy his generous instincts!

In his own house his womenkind had to keep a very sharp look-out on all household goods not in actual use. Perhaps the first intimation they got of the transfer of some quilt or blanket or even of his personal clothing, would be when it appeared on the back of some indigent convert in the Mission Church, or enveloped the familiar form of some shivering beggar in the bazaars. He always kept in his study a box into which he put things he thought would make suitable presents to his children friends, to the boys in his schools, or to any of his many dependents. His gift-box had to be examined periodically, for many precious household treasures constantly found their way into it. The very last Christmas that he spent in Bannu he was the cause of great merriment to his colleagues, because during the decoration of the Christmas tree, he went round the house making a raid on every cupboard and storeroom. It was only by mere chance that he was intercepted, and the treasures rescued.

In February, 1899, the Bannu troops had to go out after raiders to Gumatti, where several of them were killed in action.

On a tour which Dr. Pennell made at this time, he found the roads very bad after the recent rain, and quite unfit for bicycling. In one place he had to improvise a bathing costume out of his turban, give his bicycle to a coolie, and wade through the water. He visited Lakki, Darra Tang, Esa Kheyl, and Sheikh Mahmud, treating patients and preaching at every place. Then he went on to Mianwali and Kalabagh, where he had many patients, and his preaching was well received. At Mian-

wali the rain had made the roads into streams of mud, and he was delayed by the continual downpour for some time. While he was waiting, a very saintly Mian came to have his eyes examined. Soon after Dr. Pennell had examined and prescribed for them the rain ceased. The Muhammadans around attributed this improvement in the weather to the prayers of the saintly man, whose eyes it was God's will the Doctor Sahib should heal.

The roads were so bad that Dr. Pennell's riding camel was unable to keep its feet in the mud, so he had to get a horse for part of the journey, and walked the rest of the way into Esa Kheyl. With all these delays it was almost dark before he arrived at his destination. But there was just light enough to enable him to perform a cataract operation on the mother of one of his boys.

On the way back he found the river in flood, and had to be carried over on a *charpai*, or string bed. The rest of the journey was also very difficult, his bicycle being quite useless because of the mud.

In this same month, Dr. Pennell went to live in the little branch school in the city, so that he might have more opportunity of being among the people. His bazaar preaching continued with varying success. On one occasion two of the Muhammadan schoolboys came to his rescue when the crowd was violent, thereby drawing upon themselves the anger of the enraged people. Another time a Mullah stationed himself opposite their preaching place, and tried to stop all Muhammadans from listening.

At the annual horse-fair in the spring a crowd of rowdy Kabulis surrounded the bookstalls of the Christians and tore up as many of their tracts and books as they could, consequently a general scuffle ensued. While the ring-

leader of the disturbance was being taken by the police, the other *Talibs*, or disciples, tried to effect his rescue, and in the scrimmage Dr. Pennell had his thumb sprained and his finger bitten. The next day the Talibs came to Dr. Pennell to beg that the man might be let off, and to this he agreed. A few days later, when the case came before the Courts, Dr. Pennell asked for the culprit's release. It was acts of forgiveness such as this that won for him the affection of these vindictive people.

This spring he saw the fruit of his work in the baptisms of three adult converts from Islam.

During the Hindu *Holi* Festival, some of the Afridi and Yusufzai soldiers were so persistent in looting the Hindus that the latter had to shut up their shops. Finally, the Civil Authorities were forced to take steps to protect them. This festival very often clashes with the Mohurrum of the Muhammadans, and is a constant source of trouble between the two communities. The Hindus in their noisy rejoicings often deliberately arouse the fighting spirit of the professedly mourning followers of Islam, by having processions headed by noisy bands shrilling their pipes and rending the air with persistent drum-taps outside the mosques. On the other hand, the Muhammadans of the Frontier do not always wait for provocation before attacking the Hindus.

In April there were inter-school sports held in Bannu, to which boys from the Esa Kheyl and Lakki schools also came. The Esa Kheyl boys were the guests of the Mission, and during their stay they were taken for a picnic, and otherwise given a good time.

A few days after this, Dr. Pennell paid a visit to Karak. On the way there the tyre of his *ekka* wheel came off, and

it had to be sent back to Bannu. Just as he was wondering how he should get on, a *tum-tum* belonging to a Bannu Malik came up, and on this they piled his luggage and that of his assistants, while they themselves walked on to Domel.

During this visit to Karak they did a good deal of bazaar preaching, and were given a welcome that contrasted most pleasantly with their former reception. Dr. Pennell writes:

"We had several talks with people in the bazaar, and they brought a Peshawari Mullah to dispute with us. As, however, they only wanted to put us at each other like quails, the Mullah very sensibly refused, and later accepted a Gospel of St. Luke in Pushtu from me. The people then found a Khattak Mullah who was ready to enter the lists, and he started by quoting a text from the Quran about ablutions, asking if we believed in it. When we said we did not credit the Quran, the people raised a tumult, and one *Malik* in particular gave us very foul abuse, so after a little more bandying of words, the discussion came to an end.

"Some of the people were very pleased to see us, particularly at one house where two children were very ill with measles and pneumonia, and there they spread beds for us, besides giving us some milk to drink.

"At 4 p.m. we went on to Gundukki, and were the guests of Muhammad Islam and the Ghazni Mullah. Next day we started early, and passing through Muhabbat Kheyl, breakfasted at a potter's *mauch* at Manakki.

"We watched him making his pots for a time in his healthy, breezy, but lonely dwelling, and then ascended until we came face to face with the 'Sooka Zyarat.' Then as the ascent before us did not look at all inviting, and the country was very wild and barren, we returned.

"In the morning we visited some patients in Mitha Kheyl, and had a talk there in the house of a man who had had a fracture of the frontal bone from a blow with a stone, and again in the *Chaŭk* of Sahib Khan, *Malik*, who gave us breakfast.

"At 3 p.m. we started back, and taking turns on the pony, reached Latambar at 8.30 p.m. At 4.30 the next morning we heard the mail-cart arrive, so hurriedly did up our things, and Taib Khan and Hussain Ali got aboard, while I started on the bicycle four minutes later, the Mullah following on a horse lent by the *Tekedar*, or contractor. The mail-cart and I raced. They reached Domel 100 yards ahead, but I finally arrived at Bannu 20 yards in advance, the time being 2 hours and 15 minutes (for 19 miles)."

The school hostel was becoming increasingly popular, and in June of this year there were eighteen boys and three masters in residence. However busy he was with his hospital work and district touring, Dr. Pennell never lost an opportunity of sharing the boys' sports or supervising them generally. He held it inexpedient for a Missionary to belong to the European Club in his station, and so instead of spending his few leisure hours in tennis or croquet with the English residents, he was able to take his boys for walks or for swims in the river, or would arrange matches for them against the regimental teams. The hostel boys came in for a special share of attention, for his study used to be open to them at all hours, a privilege of which they were not slow to take advantage. Up to the very day before his last illness, his evenings were given up to his enquirers and students.

Mrs. Croker Pennell, in May, 1899, gives a glimpse of the rush of occupations in a Medical Mission in outlining

the routine of the fourteen hours' daily work of her son at Bannu, on the Indian frontier.

"After breakfast, at half-past six, the morning service is conducted. This is followed by work in the wards until nine o'clock. At that hour Dr. Pennell adjourns to the Dispensary, where treatment and exhortation of out-patients continue till midday, the hour that is seized for dining, though," Mrs. Pennell adds, "there are always persons wanting an interview.

"From one to four o'clock teaching in the school engages his energies, a work which he finds most interesting, and a daily means of filling the minds of young men and boys with Bible truth, that could not be attained in any other way. At five o'clock evening service is held, and three times a week the doctor follows this by preaching in the bazaar.

"After an interval for tea he visits the wards, spending some time in talking to the patients. From eight to nine the hospital assistants are instructed in *Materia Medica*, anatomy, and other subjects."

That the spiritual side of the Medical Mission work is treated with the right proportionate attention may be gathered from the concluding words of Mrs. Pennell's letter:

"We have only thirty beds in the hospital. . . . Had we large wards and a greater number of in-patients, how could the doctor find time for spiritual work among those who are sick, which work is, as I understand, the sole *raison d'être* of Medical Missions? And though others can preach and talk of religion in the wards, yet no one can do so with the same acceptance as the doctor—the people, as a rule, 'hear him gladly.'"

All through his life he emphasised the fact that Sunday was to be a really happy day, and his boys in Bannu hold among their most precious memories the Sunday evenings spent with him. He made it a rule not to let anything interfere with these engagements. On winter nights a roaring fire would be kindled to welcome the boys in the library of the Bannu Mission-house, and though their presence was entirely optional, there was scarcely one of the forty boarders who did not avail himself of the opportunity. Indeed, the numbers were often swelled by old boys and masters who knew of the custom and of the hearty welcome they could always count on. The evenings generally began with selections on the gramophone. Among his records were several Punjabi, Pushtu, and Persian songs to meet all tastes. Then books of English, Urdu, Punjabi, and Pushtu hymns would be distributed, and it was cheering to hear the hearty way in which they were sung, especially when one looked round the eager faces of the boys grouped on the floor around their beloved "Doctor Sahib," and realised that of these cheerful songsters only about four or five were Christians. To vary the singing, there would be a hotly-contested game of capping Persian verses, and then perhaps a competition in story-telling, the boys being allowed to recount their own adventures. Many indeed were his devices for giving presents to his boys, this being one of the kindliest traits in his generous character, and no matter what the occasion or who the person, he could always lay his hands on something suitable for them. So well was this habit of his known, that many little Hindu and Muhammadan girls used to make their parents bring them to see him, hoping to go away with a doll in their

arms. But his presents were not confined to the young. Many a stalwart Waziri or expectant Pathan would go away with some little memento of his visit. There was a delightful Waziri chief, who once came to Dr. Pennell with the request for a gold watch.

"Padre Sahib," said he, "we have been friends for many years, and I have nothing in my possession to remind me of you when you are far away. I have been thinking, and it seems to me if you should give me a gold watch, it would help me to wake at three o'clock every morning to pray for you at the first prayer time of the day."

"Surely an alarm clock with a big face would serve the purpose better?" said Dr. Pennell.

"It might," said the chief; "but then how unworthy a memento of my dear friend!"

Any excuse was good enough to exercise this love of giving presents, and Dr. Pennell would inaugurate races, water-polo, jumping and gymnastic competitions for the mere pleasure, it would seem, of rewarding his boys. Naturally, this acted as a great spur, and his school was famous all over India for its excellent record in games and sports.

Towards the end of June, 1899, Dr. Pennell paid another visit to the Esa Kheyl District. On returning across the Kurram River he found it much swollen, so dismounting from his riding camel he swam across and got some men to go back for the beast. On reaching midstream the animal lost its footing and turned over and over in the river. With great difficulty they got the saddle off, and with the help of some more men pulled it to land, half drowned. Before reaching Lakki, the Gambela River had also to be forded. Dr. Pennell met an interesting man at the Dâk Bungalow here, of whom he writes thus:

"Fakir Syed Hussain Alishi was putting up there, and both here and at Esa Kheyl the people were wild about him, as he walked through fire and over hot coals reciting the *Kalimah*, or Muhammadan Creed, and induced numbers of others to do likewise. He took two annas (twopence) from each of the spectators, and also saw numbers of patients, of whom he cured some, taking five pice from each. He made about thirty rupees (two pounds) in the morning. I watched his methods, which were a mixture of manipulations and charms. He invited me to lunch, which he had in the bungalow in approved English style, much to my amusement."

CHAPTER XI

1899

To Kashmir with his boys—Exciting start—Beautiful country—Easy marches varied by bathing in the Jhelum—Hill climbing—Return—Chase after runaway—Sewuai—Lahore—Enquirers—Famine.

In July, Dr. Pennell took a party of his boys to Kashmir for their summer holiday. Before they started one of the boys, a Hindu, who was to be of the party, was forbidden to go by his relations, because it was noised abroad in the bazaar that all who went would be baptized in Srinagar, and only brought back when they had forcibly been made Christians. The rest started from Bannu in *tum-tums* one hot July afternoon, and as the Kurram was in flood they had to ford it just after starting. Beyond the thirty-fifth mile they were caught in a storm which necessitated their taking shelter in a *Chauk* till 2 a.m., when they proceeded by slow stages and with very bad horses to Kohat. Here another of the party met them, and they started by midday in an *ekka* and a *tum-tum*. The *ekka* horse was a sorry beast and could not be made to go because of the heat, so the *ekka* had to be abandoned. To add to their difficulties, a violent dust storm came on, followed by pelting rain. Because of this delay they missed their train at Khushalgarh by half an hour, but were caught up by the rest of their party, who had had an eventful drive from Bannu to

Kohat. One of their fellow-travellers in the *tum-tum* from Bannu was a *Sipâhi*, or soldier, of a frontier regiment. This man was so exasperated by the slowness of the *tum-tum* horses, that he began to beat the driver! The latter, being a Pathan, whipped out a dagger and stabbed the soldier in the chest. He then ran away, leaving the Bannu Mission boys to drive his *tum-tum*. They took the wounded Sipahi on to Banda, left him at the police station, and then proceeded to Kohat.

The bridge of boats at Khushalgarh and the novel sight of a railway train were a great source of interest to these unsophisticated lads. They made a slow journey from Rawal Pindi to Murree in *ekkas*, through forests of larch pine.

At Murree they put up in the Serai. Tragedy seemed to dog their steps, for on going to find the English dentist, whose services they required, they were told he had fallen over a *khud* while chasing a butterfly the day before and killed himself. Dr. Pennell describes the journey from Murree as follows:

"We left Murree on foot at 5.15 a.m. on July 11, with our luggage on two mules. It rained for an hour and then cleared up, though mists and clouds hung about. The path to Dewal lay through beautiful forests clothing the hillside, adorned with plenty of mosses, lichens and ferns and some English flowers, such as one resembling meadow-sweet and many Scropulariacæ. We reached Dewal at 9 a.m. and then continued the descent of the mountain, which now became almost treeless, as far as Kohala, which we reached soon after midday. Here we stayed in the Dâk Bungalow above the Jhelum, which rushes through the gorge below, and is spanned by a substantial bridge which we shall cross to-morrow, and shall thereby enter

Kashmir territory. To-day's march was twenty miles. Bahadur Khan and Allah Baksh were most tired.

"Kohala is a small place on the right bank of the Jhelum. Here we cross over into the Maharajah's territory by a strong girder bridge, which replaces an old suspension bridge destroyed some years ago by a flood, and the pillars of which are still standing a little below the present one. The Bungalow is prettily situated, and visitors to and from Kashmir kept going and coming all day long. We left at five o'clock next morning, and reached Dulai at nine. All the boys were rather stiff from their unwonted walking, but in good health and spirits. Here we had a pleasant bathe in the Jhelum, which was flowing noisily some 500 feet below the Dâk Bungalow. The river is not very swift, and so we enjoyed our swim immensely. Dulai village consists of a few huts and a shop or two. We left early for Domel, still travelling along the course of the river, and arrived for breakfast. The bridge here was carried away by the river some four years ago. The remains are rather picturesque, and have large idols stuck in niches, which the people worship. We started again for Garhi, but the sun got so hot, and the air was so close and still that we could only do eight miles out of the thirteen, and then encamped under some trees near the river. Here we had a bathe, and in the cool of the evening we left for Garhi. Next day we started at 4.30 in the morning and encamped during the heat of the day under some trees. At Hatti the Bungalow and Serai are in ruins, so we encamped beneath some ash trees near a pleasant spring, in which we again had a bathe. At 2.30, as thunder-clouds were gathering on the surrounding hills, we packed up our things and started. We had not gone three miles when it began to rain, and continued to do so for the remaining eight miles, as far as Chakoti, where we put up in the Dâk Bungalow. On the way we passed a picturesque waterfall, which became suddenly swollen to a

large volume by the rain. All the boys marched well with much less fatigue than before. Next day we marched to Uri, and left in the afternoon for Rampur. The road was very beautiful through pine forests, mixed with fir and elm, and the ground was carpeted with English flowers, such as mullein, St. John's-wort, forget-me-nots, besides lotuses and others. We saw some large monkeys eating fruit in the trees among the massive ruins of an old Hindu temple. Rampur is prettily situated in the clearing of the pine forest near the river, with towering rocks and cliffs on the far side. Excellent walnuts and mulberries abound in the woods.

"We left Rampur at four o'clock in the morning on our last march, and passed an interesting Hindu temple built of large stones, which is still in a fair state of preservation. There were now numbers of beautiful butterflies on the flowers alongside the road. We were able to buy a large basket of cherries and plums for a few pice, and mulberries and apricots were plentiful by the roadside. We reached Baramulla at nine o'clock, and by ten were off in a *dunga* boat, having paid off and dismissed the muleteers who had come with our luggage animals from Rawal Pindi. A *dunga* is a large flat-bottomed boat covered with a mat roof and with mats hung round the sides. It is punted or paddled according to the depth of the stream. It makes a very comfortable and simple house-boat. We punted slowly up the river, and reached Sopur at 5.30. Here we got fruit and fish for our evening meal, and going on by moonlight, stopped at midnight off a *zyarat* on the Nuru Canal. The water was full of *Sangara* weed (water-nut), and the air swarmed with mosquitoes. We entered the environs of Srinagar at 5 p.m., but the boat was very slow in going through the long winding canals leading to the Mission residence at the further end of the town, so we did not reach there till sunset."

After visiting the Mission Hospital and Schools, the party went to a festival at a shrine where thousands of Muhammadans came to see a reputed hair of the Prophet. The hair was exhibited by the Mullah from the pulpit of the mosque, the people meanwhile praying and bowing to it. At the Leper Asylum, Dr. Pennell preached to the inmates. The Bannu boys played in a cricket match against the Kashmiris of the Mission School, and were very elated at finding they were the better team.

The travellers next went on to Nil Nag, where they encamped in tents. The little lake is very pretty and its waters beautifully clear. It nestles in a deep hollow in the pine woods, and here the Bannu party had a delightful time boating and bathing. They next journeyed on through the pine forests, passing beautiful grassy flower-besprinkled meadows, where large herds of cattle and flocks of sheep and goats were grazing. At the height of about 9000 feet it began to rain, and as it was very cold they lit a bonfire in the woods, and made the shelter comfortable till the rain stopped. They then continued their climb till they reached Barg Marg, 10,500 feet high, where they encamped, pitching their tents in the shelter of the pines. Next morning they started early, and ascended the mountain through meadows covered with a profusion of flowers, and watered by numerous ice-cold streams. There were hundreds of varieties of flowers they had never seen before, besides quantities of primulas, eye-bright, buttercups, forget-me-nots, rag-wort, and columbine. They climbed to a height of 13,000 feet, where they came upon a large bed of snow and ice. Here they spent a little time, enjoying the glaciers and snow-fields before descending to their camp, which they struck

shortly after, and marched down to Nil Nag. Next day they had sports in the lake before the return journey to Srinagar.

After a few days spent in Srinagar, they again took to their dungas and floated downstream to Sumbul. Here they laid in supplies and then went on to Lake Manesbal, which they explored thoroughly. They found that a Fakir had excavated a cave a long way into the rock, and had also planted a pleasant fruit garden, watered by a cutting from the Sind River, which falls in pretty cascades over the rocks. Besides the cave, they found the remains of a palace built by Nur Jehan, the Begum of the Moghul Emperor Jehangir.

From here they went on to a village where there was a large *zyarat*, or shrine, but unfortunately they found millions of mosquitoes in possession. The Wolar Lake was very low and choked with *Singara* weed. Going down stream, they had several bathes in the river below Sopur. Their holiday was, however, drawing to an end, and they had to make their way back to the plains again.

At Baramulla they left their boat and started off in *ekkas*, descending by easy stages. At Garhi the spirit of adventure led them to cross the river by the rope bridge of buffalo hide. These rope bridges are precarious though picturesque, and are found in parts of Kashmir and North India. They are formed of a few strands of stout rope or hide stretched from bank to bank, and the adventurous traveller generally crosses by treading on the lowest strand while he balances himself with his arms across the higher ones. Or else he sits in a kind of sling and is pulled across with nothing more than the uncertain support of the overhead ropes to sustain him in his dizzy journey.

At Phagwara they arrived just after a tonga had gone over the precipice, killing both the driver and horses. The passengers, an English lady and gentleman, had jumped out just in time. The rest of their journey was uneventful, but the boys had great stories to tell of the beauties and dangers of Kashmir to their Pathan friends. On his return to Bannu, Dr. Pennell found a great increase in the numbers of in- and out-patients, and also in the school attendance.

At the request of some of his old boys and masters, he started evening classes for them, in spite of all the work he was already doing. Many Muhammadan masters and assistants took advantage of these classes, at which they were taught English and other subjects, besides having religious instruction. Meanwhile the relations of his converts were always devising means of enticing them away, and Dr. Pennell had many anxious times on their account. He describes one such experience thus:

"At 5 p.m. Hussain Ali came to ask for leave to go and see some one who came from his home, and at 5.30 he and his brother left and did not return. I did not know of it till the hostel Superintendent took the boarders' roll-call at 9 p.m. The Superintendent, who was a Hindu, and one of the Christians, searched the whole city for the truants, but could not find them. At 11 p.m. Taib Khan and I went to the *ekka Serai*, or camping stage-ground, and there ascertained that they had left in an *ekka* at six o'clock. I got a *tum-tum* at 11.45 p.m. and went in pursuit. At Ghoriwalla we got no news of them, but at Naurang, which we reached at 1.30 a.m., I found them asleep in the Serai. They confessed that they had run away of their own accord. We started back at 5 a.m. and reached Bannu at 7.30. A few days later they made

another attempt to run away, but were again caught, and were brought back having had to be tied into the *Khajawahs* (panniers) on the camel's back."

These two boys, who had been baptized as minors with their father a few years before, were taken away by their Muhammadan relations soon after the father died, and it was only in the last year of his life (December, 1911) that Dr. Pennell had the joy of re-admitting Hussain Ali, the elder of the brothers, into the Church, and of seeing his children baptized. An incident of this baptism might be recorded. The little girl of two and a half found it very difficult to stay by the font during the service, and the godfathers and godmothers had to retrieve her at intervals from different parts of the church. As the actual rite of baptism was being performed on her, the little Mission church rocked and groaned in the throes of an earthquake, suggesting the name of "Zilzilla" (earthquake) by which she was later familiarly known.

One afternoon after the bazaar preaching, a stalwart Marwat followed Dr. Pennell and asked to be allowed to become a Christian; he could give no reason for this desire, but as he was quite willing to be taught, he was received as a catechumen. While he was being instructed he was given some work whereby he might earn his daily bread, but his zeal generally outran his intelligence, and the damage he did by his excessive strength made him a most expensive employee.

He had no fear of his Muhammadan friends, and never attempted to hide the fact that he was a Christian, going boldly into the bazaar with the preachers and proclaiming his change of faith. Naturally this excited the enmity of the Mullahs and other Marwats, and they waited their

opportunity to do him harm. One day at the bazaar preaching, this man had been very conspicuous, not only because of his great height, but because he deliberately put himself forward in his desire to show his fearlessness in acknowledging his new faith. Dr. Pennell was detained for a moment afterwards by a questioner, and in that interval the angry mob surged round Seronai, the Marwat, and set upon him, raining down blows on his head and tearing his clothes. He rushed after Dr. Pennell, crying, "Save me, save me!" and then they were both set upon. Dr. Pennell himself was severely handled; both had their turbans knocked off, till at last the police came on the scene and settled the matter by marching the poor victim Seronai to jail! Next day he declared before the authorities that he wanted to be a Christian, and his tribesmen were warned to use no more violence.

As force had not prevailed in getting him away from Dr. Pennell, the next ruse was the usual one of playing on his feelings. His mother and younger brother arrived weeping, and pleaded with such eloquence and power that Seronai decided to go to his village with his mother and comfort her.

Of course, as soon as he got there he was made a prisoner, tied to a bed, and a guard set over him night and day. This continued till one night, when a party of raiders entered the village and carried off twenty camels, Seronai's guard had perforce to join the search-party, and in their absence his mother came and untied him. Without a single stop he covered the forty-five miles that lay between him and Bannu, arriving there exhausted. For a short time he stayed on in the Mission, receiving instruction, but not seeming really to understand much of the teachings

of Christ, though he was keen to announce himself a Christian in season and out of season, and almost courted persecution. Then again he disappeared, and two years later Dr. Pennell was asked to go and see a prisoner in the Bannu jail who professed Christianity. It turned out to be Seronai, who was in jail on a charge of double murder. His own story was that he had spent some time in farming his land, and one day he went to visit his mother in her village, arriving just after the enaction of a tragedy. His married sister had been caught intriguing with a youth in the village, and she and her lover were found dead, the woman shot through the head, the man through the heart. Seronai's arrival seemed to the villagers most opportune. Here was their chance of punishing his grievous sin of defection from the faith. It was easy enough to find witnesses, and it was in the interests of true religion and virtue that he should die, so he was accused of the murder, and the evidence against him was made so strong that he was condemned to death. He confessed to Dr. Pennell that he had been true to his faith all this time and still believed in Christ. He averred his innocence of the crime laid to his charge, but the evidence against him was overwhelming, and sentence was passed.

He was too strong and full of vitality not to make one more effort, though a futile one, for his life and freedom; and two days before his execution he and another condemned prisoner tried to escape. From the roof of the jail building they hurled bricks and tiles at all who approached, and did such damage that at last the police superintendent threatened to shoot them if they did not surrender within four minutes. The officer stood below with his watch in

his hand. It was a very hard struggle, and the crowd waited in breathless suspense, till just before the time was up, the two came down sullen but submissive, and forty-eight hours later met their end.

As it happened, Dr. Pennell also knew the other man. Some years before, while travelling in the districts, he was temporarily separated from his camel, when a Marwat accosted him, and after the most friendly salutations, demanded Dr. Pennell's *lungi* (turban). He was very persistent, and pointed out that if it were not given to him willingly, he might reluctantly be compelled to take it by force. Dr. Pennell, however, reasoned with him, pointing out that as it was the only covering he had for his head, he was unable to part with it. The Marwat continued his demands, till Dr. Pennell's camel came up with his companion, and he thought it wiser to disappear. Before they parted, however, Dr. Pennell, feeling rather unhappy at having had nothing to give the persistent Marwat, told him that if he came to Bannu he would be able to treat him more generously. Not very long after, he was seeing his out-patients one morning, when a stalwart Marwat pushed his way in and demanded instant treatment and hospitality. "You must wait your turn," said the assistant. "No, indeed! I am a friend of the Doctor Sahib's," answered the man, and then coming nearer Dr. Pennell, he reminded him that he was the man who had asked for, but not obtained, a *lungi*. Further, he claimed the promise of "*compensation*" if he came to Bannu.

Dr. Pennell now made plans for the building of a lecture room for the Mission, and set about collecting money for this purpose. As a preliminary step he sold his gold

watch and chain, his medals being safely under lock and key.

In October he made a journey to Sheikh Mahmud. Among the patients in the Mission Hospital was a Waziri, who, though quite content to be doctored, fed and nursed by the Christians, when any of them went near him, raised his finger to protect himself from Satan in the same way as they do during the Ma'uz sentence of the Muhammadan prayer!

Quite a large number of operations were performed during this visit.

From here Dr. Pennell went on to Lahore, and was present at the consecration of Bishop Lefroy, the present Metropolitan of India. Dr. Pennell was in Pathan costume, and so the vergers at the cathedral would not let him in at the entrance reserved for *Sahib-Log*. He gained admittance, however, to the aisles set apart for Indian Christians, and got an excellent seat just under the pulpit. He was glad of an opportunity to share any of the indignities so thoughtlessly put upon Indians, even by those who profess that God has "made of one blood, all nations of men."

Sahib Khan, one of the Pathan converts, who was in jail in Lahore for alleged participation in the Syed Badshah case, was visited by Dr. Pennell, who was pleased to have a good account of him from the authorities, and to hear that he professed himself a Christian.

At this time he had amongst his enquirers a Sikh sepoy, a Hindu boy, and a Muhammadan, the two latter being old students. Dr. Pennell found time to give each of these questioners separate instruction. He always endeavoured to give instruction to enquirers in the manner best suited

to the need of each, instead of classing them together in spite of differences of religion and education; and though this increased his work enormously, he felt that the results justified his labour.

Many of his schoolboys used to attend lectures at the Arya Samaj. Dr. Pennell, who was always keen to discover and emphasise points of unity between his own beliefs and those of the people he worked amongst, went to these lectures also, and had long interesting talks with the Pundit who gave them.

This was the year of the bad famine in India. The Bannu Christians decided to forgo their Christmas dinner, and give the money thus saved to the famine-stricken Christians of Rajpootana. On Christmas Eve, Dr. Pennell was surprised to get a letter enclosing Rs. 30 from "the residents of Bannu for Christmas cheer for the Indian Christians," so after all they had a grand feast.

The accommodation in the Mission Hospital had for some time been far from adequate, and in January, 1900, Dr. Pennell found he had to begin adding new wards. Some land was acquired, the money coming partly out of his own pocket and partly from subscriptions, and he set about preparing it for the new buildings which at present form the Eye and Surgical Wards of the Bannu Hospital.

In spite of limited accommodation, the number of cases who found relief and careful attention was enormous.

In relating the story of some of the many patients who came from across the border, Mrs. Croker Pennell tells the following story:

"Before this ward had been set apart as it is now—for men only—we had in for cataract 'Beautiful Pearl,' a

A Group of Patients at Bannu Mission Hospital

Snapshot of a number of cataract cases about to be operated on. The Christian House Surgeon is bending over a patient. The Sister of the Hospital is at the side. Dr. Pennell is seen in the right-hand corner sitting among the patients.

Some Bannu Schoolmasters and Boys

Dr. Pennell and Mrs. Croker Pennell are seated in the middle. Hindus, Muhammadans, Sikhs, and Christians make up the group.

very sad case. Her husband, who was also almost blind from cataract, had heard in their far-distant home, Kabul, that an English doctor had come to Bannu who could *cure all eyes*. So, getting together all they could, which only came to about eighteen shillings, they both started on foot with their only child, a little girl of ten, to wend their weary way to the goal in view. But before they had got far on their way—in a lonely part of the road—some cruel men robbed her husband of all his savings, beating him to death before her, and then went off, taking with them her only child, and leaving her alone and crushed with grief. From that time it took her just ten months to get to Bannu, having been helped first by one and then another on the way.

"She reached here very worn and weary, and in rags, and was so thankful to get into a comfortable bed, and was most grateful. The operation was successful, and resulted in her having good sight in that eye. But meanwhile someone had frightened her, telling her 'hell would be her punishment for listening to our teaching.' She cried very much, and refused to have her other eye operated on, and refused to listen to a word more of *our wicked religion*, and left us. We saw no more of her for about four months, when she appeared one day at the dispensary in great pain, with a suppurating eye. She had been to a native doctor for her other eye, and had suffered so much that she felt she must come back. Poor thing! her eye had to be excised, and since then (for she remains in Bannu) she is often among the out-patients. So she has heard the Gospel tidings time after time, but remains untouched, saying as, alas! so many do, 'Your medicine is very good, but your religion is wicked.'"

CHAPTER XII

1900

Tournaments—Football match—Newspaper—Hindus *versus* Muhammadans—Crossing the river under difficulties—Schoolboy—Bazaar preaching—Wounded Malik—Assorted pills—Camp under a Banyan tree—Cricket match interrupted—Disappointing assistants—Desert tracks—Cholera—Hussain Ali—Camels—Ferry—Return to Musa Kheyl—Sad disappointment—Return to Bannu—Arya Samaj discussion and dinner—Enquirers—Economic patient.

THE inter-schools tournament was always a most exciting affair in Bannu. Few people who have not witnessed Pathans at their games can realise the pitch of excitement which prevails on both sides. In Bannu it is considered "etiquette" for the members of the teams to appear quite cool and nonchalant, but their partisans make no secret of their feelings; and to the uninitiated it is most startling to see a crowd of two or three hundred onlookers rush on to the field, in the middle of a game of football after a goal has been made, and throw their *paggris* into the air, dancing, shouting, and yelling, hoisting the members of the team on their shoulders, shaking them by the hand, embracing them, and in every way acting like lunatics! The umpire may blow his whistle till he is breathless, no one takes any notice till the enthusiasm has subsided; and then the spectators return to their places on the grass surrounding the football ground, till the next goal made by the side with which they sympathise.

The game which was played at this particular tournament in 1900 is described by Dr. Pennell:

"It began to rain at 10.30, and went on more or less heavily all day till four o'clock, so the football match was played under difficulties, the players constantly sprawling on the wet ground, and getting covered with mud from head to foot. The Mission team kept the ball in the enemy's ground nearly the whole time, but time was called without a goal being scored. The umpire then ordered ten minutes more to be played each way. One ten minutes elapsed, and eight of the other, when there was a scrimmage in front of the enemy's goal, which resulted in the Mission being awarded a penalty kick, as one of the City boys wilfully held the ball. The first penalty-kick was stopped by a player running into the goal-line, so a second was awarded, which resulted in a goal being kicked by the Mission team as time was called, and the boys went off in high exultation, cheering loudly."

The following day the Mission won all the gymnastic competition sports, and the tug-of-war. To celebrate their triumph they secured the services of four pipers from the Battery, and marched around the city to the strains of the bagpipes.

Dr. Pennell's newspaper, the *Tuhfa-c-Sarhadd*, was started this January. He himself was editor, and spared no pains in making it attractive. His articles embraced subjects that interested all classes of men and boys, and a great part of the copy being his own production, it was greatly appreciated, but unfortunately took more time than he could spare from his schools and hospitals, so some years later he was reluctantly compelled to give it up. Bishop Lefroy paid his first visit to Bannu in February, 1900, and laid the foundation stone of the new preaching

hall. Soon afterwards Dr. Pennell began having public preachings and discussions in the city daily. The Aryas were the most enthusiastic disputants. These discussions were very well attended, and embraced all kinds of subjects, mostly philosophical and religious.

About this time there was a great deal of bad feeling between the Hindu and Muhammadan boys in the school hostel. One of the Hindu boys being more broad-minded than his fellows, had some food from the Muhammadan kitchen. This started much discussion and religious ill-feeling, and the other Hindu boys refused to eat with the one who had thus defiled himself.

In later years the boys of the Mission School were always proud of the fact that these feelings did not exist amongst them, and it was a common sight at the Old Boys' Festivals or any joyous occasions to see Christians, Muhammadans, and Hindus all sitting down to eat together.

In March, 1900, Mr. Gunter, once Deputy Commissioner of Bannu, was assassinated in Peshawar. There was great distress at this cowardly deed, and a meeting of sympathy was called, to which all the Bannu *Reises*, or chief men, came, and at which Dr. Pennell was chairman.

In April, Dr. Pennell toured again in the Esa Kheyl district. There had been a good deal of rain and the river was very swollen, so he had to swim across and get some passing Waziris to carry his bicycle and his clothes. On the return journey he found the water still high, and as the only person at hand was a disagreeable Marwat who would not help, he swam across first with his clothes on his head, and then returned to fetch his bicycle.

The Hindu schoolboy who had got into trouble for eat-

ing with the Muhammadans had begun to think seriously of becoming a Christian, so his father removed him from the hostel and took him to Kohat, where he was kept under surveillance; his letters were censored and all intercourse with Christians was forbidden. The boy was in great distress, and sent messages to Dr. Pennell telling him how strictly he was guarded. As he was a minor nothing could be done at the time, and unfortunately his ardour cooled, and he never took any definite step, as far as is known, in professing Christianity.

Lord Curzon visited Bannu about this time, and Dr. Pennell mentioned to him also his desire to go to Kabul, a cherished project that he never relinquished. It was thought inadvisable, however, for him to go there.

In April cholera broke out in the Lakki and Esa Kheyl districts, and precautions to prevent it spreading were taken in Bannu. This is always a great scourge in India, and many of the people die simply through fright. It needed much encouragement and the constant help of Dr. Pennell and his mother to keep many who were only slightly ill from succumbing to the effects of fear, and they spent much time and strength in tending the sick all round them. Mrs. Pennell stayed in the plains instead of going to the hills this summer, so as to be able to help the people, and to give the Christians her moral support.

The bazaar preaching which Dr. Pennell continued every Sunday was one of the forms of evangelising which engendered most opposition. The Mullahs were always on the alert to interrupt or prevent the faithful from hearing what was said. Of one such attempt Dr. Pennell writes:

"A certain Mullah had persistently appropriated our

preaching place in the market of late, watching for our approach, and only starting preaching when he saw us coming. I took him in the rear to-day, for I came round by the opposite side, and arrived at our usual place to find two Mullahs seated on a *charpai* watching for our arrival from the other direction! When I began preaching behind them they were greatly taken aback, but could do nothing, and we were able to preach to a very good congregation!"

One day a Malik was brought into hospital with his face and head cut about with an axe. He had been attacked the evening before, and was very nearly killed. One cut had sliced his nose clean off. This organ was found next morning at the scene of the disaster, and the house surgeon insisted on stitching it on. No record of the result of this operation is obtainable! Dr. Pennell went off on his bicycle to visit Esa Kheyl and Sheikh Mahmud. From there he proceeded to Kamar Mashani, treating many patients on the way.

The Bannu school celebrated the taking of Pretoria by constructing a map of the world with bandages, on the cricket field, all to scale. Each capital was represented by a boy with a specially coloured turban, and the British flag was hoisted with great pomp at Pretoria!

A few days after this, one of the Christians who had been lately baptized died quite suddenly in his sleep. He left behind four sons, two of whom had been baptized. His death necessitated a journey to Musa Kheyl, in order to settle the division of his land among the sons. Dr. Pennell took some of his assistants and they travelled on camels with the medicine chest and other requisites; he himself went on his bicycle.

On this journey an accident occurred in crossing the ferry. The clumsy luggage camel missing his footing, stumbled and upset the tabloid chest of medicines, the contents of which were scattered on the sand. It was only possible to restore to their labelled bottles the coloured tabloids, the white ones being absolutely indistinguishable from one another.

A canny villager who disliked waste, begged to be allowed to collect these discarded pills. He was warned of their uselessness and risk in this anonymous condition; but quite undaunted, he laboriously collected the precious tabloids, and carried them away with him.

Some years later, Dr. Pennell, passing through this village, noticed that it boasted a village *Hakeem*. To his amusement he recognised in him his old friend of the pill episode.

The shop displayed a shelf full of Indian medicines, among which was conspicuous a large bottle labelled "Assorted Pills."

"What are those?" enquired Dr. Pennell.

"Those, Sahib," said the man, with pride, "are more sought after than any of my drugs; they are the pills you threw away three years ago."

"But surely," was the horrified reply, "you daren't prescribe those in total ignorance of their properties!"

"Indeed, yes, Sahib, for I only give them to patients whose cases I do not understand!"

The journey was exceedingly hot, and they were very thankful to arrive at Kalabagh. Here they camped under an enormous banyan tree, where they had erected a straw awning to keep off the excessive heat. The temperature under the tree was 106° and under the shelter 100°,

but a breeze from the river made it decidedly cooler, and they spent a good deal of their time in the water, which was at a temperature of 72°.

Here Dr. Pennell had his first lessons in swimming on a *kik*, or inflated goatskin. The police officer, salt superintendent, and *Munsiff* of the district were also encamped here, and when the day's work was over they got up a cricket match—Bannu versus Kalabagh. Just as the Kalabagh team was about to have its innings, word was brought to the police officer that a band of *Khattak Badmashes*, or raiders, had attacked the police station at Kotki, and after seizing the soldiers' rifles, had looted the whole village. The police, it appeared, had been asleep in the shade during the heat of the day, and the robbers had surprised and easily overpowered them. The police officials had, of course, to ride off immediately to investigate, and the cricket match was perforce postponed! During this visit to Kalabagh they had splendid opportunities of speaking to the people and treating their sick.

From here they went by train to Mianwali, taking riding-camels from thence to Musa Kheyl, where Dr. Pennell had all the lands of his late convert entered in the names of the four sons in the village registers.

"When the time came for us to leave," Dr. Pennell writes, "Hussain Ali (one of the sons) begged to be allowed to remain eight days to meet some of his relations whom he had not yet seen, but I did not consider it wise, and ordered him to leave with us. He still hesitated, so I told him that if he did not come it meant that I could no longer have anything to do with him; but though his brother and others reasoned with him, yet he remained obdurate. Ghulam Ali, his brother, would not be separated from him, so I regretfully left

both behind, hoping that bitter experience might lead them to more wisdom, and we went back by way of Mianwali to Kalabagh."

At Kalabagh they spent a few more days encamped under the spreading shade of the banyan tree, which made a very good dispensary and operating theatre.

They visited the alum works and salt mines, and whenever possible swam downstream instead of walking or using a boat. As the temperature was 108° in the shade during these days, it was the only way to keep cool. They left by boat for Chilianwalla, reached the ferry at 10 p.m., and had to sleep one night in the boats. Next morning they walked into Esa Kheyl, where they spent the day. Here Dr. Pennell had to settle a land dispute between some Hindus of his acquaintance who had asked him to arbitrate in their affairs, and then he set forth on a riding-camel across the desert. There had been very heavy rain, and the tracks were obliterated for the most part. For this reason, and because of the darkness of the night, they lost their way, and when day broke found themselves at Shahab Kheyl, well out of their course. At Naurang, which they reached five hours later, the only vehicle they could get was a *tum-tum* that had just come in from Bannu. The horse was so tired that they had to rest it for two hours on the way, and they did not reach Bannu until the afternoon.

Cholera was raging in Bannu during the summer of 1900, and Mr. Grant, the Deputy Commissioner, died of it on July 17, after an illness of only three days.

This was a very busy time in Bannu, as there was a great deal of sickness about, and Dr. Pennell was obliged to look after both school and hospital single-handed.

Hussain Ali, the assistant who had stayed behind at Musa Kheyl, after various vicissitudes, came back to Bannu and asked to be admitted into the Church. As, however, he said his wife would not be willing to accompany him, and as it was necessary that he should confess Christ publicly in his own village, Dr. Pennell decided to take him there himself. They reached Lakki without any adventures. Here they got two camels, one a riding camel and one with panniers. Dr. Pennell and Jahan Khan were on the former. They had not been on it very long when the girth broke and the saddle slipped off backwards; they tried to make the best of the camel's bare back, but he was a most obstinate beast, and insisted on taking them towards the river. As no amount of coaxing would induce him to keep to the right path, they had to send him back to Lakki and take turns in the panniers. On this luggage camel too, however, they lost their way, and came to a village called Dabki. Here a kind friend was found, who led them back to the road, and they reached Darra Tang at seven the next morning. The camel was unable to go any further, and so had to be left behind. At Esa Kheyl they borrowed horses, and started for the ferry. The ferrymen said it was too late to cross, but at nine o'clock there was a bright moon, and they consented to go. The crossing took an hour and a half, and the rest of the night was spent on the boat. At daylight they started on foot for Mianwali, and had to cross numerous channels, one of them being so deep that the water came up to their armpits.

At Mianwali they found some old boys of the Mission School, who entertained them royally. Next day they reached Musa Kheyl, where Hussain Ali was to make his confession. Dr. Pennell writes of the incident thus:

"Hussain Ali joined us in morning prayer; after that we proceeded to the bazaar, and preached there. He sat with us while we proclaimed our errand, but said nothing. Later, in his house, he was mute before his wife and his relations, and finally when appealed to by one of the latter to state what he was, said the one word 'Mussulman,' on which Jahan Khan and I immediately got up and left. We proceeded to Mammal the same evening, and not being able to get into the Dâk Bungalow, slept outside."

Dr. Pennell and his companion then proceeded to Mianwali, crossed the Indus, reached Esa Kheyl, where they got a riding camel, and went on their way. As they were crossing the desert a sand-storm overtook them and they lost the track. To their surprise they came upon the Deputy Commissioner in like plight. However, near midnight they reached Dabki, and Dr. Pennell went on his bicycle to Bannu, arriving in time for morning service in the little Mission Church, after which he had a very busy day in the school, hospital, and press, picking up arrears of work, and adjusting what had gone wrong in his absence.

The members of the Arya Samaj had among them a Pundit of some reputation for learning, who wished to have a discussion with the Christians. He chose as his subject, "Salvation by Atonement or by Good Works." In ending the discussion, the Pundit spoke so disparagingly of Christ, that he roused the ire of both Christians and Muhammadans in the audience, and they found it difficult to restrain themselves. The Muhammadans believe in Christ as a prophet, as He is mentioned in the Quran, and will not tolerate any offensive remarks of Him or "Bibi Miriam" (the Virgin Mary). This effectually put an end to the discussion, and the feeling of the whole

meeting was more or less against the learned but vituperative Pundit!

In October, Dr. Pennell asked of the Aryans, with whom it was lawful to eat. They replied, with anyone who refrained from flesh and wine, and who was of clean habits. He then decided, according to his own words, "to forgo flesh in accordance with Romans xiv. 14, 23. I told them of this decision, and they promised to come to dinner in the evening, fifteen in all. I prepared dinner with the help of Hari Chand and Hira Nand in the boarding-house, I kneading some of the flour myself. At 8.30 they all arrived (their President had, however, declined to be one of them), and with them a great crowd of Hindus and Muhammadans came to watch. All sat down in a semicircle on a *darri*, or carpet, spread in front of the hostel. I had washed their hands and spread the food before them, when nine of the Bannu Arya Samajists, apparently discomfited by the watchful eyes of the critical onlookers, got up and refused to continue their meal on the plea that I had not said that I disapproved of meat-eating. The remaining guests, four of whom were *Upadeshahis*, or followers of the Upanishads, and the two lawyers, had the courage to finish their meal. So much for their promise!"

About this time Dr. Pennell was passing through the bazaar one day, when he heard an interesting discussion going on between a blacksmith's apprentice and some Muhammadan schoolboys as to the relative merits of Christianity and Muhammadanism. On enquiry he found that one of the boys belonged to the Muhammadan School of the place, but had studied the Bible independently. After much discussion with both Christians and

Muhammadans, he had made up his mind to become a Christian, and was thereupon ostracised by the Muhammadans of the place.

Another boy arrived from Amritsar, asking to be baptized. He stated that he had been in the Mission School in Amritsar, but because of his love for Christianity, his father had removed him to the Islamia School, and had forbidden him to read the Bible or Christian books.

In November, Dr. Pennell paid a visit to Lahore to attend medical and other missionary conferences. During his stay he attended meetings of the Brahmo-Samaj, and saw two young men initiated. He also addressed their meeting, and in the evening dined with several Hindus and members of the Arya Samaj.

It is curious how an Afghan will invariably try and get all he can for nothing. He will live on charity, professing poverty, and will even endure hardship rather than spend his own money.

A Kabuli patient had been lying in the Bannu hospital for some time at death's door. When he came into the hospital, and was asked to give up any valuables he had for safe custody, he produced one rupee, saying it was all he had in the world. When he thought the end was near he disclosed sixty Kabuli rupees, which up to that time he had hidden. He had thus denied himself unnecessarily many little luxuries, and now asked that he might have a decent burial, and that the rest of the money should be used in charity or for the hospital!

CHAPTER XIII

1901

Journeying experiences—Convert induced to leave—Sick leave—Hot travelling—Food stolen—Climbing—The simple life—Rustic bridges—Rain—Srinagar—Nil Nagh—Journeys up-hill—Camping out—The drawbacks of a tent—Party reinforced—Abstinence—Wet night—Pilgrims—Sacred fish—Manesbal—Return—Work—A raid—Friendly raiders.

THE first days of the New Year were occupied with the inter-schools tournaments, always an exciting event to the youth of Bannu. Then Dr. Pennell paid a visit to Esa Kheyl, taking with him two boys, one a Hindu and one a Muhammadan. The prejudice of the people was still so strong that at one place the Numbardar asked to be paid for the earthen vessel out of which Dr. Pennell drank. By way of reward, Dr. Pennell sent him one rupee and a Gospel!

On the way through the Pass they found a man lying very ill; and Dr. Pennell took him on his bicycle till he came to a Jat encampment. As these men had a big fire burning, he left the sick man with them, and when he arrived at the next village, sent back men with a *charpai* or string-bed to fetch the patient.

In March of this year the Census returns showed only twenty-six Christians in the Mission compound. In 1910 the number was nearly a hundred.

Bannu is not an attractive place to the timid Christian

of other parts of India, and it was always with great difficulty that any could be induced to come as teachers or assistants in the hospital. One old man, who has been in the Mission for forty years, tells how courageous he felt when he accepted a post in Bannu, and left the safety of his own Punjab hills. All his acquaintances had striven to dissuade him from venturing to such a terrible place, where it was said the police had to come out and pick up the dead bodies every morning before the gates of the city could be opened!

Early in the year some of the Muhammadan converts were baptized, and among them a boy called Ghulam Khan. Shortly afterwards, Dr. Pennell and some of his schoolboys, with Ghulam Khan among them, were out walking near the Kurram Bridge, when they were overtaken by three *ekkas*, one of which contained Ghulam Khan's uncle, sister, and brother-in-law. They pulled the boy into the *ekka* as soon as they recognised him, and tried to drive off, but another of the boys was just as quick to the rescue, and the discomfited relations realised they could not get him by force. Afterwards several Muhammadan soldiers went to the compound to try and get him, but he told them he wished to stop in the Mission, and would not leave. Next day the horse-fair began. At 9.30 p.m. two boys came to Dr. Pennell to tell him that Ghulam Khan had disappeared after the nine o'clock roll-call in the hostel. On investigation, Dr. Pennell concluded that he had probably left of his own freewill, fearing that if his friends got him by law they would ill-treat or kill him. The loss of a convert was a great sorrow to Dr. Pennell, but such disappointments were inevitable occasionally.

Some months before Dr. Pannell had not been very well, but although he had been advised to take furlough to England, he had not done so, in spite of the fact that he had now been out eight years, and had not availed himself of any leave due to him. In March of this year he began to feel rather worn out, and so decided to indulge in *two days'* sick leave, which he spent thus:

"March 21st. Left at 7 a.m. on my bicycle. Reached Jhala at 11 a.m. After a meal went for a walk in the salt quarries, and had a bathe in the brine pool.

"March 22nd. Walked to the top of Bahadur Kheyl. Bathed twice in the afternoon."

He returned to Bannu next day, and immediately plunged headlong into his daily round of occupation.

About this time he added the study of Punjabi to all his other work. In May there was very heavy rain in Bannu, by which several houses were washed down. Bannu houses are mostly built of mud, and any serious rain is most disastrous. One roof after another leaks, walls tumble down, beams and rafters give way, and the bill for repairs swells to terrifying proportions, which, in the Mission compound, was more often than not met from Dr. Pennell's private purse.

During this rainy weather he made a journey to Esa Kheyl, and on the way was drenched to the skin, but immediately after the storm the scorching wind of the desert blowing upon him made his garments feel like hot baked bricks. On the return journey he was again caught in a thunderstorm, and in the pitch darkness lost the path in the desert. It was only after long wanderings in the trackless wastes, that he at last found the Dâk Bungalow,

and finally arrived in the alleys of one of the little villages that are dotted over the desert at long intervals.

The rain had been so severe that it filled the water-courses and deep nàlàs, washing away the sides and deepening and broadening them to such an extent that it was almost impossible for the clumsy baggage-camel to keep its footing, and only with considerable difficulty was it piloted across.

In Kalabagh he found the two Christian assistants he had left there on his last visit doing good work. A friendly Muhammadan who had championed them when persecuted by the Sunni Muhammadans, had brought trouble on himself, and was in bad odour with the Khan, so also was another Muhammadan who was known to be an enquirer.

Dr. Pennell's travels now took him to Guzrat, where he was the guest of Dr. Patterson; from there he visited Sialkote, and then returned to Guzrat. Here he took an *ekka* and travelled to Bhimbar. The Indian clergyman with whom he stayed on the way had given him a meal for the journey. This he placed near his pillow when he went to sleep on the verandah of the Dâk Bungalow, and to his disappointment a dog stole it. He chanced upon the relics of the meal in a remote part of the compound some hours after, and was compelled to go hungry all that morning.

From here he and his companion took coolies to carry their luggage, and started off on foot over the mountains, shortly after midnight, by the light of the moon. First they had a long steep ascent, and then dropped down through beautiful fir forests, where they passed long *kafilas*, or caravans, of camels and oxen, carrying skins and other merchandise. At Saidabad, which they reached at dawn,

they found a very dilapidated bungalow built on the site of the old Moghal Serai. This was one of the old routes of the Moghal Emperors from Delhi into Kashmir, and is still punctuated by the rest-houses, or *serais*, they built for themselves. They left this place in the afternoon, and, passing through some pretty glades, came to a stiff ascent of about 800 feet. Then came a long descent, which brought them to five miles of undulating country before they got to Nowshera at eight in the evening.

Here they visited another old Moghal Serai, and bathed in the Tavi. From Nowshera they went on to Chaugis Serai, where they found the rest-house of the Moghal Emperors in a splendid state of preservation, while the Dâk Bungalow had tumbled down. There were no shops near by, so they made their meal off fried onions and *chapattis* of their own cooking. Dr. Pennell's companion was a Hindu schoolboy, Jetha Nand, of the Kshatriya caste, who had never been out of reach of the adoring ministrations of his womenkind. It was therefore a great experience for him to have to cook his own food and even wash his own clothes, as he had to do on this trip.

They started on their next march at 2.30 a.m., which proved very fatiguing. Jetha Nand, especially, was very tired, and decided to hire a pony after the exhausting experience of this march. The bungalow in which they next stayed was the pavilion of the Shahibagh, and was most prettily situated, overlooking the river with the town opposite.

They visited a *Thakurdara*, or temple, in the town and found images of Krishna and Parbati. It is not usual on the frontier for Hindus to have idols in their temples, their Muhammadan neighbours making it a point of con-

science to destroy any they see, so the Bannu youth, though a Hindu, was greatly shocked to see idols here, and reasoned with his co-religionists on the sin of idol worship. However, as they suspected him of being a Muhammadan or Christian, because he had been seen eating with Dr. Pennell, his words did not have much effect. There were great discussions in the bazaar as to the real religion of these two strangers—one apparently a Mussulman by his dress, calling himself a Christian and a Sahib, and the other also *apparently* a Mussulman servant who called himself a Hindu, and yet ate with the so-called Christian Sahib! The problem was too difficult for these simple villagers, so they shrugged their shoulders and gave it up.

Jetha Nand now secured a pony, but was greatly chagrined when he found that Dr. Pennell was still going afoot; however, he himself was so footsore from the last journey, that he rode the whole march. The pony was in charge of a Brahman (a Hindu of the priestly caste), and the boy who rode was a Kshatri by caste; all the way this latter gave the Brahman a lecture on the Vedas or sacred books of the Hindus, and a dissertation on the sins of the priests! The road is a continuous ascent, following a stream to Thanna Mandi, which is about 5400 feet up on the side of a mountain. The Moghal Serai at this place is a little lower down the side of the hill, and is covered with creepers and grass. On arrival, Dr. Pennell engaged a Kashmiri with three mules to carry his luggage. This independent foresight greatly annoyed the contractor, whose privilege it is in Kashmiri villages to conduct all such transactions, and makes quite a good thing out of it. However, as he found the travellers

showed a firm front, he finally stopped blustering and threatening.

They met several Sadhus on their way from Kasi to Kashmir, and had many interesting religious discussions with them.

Of a certain ascetic whom he met here, Dr. Pennell writes :

"There is an interesting Sadhu here, who was first a Resaldar in the 5th Bengal Lancers, and was wounded in the siege of Gwalior. Before receiving his pension, however, he determined to leave his regiment, and, following the teachings of the Vedas, or ancient sacred books of the Hindus, become a Sadhu, and has now been one for twenty years. He is a Vedantist, but credits the teaching of Daya Nand, the originator of the Arya Samaj. He seemed young for his age and is most amiable. I enjoyed talking to him."

Next morning they left early, and in a little less than three hours had climbed to the top of Rattan Pir. From here they went on to Barangulla, where they rested before visiting a beautiful cataract, in the cool waters below which they had a bathe. Their next stage was Poshiana.

"The path led up the banks of a mountain torrent," says Dr. Pennell, "which we had to cross twenty-one times on bridges made of two felled pines spanning the stream, with twigs and stones spread from one to the other. In one or two places these bridges were in disrepair and unsafe, so the ponies had to ford the rushing stream, which they did with some difficulty. The pony belonging to another traveller whom we met was carried off its feet, and only rescued after a great deal of trouble. In one place a considerable quantity of snow had slipped down the

mountain side and completely bridged the stream. Then a steep ascent up the hill brought us to Poshiana, a village on the mountain side at an elevation of 8200 feet. There being no bungalow or level place here, we pitched our tents on the top of a house and made ourselves very comfortable.

"Last night the wind blew so hard that we thought the tent would be blown away down the valley; however, it stood firm, and at 7 a.m. we were on the march. We reached the top of the Pass at ten, part of the ascent being over snow. Aliabad Serai was reached at twelve o'clock. Here we got some milk. It came on to rain, and was a very cold and cheerless place, so at 1.30 we started again. The road was very up and down, rough and slippery, so that in some places it was difficult to keep one's footing. It rained nearly the whole way, and in one swollen torrent, forded with great difficulty five miles before we reached Haipur, I lost both my shoes and socks in the mud! We reached Haipur at seven o'clock, and were very glad of tea and shelter in the Serai. The next day we pitched our tent by the stream in the Serai, and spent a quiet day. In the afternoon it came on to rain, and we had to take refuge in the Serai itself.

"We left at 7 a.m. and reached Shupizon at ten, and were much relieved at getting our post with good news from Bannu. At five o'clock we reached Armermi on the Shupizon River, where we took boat, thus ending our march of 138 miles from Bhimber. We spent the night at Bijbehara, and reached Islamabad next morning at eight o'clock, to find that Dr. Neve, whom we had expected to meet, had left a few hours before. Accordingly, after seeing the bazaar and the commencement of the new Mission Hospital, we again went on board our boat for Srinagar. We were going downstream all day, and at nightfall slept in the boat a mile above the Munshi Bagh."

They spent a few days in Srinagar, visiting the Mission School and Hospital, and the various sights of the neighbourhood. One day Dr. Pennell went to hear Mrs. Besant lecture, and he called on the future Chief Commissioner of the Frontier, Col. Deane, afterwards Sir Harold Deane, then Resident in Kashmir. The river was a source of much pleasure, as he had a great deal of boating and bathing, both in the Jhelum and the Dhal Lake.

Nil Nagh was again visited, and the lake here, too, proved a great joy. He loved to refresh himself after long walks up to Yosi Marg or through the beautiful pine woods by plunging into the clear and limpid water.

One day they went to Fras Nagh, a distance of about seventeen miles, by the Sang Sufed River, returning by Yosi Marg. They were delighted with the delicate hued flowers that enriched the upper meadows, especially one blue one with yellow stamens on long peduncles.

From Nil Nagh they set out again for Shupizon by Yosi Marg, taking coolies for their luggage and going on foot. They did a twenty-three miles march the first day, and pitched their tent by the river. Next morning they got two ponies for their luggage and began the ascent to Kansa Nag. It began to rain hard, and this made the forest path very slippery. They reached Ram Kassar at four o'clock and encamped under the pines, lighting a big fire to add to their comfort.

From here they next went on to Chattanar, camped near the Veshan River below a copse of stunted birches, and then climbed up to the lake above, a journey that took three hours, the last hour being a steep climb partly over boulders, partly up snow slopes.

"Many torrents had to be crossed, some on snow

bridges," writes Dr. Pennell, "some by jumping from boulder to boulder. I slipped on one of them and went in up to the hips. One of the snow bridges, too, was beginning to melt and give way, but I managed to scramble out. A thunderstorm overtook us during the latter part of the ascent, but subsequently the sun came out and dried us. The lake was deep blue in colour and almost completely covered with masses of snow and ice, which had slipped down the snow-covered mountain sides, and on some of which were poised huge boulders. We had a bathe in the ice-cold waters and then descended to our camp, which we reached too tired to cook a meal, but a cup of hot coffee and a bowl of milk from a neighbouring *Gujjar's* (herdsman's) cottage made up for the deficiency.

"As night came on it began to rain heavily, and the ground being soft the pegs of the tent came out one after another, consequently we had to get up in a hurry, and while Jetha Nand supported the tent, I knocked in the pegs again firmly, after which we were able to spend the rest of the night in quiet.

"Next morning we left at 11 a.m., after drying our clothes and cleaning up. At Sedan we visited the Haribal Falls, and finally reached camp at Shupizon at 7 p.m. From here we went down to Ramu and encamped in a chenar grove."

They went to Srinagar again, and on this visit Dr. Pennell took part in a swim with Mr. Tyndale-Biscoe's boys in the Jhelum, running the length of Srinagar city. Mr. Tyndale-Biscoe is head of the Mission School there, and is famous throughout India for the success with which he has transformed the timid Kashmiri into a manly son of the Empire.

A *dunga* took them down to Baramulla, where they got an *ekka*, and driving to Rampur they pitched their tent

there. Myriads of mosquitoes made the night hideous. Here they were met by two friends from Bannu, a Hindu master of the school, and a Muhammadan schoolboy. The whole party set out on foot for Baramulla, making a very hot march. At Baramulla they again got their boat and were towed and punted slowly up to Sopur, having an occasional bathe by the side of the *dunga* on the way. They moored below the Shrine of Shukruddin, on the Woolar Lake, whence they went on to Sunbal and then back to Srinagar. They spent a few days here seeing the sights and visiting the beautiful gardens that surround the city. Their next stopping-place was Ayantipur, where they slept out under a chenar. Bijbehara was then again visited, and here they camped in drenching rain, which effectually prevented their fire from burning. Their meal was consequently much delayed, camping under chenars being a delightful experience in good weather, but somewhat uncomfortable in the wet!

Their experiences in this place were calculated to teach them patience and the advantages of abstinence. After a great deal of trouble and the free use of oil and fat, they managed at last to light a fire for breakfast, and put on some potatoes to boil, leaving one of their number to superintend the operation. Alas, for their hopes! the clumsy watcher upset the pot with all the contents, with the result that both their breakfast and their hardly obtained fire were lost, and they had to content themselves with bread and milk. It cleared as the morning advanced, and so they loaded two ponies with their baggage and proceeded to Sallar; here, too, they encamped under a chenar, with rather sad results. Dr. Pennell describes the adventure thus:

"At 3 a.m. torrents of rain began to fall, and before long, drops began to come through our tent and we had to sit up, then the pegs came out, and I had to go out in a hurry and fix them. After that the stream near by overflowed and an offshoot wended its way under our boxes and bedding through the tent. We had no matches, so I went to a neighbouring house to get some, but they were damp and would not light. In the morning we were all in a very bedraggled condition. Two of us started at 8 a.m., and the rest a few hours later for Pahlgam, which we reached at noon, and here we were given some breakfast."

Being thus refreshed they proceeded to the next village, Praslang, where they had sent the tent in advance, and here they encamped for the night. Starting at 6.30 the next day, their journey took them over several snow bridges to Astan Marg. This is a beautiful meadow surrounded by high rugged hills over 15,000 feet high, and the meadow and lower slopes are carpeted with all kinds of wild flowers. The ascent from here was long and difficult, and they walked for about two and a half hours over the watershed into the Sinde Valley, a good deal of the climb being up snow-beds. Then they passed a small tarn full of snow and ice and began the descent, first over snow and then by grassy and flower-covered banks to Panj Tarni.

One of the Bannu men got mountain-sickness and lay down at the top unable to proceed further till encouraged by help. They pitched the tent a little way down at Kelnar, and then the rest of the party, after fording several glacial torrents, made their way to Panj Tarni, where they came upon an encampment belonging to a number of interesting pilgrims, among them Mrs. Annie Besant and

another English lady. These two ladies and others of the pilgrims made the journey to the sacred place of Amar Nath barefoot.

Our travellers went on along the base of the hill to Gangam, and here another one fell out, being too overcome by fever to go on, so they all stayed with him at the foot of the precipice watching the faithful descend from the shrine. This was a very cold place for camping, being entirely surrounded by snow. Early next morning they struck camp, and going over snow-beds and grassy margs came to Shesha Nagh. After a bathe in the lake they descended to a charming little spot where the Astan Marg and Shesha Nag streams meet, and here they camped and cooked a meal before descending to Praslang. The return journey was by Pahlgam to Bhukot, and then to Bhawan, where they met Mrs. Besant, who was also encamped there. In Bhawan are two tanks full of sacred fish which may not be caught. There was a *méla*, or fair, at this place, and the Brahman Pandits extorted much money from the people on the pretext of performing absolvatory services for them. Dr. Pennell had some interesting conversation with the Sadhus, but the bigoted Hindus interfered and cut short their talks. They went to Markand Temple and then Islamabad, where they got a boat for Baramulla.

They also visited the ruins at Avantipur, and then made their way down to Srinagar in the *dunga*.

After a day or two in Srinagar, they rowed down to Manesbal Lake, refreshing themselves on the way by a competition in swimming. At Manesbal they visited the Fakir's Cave, and moored their boat near his garden, where they spent the night. Next day they rowed down

to Baramulla, and procured *ekkas* there for the return journey. Continuing their descent they stopped at Chakoti for the night, and at Rara they slept in beds for the first time for many weeks. At Murree Dr. Pennell lunched at the club with a friend, and as he was in Pathan dress he was not recognised as an Englishman. From here the party walked down to Chattar, where they slept on *charpais* in the staging-ground. In spite of the continual coming and going of *ekkas*, wagons, and tongas all night, they were so tired that they slept soundly. At Pindi he saw several of his friends, English and Indian, and then left by train for Mari. This was his own district, and as soon as he got into it he was besieged by patients, who were so insistent and numerous that it was with great difficulty he was able to leave the landing-stage at Kalabagh on the other side of the river. However, by sunset the patients lessened, and he and his party were able to get away in a boat going down the Indus. After a refreshing bathe in the river they clambered up into the moving boat to sleep soundly in the poop, and landing not far from Kamar Mashani about midnight, they made their way to Esa Kheyl in the morning.

Dr. Pennell had a busy day at Sheikh Mahmud seeing patients. The heat was excessive, and they were all thankful when a heavy shower cooled the air sufficiently for them to start off in the afternoon across the desert. The Kurram River was in flood, and Dr. Pennell tried to ford it, giving his coat meanwhile to his companion to hold. Owing to the carelessness of this boy, however, the coat was lost, so he proceeded without it.

A warm welcome greeted them at Bannu next day, and he plunged straight back into work. The heat in

Bannu was intense, and although Dr. Pennell had fever, he carried on his work in the school, hospital, and bazaar. The Christians began to give a lot of trouble over all kinds of questions, big and unimportant. There were difficulties in the school too, and the first few days after it was opened were mostly occupied in punishing the boys for various faults, mostly arising from the fact that they were Pathans and therefore considered it lawful to annex whatever they fancied from the goods of other people. Mrs. Croker Pennell always made a point of coming back to the plains as soon as possible, so in spite of the heat she also returned, and the women's wards of the hospital were opened. By the middle of September, Dr. Pennell's colleague returned from his holiday, and work was again in full swing.

It was at this time that he had an interesting Waziri patient in the wards, who had been shot through the lung by his uncle. When convalescent he begged for a few cartridges, because he wished to go and shoot the uncle. Dr. Pennell refused, and said he supposed they would soon have the uncle in the hospital, also wounded. "No, indeed, Sahib!" said the man. "I am a far better shot than he is."

About this time, news reached Dr. Pennell of a raid on a neighbouring village. He writes of it thus:

"Early in the morning news arrived that Nabi Baksh and 200 Waziris had attacked Attar Shah's village last night and killed Attar Shah Singh, Jawahir Shah Singh, and five others, while Sardar Shah Singh was brought into Bannu with a bullet wound, the bullet having passed through his right lung. The Deputy Commissioner and some cavalry left early to try and intercept the party.

Some *chigahs*, or pursuit parties, of Bakka Kheyls and others caught up the marauders at the entrance to the Khaisora Pass, and several were killed on both sides. Two of the chief men of the raiding party, Amir Khan and Khanda, were killed, the former by Ghulam Malik, whose nephew he had just shot. He cut off Amir Khan's head and brought it to the Deputy Commissioner."

The raided village belonged to a Sikh family who have long been loyal to the British. They were great friends of Dr. Pennell's, and he frequently stayed with them on journeys to the Marwat and Esa Kheyl district. It was always refreshing to come into the life of this model little village, and inspect the school, or see the little girls of the dependents at their sewing and the boys at their gymnastics. Perhaps a tournament of their special sport, tent-pegging, would be organised, and the stalwart Sikh horsemen would ride down the course with lances poised, shouting to encourage their flying steeds.

In October Dr. Pennell began building a new wing to the Mission Hospital. As the buildings were within 800 yards of the fort, special permission had to be obtained from Government for erecting them, military rules forbidding the erection of any building within the fire zone. Dr. Pennell had his first bad attack of malaria about this time, but in spite of this he did not give up either his operations or his other work.

One night he was called to the city to see a young man who had fallen unconscious while in his shop; and when he got there, he found a wailing, howling crowd, who greatly incommoded him in his efforts to revive the patient, which, however, he was able to do, once he had cleared the place.

On November 9 the North-West Frontier Province was separated from the Punjab and given its own Chief Commissioner, a notable event in frontier history.

On November 18 there was a rumour abroad in Bannu that the Mahsuds were coming to raid it. The station staff officer came to ask Mrs. Croker Pennell to go into the fort for safety. Dr. Pennell himself was away on tour, and she refused to leave the Christians unprotected in the compound. It was afterwards ascertained that the raiding party had detailed a special contingent, whose duty it was to guard the "Padre Sahib's mother" while the rest of them raided Bannu.

One of the British sergeants in the fort at this time was a great friend of the Bannu Mission, and used to teach the boys singing, and join in their games. Dr. Pennell was always able to enlist the help and sympathies of all classes of people in his work. There was a great deal of rabies about Bannu this winter, and this man's dog went mad and bit him, so he immediately went off to the Pasteur Institute at Kasauli. Mrs. Pennell's dog "Silwan" swallowed a poisoned bolus which had been put out for the mad dogs, and died.

One of the best athletes in the school developed hip disease, and to Dr. Pennell's great sorrow, the mother, instead of having him properly treated, called in one Hakim after another, with the result that soon after the boy died.

In December Dr. Pennell had to attend a Conference at Peshawar, the capital of the province. He started on a bicycle, taking with him one of his Muhammadan schoolboys as companion. It was on journeys such as this that he really got to know his boys and men. If

one of them had been specially troublesome, or was going through a mental crisis, Dr. Pennell generally managed to take him off on one of these trips, and they would return from this delightful comradeship of the road with worries smoothed out, and the doubts perhaps settled. The road to Kohat passes through the Salt range, and of the eighty miles the greater part is up and down hill. At Kohat the Pass has to be negotiated. This leads through independent territory, and only thirty yards on either side of the road are protected, the tribesmen being paid by the British Government to keep up the road and ensure the safety of travellers. On either side are the little villages of the people in some of which are the famous gun factories of the border, whence come all the non-imported rifles, some most clever imitations of the makes they most affect. Almost every little village is at enmity with every other, and the only safe place is the protected high road, for murders committed here lead to British law courts, and as often as not the murderers end on the gallows! One wily Afridi, having carefully measured the exact limit of the safety zone, waited patiently for his enemy to step over it, and as he crossed it, he shot him. There were many witnesses to prove the exact spot of the murder, and British justice could do nothing to punish the man, as the most accurate measurements showed that it was a foot outside the proscribed area.

CHAPTER XIV

1902

Village raid — Boys' club — Vendettas — Boys' tournament — Ill-health — Travelling with a guard—Early marriage forbidden—Agreement with Aryas null and void — Preaches in Dharmsala — Welcome guest — Plans for Gurukull at Karak — "Beauty" — Colonel Tonnochy — Humility.

AT the beginning of the year Dr. Pennell made a journey to Esa Kheyl, of which he gives the following account:

"We came to Lakki in a *tum-tum;* the driver contrived to upset us in the Gambela River, but no damage was done. We had very attentive audiences at Lakki, Esa Kheyl, and Sheikh Mahmud; while we were there the village of Khuglanwalah was looted after the time of evening prayers."

Dr. Pennell went out to the scene of the raid as soon as he got the news.

"I went out early in that direction, and found a bridle and reins, and later some sweetmeat in the road, and Mihr Khan (the Christian assistant) found the print of horses' hoofs and a foal in his field. It was not till two hours later that the police were on the scene. There was some doubt as to whether the raiders were Waziris or some local *badmashes.* Two of them had been about the day before on the pretext of hunting jackals, and one of them had advised the people to go to bed early, as there were mad dogs about. The man who suffered most was

a Hindu, who had been known by the villagers to have a large sum of money in his house that day. As there was a good deal of false swearing, and the villagers were afraid to give evidence against those suspected, it was very difficult to get at the truth."

He had a busy time with patients and preaching, and he was asked by the District Superintendent of Police to stay in order to give evidence in the raiding case as to the character of those of the suspected men who were known to him. The Bishop of Lahore paid Bannu a visit at this time, and confirmed several of the Christians, besides baptizing some converts; he also opened the new hospital which Dr. Pennell had built.

It was in this year that Bannu schoolboys started a society in which they had to make a list of their faults and the punishments they gave themselves; this society was kept up under varying aspects for many years, and was still flourishing at the time of Dr. Pennell's death. In its last form it was an association, conducted entirely by the boys, who met at least once a week and read papers on moral and intellectual subjects, and also held themselves ready to render any assistance to the needy, sick, or maimed. Dr. Pennell would tell them of suitable cases in the city or the hospital, of people who wanted material help, such as nursing, protection against their enemies, or moral help, and the boys were always ready to do what they could. Sometimes they would take a cripple out for a ride or go and sit up with a sick man; sometimes they would bring food to the destitute, champion the cause of an oppressed widow, or tackle matters of yet greater difficulty, such as arranging about the cremation or burial of a destitute pauper.

When there was any fair or festival in Bannu, the boys of the club were always on the alert to combat the attendant evils. They would take the school band when that was in existence, or start some kind of amusement that would draw the people away from the drinking booths. Besides this, the elder ones felt themselves responsible for all the younger schoolboys, and generally managed quite tactfully to keep an eye on them and save them from the inevitable evils of a frontier city.

The consequences of a vendetta are often very far-reaching on the frontier, and the number of the innocent who suffer far exceeds that of the real offenders. One day a Subadar of the North-West Militia was murdered, and his supposed assassin was in custody. The murdered man's son felt it his privilege (?) to kill his father's murderer, and did so while he was in charge of the police. For this he was hanged, and the two policemen got seven years each for connivance. The man he killed, however, was not the real murderer, and later on two other men were convicted and got seven years each for the murder, the total casualties for the one crime thus being three killed and four sent to penal servitude.

In April Dr. Pennell took his boys to Peshawar for the school tournament, and while there he gave an address to British soldiers in the Soldiers' Home. Many a British soldier came to a better understanding of the Indian through Dr. Pennell's sympathetic influence, and addresses such as this went far towards informing them of the conditions of life in the midst of which the Englishman so often lives ignorant and unsympathetic. The Bannu boys won the football, but lost the cricket match at the tournament; they also won in many of the sports.

Dr. Pennell returned by Mari, where he took a boat as far as Jalalpur: from here he bicycled in as far as Kamar Mashani, where he took a camel to Kohidaman, and then bicycled on to Bannu, which he reached at nine o'clock at night. The boys meanwhile had come back by the direct route from Peshawar, and the whole school went out to meet them with drums and pipes, bringing them in with great rejoicing and triumph.

About this time Dr. Pennell sprained his wrist very badly at football, and the civil surgeon and the regimental doctors came and helped at the operations at the Bannu Mission Hospital. He did not, however, give himself much rest, but continued his work, as well as swimming with the boys, to teach and encourage them. He reckons that one day he swam twenty-five times round the tank. A few days later he rode out one night to Ghazni Kheyl to see a patient. With only a couple of hours' rest he went on by horse and camel to Sheikh Mahmud, where he had two days' hard work, and then without a stop came back to Bannu.

He mentions after this that he had a bad throat, which prevented his preaching in the bazaar or church. His health was far from satisfactory, and Captain Bamfield, of the I.M.S., examined him and found that he had cardiac dilatation. Dr. Pennell was, however, far too busy to take a holiday as he was advised to do. There seemed to be special difficulties in the Bannu Mission about this time, and he was deeply engaged in settling quarrels, in negotiating serious matters in the hostel, and dismissing unsatisfactory assistants. His own health was apparently the one matter that he felt he might neglect; it was therefore not to be wondered at that he continued ill.

One doctor who examined his heart wanted to know if he were a great smoker, but as Dr. Pennell had never touched tobacco in his life, this was rather amusing.

At last he was compelled to go up to Sheikh Budin for a few days, where, by doctors' orders, he was made to rest completely for a short time. As soon as he felt better he walked down the hill to Pezu (ten miles), and returned to Bannu by tonga. After a short interval filled by accounts and other business, he left for the Tochi Valley. Here the conditions were such that he had to be accompanied by a guard wherever he went. At Datta Kheyl he was given quarters in the new militia post, and was most kindly treated by the political and military officers. He treated a number of patients, and in his spare time wrote articles for his newspaper.

From Datta Kheyl he went up Sheweygarh among the Chilgoza pines, but the political officers became nervous about his being so far up the valley and he was asked to return. At Idak he again got leave to go to Hasni Kheyl with an escort, but as it could not be supplied that day, he boarded the departing mail tonga and came back to Bannu. He had a habit of starting off on his journeys with as little money as possible. As most of his own funds were used for others, he was often in straits that might have embarrassed anyone else, but his faith and optimism invariably carried him through all such difficulties.

Of his finances in this journey he writes:

"My money just lasted up to Bannu; on reaching there I had but five pies (not quite a halfpenny) left. In Datta Kheyl two postal orders came in just as money was needed most. I had not enough to pay our luggage

carts, when a postal order for fifteen shillings came from England. Then fifty rupees were urgently needed for repairs in Bannu, and I had to send the money at once. A postal order for forty-seven rupees came from New Zealand; at the last, when I wanted a few rupees to give the servants, a Hindu called me in to treat him, and his fee just covered the amount I wanted."

As all fees went into the Mission funds, and as he generally paid all his own touring expenses, he had to replace these sums from his private purse as soon as he got back.

In September, 1901, Dr. Pennell made a rule that any boy marrying before the age of sixteen should be expelled from the Mission School. The following year two boys had to be dismissed for this reason. This rule was maintained with great strictness, no exceptions whatever being made for the sons of *Reises*, or great men, in spite of pressure and entreaty.

For some months Dr. Pennell had had a prayer meeting for the officers of the regiments in Bannu, which was very well attended; and among those who came was Colonel Tonnochy, who was so soon to meet his tragic end.

In October Dr. Gaster arrived from Kashmir to help Dr. Pennell, who had been seriously ill with jaundice the whole of the previous month. This month they also opened a new set of hospital wards.

The boys' school prize-giving that year was made interesting by the novel diversions of living chess and three-legged football.

The agreement that Dr. Pennell had made with the Aryas with regard to question of food had not been kept by them at all. Though Dr. Pennell had become a

vegetarian on the understanding that if he did so they would consent to eat with him, he found they made flimsy excuses for refusing his invitations, time after time. He attended one of their meetings therefore, to protest, considering himself no longer bound not to eat meat.

On his next visit to Sheikh Mahmud he bicycled first to Serai Naurang, where he spent the night. At Lakki he got on a camel as the rains had made the roads too muddy for any other mode of progression. The people of the next village at which he stopped had a simple way of getting water: it was so near the surface that they had only to make holes in the sand to come upon it. There was no need of wells or water-cuts, and all irrigation was greatly simplified.

At Kabul Kheyl he came upon some Hindu merchants, one of whom had fractured his wrist falling off a camel. Dr. Pennell was able to give him relief and set his fracture with an improvised splint. Here, too, he saw a great many women patients in the village, the men being all out in the fields.

At Kandal he slept in the *Chaŭk* of a Muhammadan Malik, and next day visited the *Dharmsala*, or temple, of a Hindu saint (*Bhagat*), who, after the devotions of the day, asked Dr. Pennell to preach to the people—an unusual request from a Hindu to a Christian! Few Christians, indeed, can claim to have had this privilege.

From here he and his companions visited Kafir Kot and the sulphur springs of Gungawala. The Hindu festival of Dusehra was being celebrated in Esa Kheyl, and the Aryas marched to the ground singing *bhajans*, and preaching against idolatry. Dusehra commemorates the prowess of Rama fighting against Rawan, who had carried off Sita.

Dr. Pennell's little group of Christians also preached in the bazaar during the festival. They had quite a good audience.

They moved on next day from Esa Kheyl to a little village where they had a large crowd of patients. At Shinwah they came upon a cow firmly imbedded in a mud bank, and stopped to pull it out. Here they had a very warm reception from the villagers, who offered a house and all necessary appliances if they would open a primary school there. Dr. Pennell treated a great many patients, distributing his medicine in tabloids, and the people were greatly amused because one of the children who was delighted with the sugar coating of a quinine pill, set up a howl of indignant injury when the outer coating of sugar was succeeded by the bitter quinine.

Next day the party ascended the Maidan Range, and Dr. Pennell thought that up here would be a good place to have a "*Gurukull.*" He always had this idea of starting a place entirely on Oriental lines, where young converts and men preparing for Mission work might live the simple life, away from the distractions of the town, and might thus have that quiet so necessary for the right development of their characters. In later years he fixed on Karak as the best place for this scheme, and to this end he acquired land out of his private means. In the last year of his life he began a little church here, which has since been completed as a memorial to him.

Once at the top of Sufed Koh he wrote:

"The rivers that water the fertile plains and delight the busy cities have their origin in the voiceless solitude of the mountain sides, so must the Christian who would water those among whom he works with spiritual blessings, and

would lead the multitude in the way everlasting, have his origin and get his power in quiet solitary communion with his God."

From Maidan they made their way across the hills, stopping sometimes in the village *Chaŭk*, now pitching their tent in a village field, or again being guests of the Malik.

At Karak they stayed with an old Mullah, whose son confessed himself a Christian in spite of much persecution. There were great numbers of patients to be attended to, and after a couple of days, Dr. Pennell made his way through the *Algad*, or dry river-bed, and across the hills to Bahadur Kheyl, where he was able to give some medical treatment to the Salt Officer. After a bathe in a deep rock pool of fresh water in this place, he cycled into Bannu, a distance of twenty-nine miles, in a little over two hours.

It was about this time that the boys in the hostel started what they called their "Good Samaritan holidays." They all started out in the morning, and were not supposed to come home till they had done some kind and helpful action for some person in need. In October, 1902, Dr. Pennell acquired his horse "Beauty," a white Arab whose devotion to him was most touching. Often in his journeys she would follow him like a dog for miles at a stretch, and they were such companions that Beauty understood his moods perfectly. On his night journeys he would sometimes dismount and go to sleep by a rock or under a bush; he would then tell Beauty to watch, and she would stand there quite still till he woke. Only once did she play him a trick, and then it was probably because she enjoyed the joke! He was riding home from one of his journeys on a hot day in June, and about twelve miles

out of Bannu he came upon a lovely pool of clear water; being very hot and dusty he thought a bathe would refresh him, so he stripped, and, putting his clothes by Beauty, told her to keep guard. She was very good and stood quite still till he was just about to get out, when she turned and calmly trotted off. He jumped out, seized his garments, and gave chase, using every endearing term and every coaxing modulation of voice to get her to stop. She would slacken her pace until he got near, and then would gallop off, with just a backward glance at him. When he was a hundred times hotter than he had been before the bath, and in addition was fairly tired with his run, she stopped, and he took care to slip her bridle over his arm as he dressed.

Beauty's love for him made her very jealous of his attention to other horses. In 1908 a mare was given Dr. Pennell as a wedding present, and when he and his wife went out he often rode the "Beast," as the new mare was called. This greatly distressed Beauty, and she would keep near him, and if she saw him pat the Beast, she would come and lick her master's boot and rub her head against his knee till he noticed and petted her. It had been one of her treats sometimes to go to the library door, where Mrs. Croker Pennell would give her sugar. Three years after Mrs. Pennell's death, one day when Beauty and the Beast came back from a ride, the latter was given sugar, and Beauty was shown empty hands. She sniffed about her master's pockets first, and then, with a reproachful look, went to the library and hunted round for Mrs. Croker Pennell.

At the sound of Dr. Pennell's voice she would come out of her stable, put her nose down for him to rub, and then

would sniff his pockets and hunt for sugar. When in 1909 he was very ill, Beauty missed him very much, and one day during his convalescence she was brought into his bedroom. She trod most daintily, showing her joy by coming up to his bed and rubbing her nose against him, and was quite unwilling to be led away.

It was one of Dr. Pennell's habits to recite when he was riding alone or with his wife. One of Beauty's favourite recitations was "The Charge of the Light Brigade," which really came to be said entirely on her account. As the poem got more and more impassioned, her pace quickened, her ears quivered, and then at the words, "Charge for the guns," she would dart forward like an arrow from a bow, finally slackening as his voice indicated a mournful end. So the donkey, camel, and bicycle were now superseded by Beauty, who, to the end, was a most faithful companion, always anxious to share the errands of mercy so dear to her master's heart.

The new type press Dr. Pennell was now using proved most useful both for his newspaper and for his other work; he turned out a great deal of work for the Mission, and for years his was the only press in Bannu. It printed all the station orders, as well as all its other work.

The hospital wards were very full, holding fifty-four patients at this time.

In Mrs. Croker Pennell's words:

"Never have the workers in Bannu been kept more busy than this year. Often there has seemed to be no place to squeeze in an extra bed, so many have been those needing admission; but shortly the two new wards outside the Mission compound will be ready with twenty-four beds, so that we may hope never again to have the same

difficulty. Our trouble then will be as to who should be the unfortunate ones to go outside, for in the disturbed state of the district many are extremely nervous and afraid of being robbed or murdered. I always regret that the new building was not allowed to be built alongside the old wards, within the shelter of the Mission compound; even there not long ago, at night, several feet of the wall near the hospital were knocked down, and two cows and one calf stolen and never found again, and that though four night-guards are supposed to be on the watch to prevent robbery. Only two of the wards have windows looking out upon the public road, and several times men have begged not to be put in those wards, saying they feared an enemy might fire in on them and kill them; so bitter are the blood feuds and so relentless the revenge of many of the hill tribes. Only a few weeks ago we had a very sad case—a fine Waziri of magnificent physique—brought on a bed by his broken-hearted father, with his thigh completely shattered by a Martini-Henri rifle while trying to protect his cattle from being driven off by Waziris of another clan. When they were told that the only chance of saving his life was amputation, they refused; the poor father, weeping bitterly, said that if his son were to die after amputation people would say it was the operation he died of, and he would lose his right of going off to shoot the murderer of his son. Therefore the poor fellow was carried away *in statu quo* to die, leaving the unhappy father to return to the hills and carry death into another home. And this is, alas! by no means a solitary case. Men often after weeks of suffering go away with wounds healed, yet with the fixed determination of shooting someone else.

"For over two months we had a woman, Sabara by name, in the 'Faith' bed. She, poor thing, was on her way to the hospital riding on a horse, when the animal slipped and fell, rolling over her, and when she reached

us, besides being badly bruised, she had compound fracture of the right humerus and simple fracture of both left and right femur. She was in a pitiable plight, and one hardly knew where to begin the bandaging; her mother and sister remained to nurse her, and a greater pattern of patience than Sabara it would be difficult to find. Everything that could possibly be done was tried, but all in vain. Owing to the nature of her disease (rickets) the bones remained ununited, and though she was told that cure was impossible, that she would never be able to leave her bed, but that she might remain in the hospital, yet both she and her relations, though most grateful for all the care that had been bestowed on her, preferred to return to their village home. No Muhammadans, if they can possibly help it, like to die in a Christian hospital, and yet they had each day listened to the teaching; but as far as we could judge the ear heard but the heart was untouched.

"Let me take you now to Bed 23, the 'Conway Cot.' Here for four long months a lad of seventeen has been lying with necrosis of the tibia. Five times has he had to lie on the operation table, and yet never a grumble, never a complaint, all so patiently borne, and often a bright smile of gratitude would light up the thin, wan face at any kindness shown. And yet he was alone; no friends came to visit him. Here was one, full of pain, disease, and poverty, who never complained, and was thankful even for a kind word or a bit of sweetmeat.

"In Bed 26, the 'Southsea Cot,' for over two months was Zamán, a noted thief. He came in extremely ill with chronic dysentery, lingered on, with many ups and downs, for many weeks, and died in the hospital, often professing he believed the story that was read to him, but showing no signs of repentance. But when told that there was no hope of his recovery he at once had the police sent for, so as to give them the names of some of

his former friends, hoping thereby not only to get them caught and punished in revenge for their having thrown him off when too weak and ill to join in their nefarious practices, but also hoping to be paid for the information given. He gradually became weaker, and slowly passed away, saying he *believed;* but He alone who readeth the heart knoweth.

"I will tell you now of a strange case in the Holtby Ward—a feeble old woman, a Hindu, who felt she had not long to live, and who had such a horror of her body being burnt to ashes after death that to escape from her relatives she came into the hospital, saying she 'wished to become a Muhammadan so as to be buried.' We began to tell her of the Gospel, but she had never heard of Christianity, was frightened, sent word to the Muhammadans what we were doing, so that quite a large party of them came with a vehicle to take her away; and, although we assured her we would nurse and care for her and not burn her body, she would not stay, but left with the people who had come to fetch her."

On November 18 the troops marched out to Gumatti, and that evening news was brought in that Colonel Tonnochy had been severely wounded; next day he was brought to Bannu. Dr. Pennell says:

"Colonel Tonnochy was brought in at 10 a.m. I saw him at once in Colonel O'Mally's bungalow with Mackelvie, who had brought him in from Gumatti; the bullet was probably from a Lee-Metford at fifty yards' range; there had been extensive hæmorrhage, and the ecchymosis extended up to the ribs of that side and to below the knee. We dressed the wounds under chloroform and left him fairly comfortable at 12.15, intending to return shortly. At 1.15 Mrs. Warren, who was sitting beside him, noticed he was altered. He said, 'I have difficulty in breathing,' gave a shudder and passed away by 1.30 p.m.

"Colonel Brownlow called me, but I arrived just as he had passed away. Mackelvie and I accompanied the escort with his body to the fort where he was put in Captain Blanco White's room, where White had already been placed, killed instantaneously by a bullet through the left eye, which passed out through the skull. The funerals of both officers took place with full military honours; their riderless horses were led by the sergeants behind the gun-carriage."

One of Dr. Pennell's most endearing traits was his readiness to learn from anyone, however humble. This often led to a mistaken sense of importance on the part of the undeveloped but cocksure youth, and it was often difficult for his colleagues and relations to stand by and hear with equanimity the "advice" poured forth by some callow youth or patronising person on Dr. Pennell's grateful and humble head. An entry in his diary will show how he received any correction.

"I gave Abdulla a Bible for the valuable lesson he taught me in the Scripture class. I was teaching from St. John xiii. about serving the poor, and he reminded me that a few days previously, during class time, when Duran Khan Malik came to see me, I left the class to speak to him, and that when a poor patient came later, I sent a boy out to tell him to come next day at the usual time for out-patients."

It was characteristic of him that he made no attempt to justify himself to the boy, though, of course, if there had not been fixed times for seeing patients, he would never have been free to do anything else.

Muhammad Islam, the Karak Mullah who continued to trouble Dr. Pennell for the rest of his life, sent an urgent

message saying his enemies had attacked and beaten him, and begging for the consolation of a visit. Dr. Pennell rode out at once the thirty-four miles to his village, dressed his wounds, and bandaged his broken ribs, then returned to Bannu. The Mullah's son, Shah Jehan, was adopted by Dr. Pennell and was being educated in Bannu; the other sons were also at school. It seemed later as if their very familiarity with the truths of Christianity and their absolute faith in Dr. Pennell's generosity and power to forgive hardened their hearts, even as Pharaoh's in the days of old. For no other family on the frontier demanded and received so much material and spiritual help, and gave him such constant anxiety throughout his life.

CHAPTER XV

1903

Kaisar-i-Hind medal — First Afghan Missionary — To Peshawar — Boys taught to be "sporting"—Bakhti—Journeyings—Cholera—Camping —Teri—Large crowd of patients—Doctoring in camp—Hot days—Escort a nuisance—Punishment of boys—Penal servitude—Gratitude.

THE Government of India has a decoration which it bestows on those who have rendered public service to the country. At the Delhi Durbar in 1903 Dr. Pennell was awarded this silver Kaisar-i-Hind medal. To a man of his nature it was of course a great surprise that there should be any public recognition of what seemed to him merely the daily round and common task. It never occurred to him that his fearless courage and influence for good over the turbulent tribesmen were noted by any official eyes. The Missionary feels he is simply doing his duty in gaining the confidence of the people, if he ever has time to think at all, and decorations and recognitions are quite outside his aims or desires. Dr. Pennell was riding in the districts one day when an English official accosted him with, "I say, Pennell, I have a medal for you," and that was how he first heard of it.

One morning that winter one of his old boys was brought in from Domel, having accidentally shot himself through the leg, and the wound involved the knee joint. He was very ill indeed, and shortly after the limb developed

gangrene which spread to the trunk and caused his death, in spite of all that was done for him.

At the end of January Dr. Pennell was greatly cheered by his first convert, Jahan Khan, accepting a post at Bahrein, in the Persian Gulf—the first Afghan Christian Missionary from Bannu to go abroad. It was one of the aims of Dr. Pennell's life to make the Afghan Church a powerful Missionary agency. He saw that Pathans were more suited than any other Indians to colonise foreign countries. They carried their religion with them into the heart of Africa, to Java and China, with characteristic fearlessness and enterprise. If they did this so successfully as Muhammadan traders, why should they not, he argued, go forth as Christians, strengthened by the inspiration of their religion, to preach the Gospel? At the Lucknow Conference in 1911 he spoke very strongly on this point, and told how two other Afghans had gone to Arabia as Missionaries. On his return from that Conference to Bannu he asked if any of his men would volunteer for Africa. Another of his converts, an old Bannu schoolboy, offered at once, and soon afterwards went out to Mombasa in East Africa.

Dr. Pennell, writing of bazaar preaching, says:

"We say diamond cuts diamond, and so I have found that it requires a converted Pathan to cope with a Pathan bazaar audience. Even the appearance of a group of dishevelled, fierce-looking Waziris from the hills is often sufficient to make the down-country catechist suggest that he thinks there has been enough preaching for that day; while when, as sometimes happens in a village, they are armed with Martini-Henris and pistols and swords, goods are packed up at once for removal. A common Pushtu proverb corresponds to our 'Tender-handed hold

a nettle, it will sting you for your pains; grasp it like a man of mettle, soft as silk it then remains,' and describes the treatment best for themselves; for anything like showing the white feather in the bazaar soon renders further preaching impossible. On one occasion some Pathan Christians with me, in their over-zealous application of the proverb, when we were being treated to a fusillade of clods and stones, started returning the stones on their assailants with interest. It was vain for me to try to restrain them; however, the dilemma was fortunately solved by our assailants beating a retreat and leaving us to continue preaching to some more peaceably disposed Hindus. In truth, I believe some of our Pathan workers dearly love a row, and after they have been knocked about a bit come home with gleaming faces, saying, 'We had a real good time to-day.' Frequently it is the Mullahs who egg the people on, and when the row is well started suddenly make themselves scarce. We generally get a warning of the more organised row by seeing that the children in the audience have disappeared and the men are edging in behind us; then we know we must look out for squalls.

"On one occasion I had a providential deliverance from an unpleasant incident. On proceeding to the place in the market where I usually preached, I found a Mullah in possession, preaching to a scowling lot of Bannuchies. As we had always preached in that particular place for years, I saw it was only a plant to oust us from preaching, first there, and then anywhere else where we might go; so I promptly took my place by the Mullah's side and commenced preaching to the same audience. The Mullah vociferated, and the audience scowled more and more, and then the Mullah, turning to me, said, 'Look here, you had better get out of this, as these people here are up to mischief, and it may go hard with you.' I felt much like Micah when the Danites said to him, 'Let not thy voice be heard

among us, lest angry fellows run upon thee'; but I told the Mullah that I held him responsible for the acts of his followers, and I did not intend to forsake the place long precedent had given us the right to. Just as the storm seemed about to break, and I momentarily expected to be pitched across the street, a stalwart smith, a well-known Muhammadan, himself respected by the people, pushed through the crowd, and, taking the Mullah by the arm, said: 'Now, Mullah Sahib, you know the Padre Sahib never interferes with you in your place, and that this is not your proper preaching place; why do you want to make a row and injure him?' So saying, he took the rather unwilling Mullah off to his usual place, and the more unruly portion of the crowd, after hurling a few imprecations at me, followed him too. Our friend the smith was an old hospital patient, so this too may be set down, under the overruling providence of God, to the mollifying influence of a Medical Mission.

"Various expedients are resorted to by the Mullahs and others to prevent our getting an audience. The commonest is for a Moulvi who knows our usual hours to be ready to start preaching a short distance off, and he has afforded us that sincerest form of flattery in having some assistants to sing *bhajans* and verses from the Quran to supplement his preaching. Often, too, a man will stand near us and keep calling out, 'Anyone who stops and listens here is no true Muhammadan,' and he then buttonholes any Muhammadan who shows an inclination to stop, and gets him to move on. One windy autumn day we were standing for a long time before we could get anyone to stop and listen; a stream was flowing rapidly down the side of the road, and I watched the fallen leaves being rapidly swirled past on its current, just like the passers-by; then a straw stuck across the current just in front of me, and the leaves, instead of being carried on, began to accumulate round it. Acting on this suggestion,

I put three of my own helpers in the road in front to form a nucleus; others, seeing them standing, gathered round, and we soon had a good audience.

"When disturbances are made by villagers or the bazaar riff-raff, I think it generally best to show forbearance, and not to assert one's rights; but when they are abetted by the police, or when soldiers are the aggressors, it seems to me one's duty to report the matter to the proper authorities. On one occasion some very rough behaviour was exhibited by some Afridi soldiers, and I reported it to the commanding officer. The latter called the native officers, and asked them whether they would like him to go to their mosque and begin to knock their Mullah about. On their giving a decided negative, he said, 'Well, the Padre Sahib is our Mullah, and I expect the same consideration for him as you do for your own Mullahs.' After that the soldiers soon became good friends with us. It is gratifying to note how often men, Muhammadans as much as Hindus, who have been hospital patients or old Mission School boys, will so leaven an unruly crowd as to get them to become attentive listeners, and it is very interesting when someone blurts out an objection or argument, usually of a more or less foolish kind, to hear him get a prompt answer from some more educated Muhammadan in the audience; an answer which, even if perhaps less correct than one we might have given, yet, from the unexpected source from which it comes, silences him much more effectually.

"It is seldom wise to attempt to answer objections in the bazaar. Not only are many of them of a foolish or even obscene character, but it would be usually impossible to get the audience, who are naturally on the side of the objector, to allow your reply a fair hearing; and it soon becomes easy for your opponent to raise a jeer at your expense, after which the audience usually disperses with contumacious hilarity. Much more rarely questions are

asked from a real desire to elucidate some point of your address, and if the audience is a docile one, it increases interest to give the man a fair hearing and appropriate answer. In other cases I ask the objector to name a place and time, and I shall be pleased to explain any difficulties he may have. This, however, not being his object, he either goes away or continues to interrupt you aimlessly. In the bazaar I find controversial addresses very unproductive, unless one desires a little excitement or a substitute for a game of football; while the holding up of the Cross is powerful with any audience, often a most rough and forbidding set of ruffians quieting down wonderfully to listen.

"To my mind much more good can be done with a bazaar audience by a patient exposition of the spirituality of Christianity than by however brilliant a demonstration of the faults of Islam or Hinduism.

"Our Indian brethren are, as a rule, more resourceful in illustration and orientally picturesque in description than our more prosaic selves, and when touched by the Spirit form splendid preachers. I remember one of them turning the laugh on our side when, after receiving as graciously as possible some unwelcome missiles, he said, 'I suppose you think we are like the *ber* tree (*Zizyphus jujuba*), and only yield our best fruit when we are stoned.' In short, I do not think that any multiplication of Mission agencies will ever render bazaar preaching unnecessary, and probably no other form of Mission work is more bracing and invigorating for the young Missionary."

Writing of bazaar preaching on the frontier, Dr. Pennell says:

"His boys were having a paper-chase one day, and the hares chose to go round by Gumatti, which is very near if not actually on the border, and had been the scene of frontier fights. It is also memorable for the defence made

by a raider in earlier years. Naturally the villagers were suspicious, and seeing the hares, as they thought, escaping from pursuit, they began to stone them, actually knocking one of them down. It was hard for them to understand why the boys were running away, as their only experience of such things was confined to raiders and thieves, and still more mysterious was it that they left an obvious trail behind!"

In April Dr. Pennell took his boys off to Peshawar for the yearly School Tournament. They started in *tum-tums* or on bicycles. On the way they stopped at Bahadur Kheyl in the Salt range, bathed in a brine pool, then climbed up to the fresh-water one for a further swim, but losing their way they only reached it after a long round, and some of them were far too tired to have a swim at all. The head of the railway had reached Kohat, eighty miles from Bannu, so they decided to take advantage of it instead of going through the Kohat Pass. At Khairabad they were greatly distressed at the sight of a woman who had just been cut to pieces in a tunnel by a passing train. The simplest journey in the frontier seems to bristle with tragedy.

At Peshawar Dr. Pennell found many opportunities for his activities. He gave a Pushtu address in the *Anjuman*, or lecture hall, also one at the Mission Hospital. He was followed to Peshawar by a Pathan ex-soldier who had come down from the Kurram Valley to have an operation performed on his eye; when he found at Bannu that Dr. Pennell was not there, he immediately went after him, and insisted on being operated on in Peshawar. It was often thus, that patients would come from long distances to be treated by him, and finding him absent would, if possible, set out to overtake him, refusing to allow anyone else to treat them.

Dr. Pennell was always a very keen promoter of the School Tournaments, maintaining that the Mission Schools could give a good tone to the proceedings, and though he often had very disagreeable tasks to perform, he found his reward in the fact that the schools in his district were much more sporting in later years than any others. And whereas in early days the tournaments often led to hand-to-hand fights and feuds nearly as bitter as the vendetta, under his tutoring the Bannu Mission boys often showed a truly British spirit of magnanimity to their opponents, and were quite ready to combine with the opposing school in friendly combat against a common enemy. It took some time for the boys to get used to the idea that because they were "Dr. Pennell's boys" they were bound to set an example to the others, often to their own disadvantage. The following incident is a case in point:

"In the afternoon there was a tug-of-war in which we defeated Abbotabad. The Baratri School retired, leaving us in the final with the right to the second prize at least. Next day the Baratri School claimed to be allowed to pull, but as they had refused the day before the secretary would have denied them permission. As I wished, however, to give an example of the sporting feeling so much required and so little seen in these tournaments, I offered to let our team pull them, although that necessitated their doing so just after the close of the football match. We pulled and lost, probably because the boys were tired, as it was pretty close, but I felt more pleased at the moral victory that had been won."

In these days the frontier boys found it very difficult to abide by an umpire's decision. To them it always savoured of favouritism if given against them. At this very tournament, one of the boys of another school was

ordered off the field in a football match for fouling, and shortly afterwards a goal was given against his side, at which they immediately disputed the fairness of the verdict. When the decision of the umpire was upheld the whole team walked off the field! Next day, when the prizes were distributed, this particular school returned the tug-of-war prize which they had won, and their captain made a speech, pointing out how unfairly they had been treated!

On the way back the Bannu boys went by Mianwali, where they had a football match with the Government School. Dr. Pennell himself went on to Lahore, where he visited the Educational Exhibition and saw a lot of his old boys and friends. At the jail he went to see a Bannuchi woman who had been sentenced to fourteen years' imprisonment for a murder committed in her village. Dr. Pennell and his mother were quite convinced that she was innocent, but as the evidence was all against her they were unable to do much beyond visiting her in jail and looking after her property in Bannu. At the King's Coronation Durbar, in 1911, Dr. Pennell wrote to the authorities begging that if any prisoners were released Bakhti might be among them, and so one morning, to her great joy and surprise, she was called up and told that her sentence was reduced, and she was to be freed. It is almost impossible to describe her speechless joy when she returned to her regained freedom at Bannu. Everything possible was done to compensate for the years of confinement she had suffered, but it was difficult for her to realise and appreciate the new conditions; her mind was slightly affected, and though she was shown every kindness, she could not really settle down to the regular life at the Mission hospital.

In her periodical excursions to the village it was found her relations very soon began to work on her to give them all she possessed. Restriction she naturally disliked, and thus it came about that she was soon in straits again, but just able to find enough for her own support with occasional help.

Being a keen athlete himself, Dr. Pennell was very anxious that his school should stand well in sports in the Punjab and frontier. It was impossible to find qualified instructors in Bannu, whereupon he immediately went in for the Senior Gymnastic examination, which he passed at Lahore. There were fifty-three Indian candidates, but no other European. Having got the certificates he was able to train his own boys, from whom he then selected an instructor.

He had thus travelled far from his early prejudice against a medical man undertaking the management of a school. He found his best material in the boys of the province, and in every way he could he set himself to train them to be good citizens and upright men. As in this instance, so wherever there was a gap he did his best to fill it, overcoming all obstacles, complying with all regulations, at whatever trouble or inconvenience to himself, to give his boys the best he could for every part of their education.

From Lahore he went to Kundian. Through some misunderstanding his mare was not there to meet him, so he started off on foot with his luggage on a camel. This route was beset with difficulties, and he had several *nálás* to wade across, one being five feet deep. After nine hours' walking he reached Sheikh Mahmud. The Kurram was in flood, and the camels were only got over with much

difficulty. Dr. Pennell had to strip and swim across the river, for all sign of the ford was lost. At Esa Kheyl a patient was brought in to him who was suffering from concussion of the spine, the result of his having been thrown by a bull. The poor man was quite beyond help, and died during the night with a temperature of 111°.

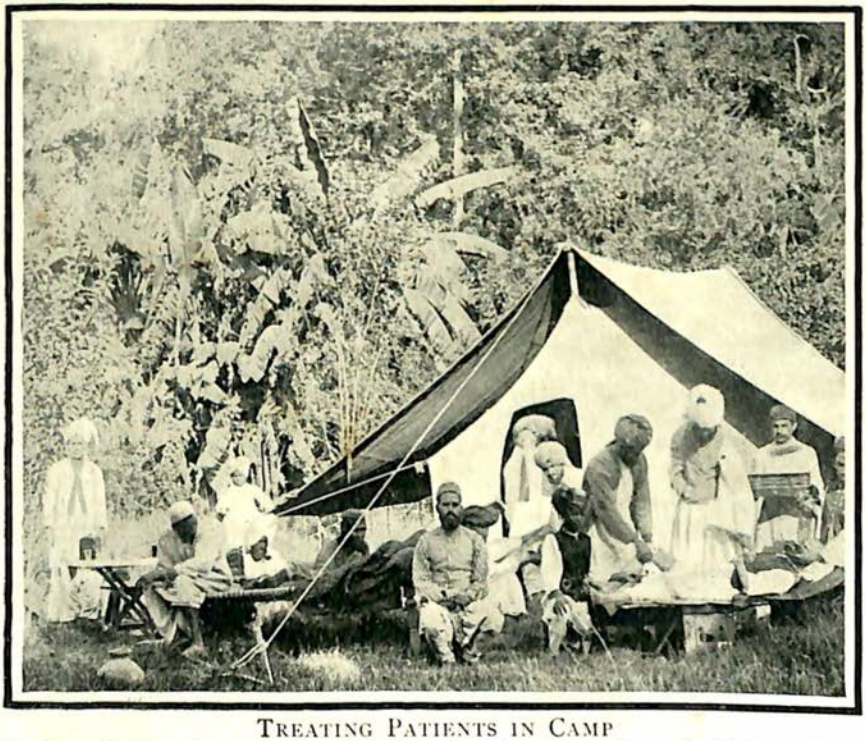
Shortly after Dr. Pennell's return to Bannu a Roman Catholic telegraph operator died suddenly in the telegraph office of the station. He left two little girls whom Dr. Pennell and his mother immediately adopted, and whom they educated, as no one was found to claim relationship.

In June of this year cholera broke out virulently at Bannu, and the city was put out of bounds for the soldiers and residents in cantonments. In consequence of the scare, the school had to be closed a few days earlier than usual, and Dr. Pennell went out into camp with some of his men. He took his medicine chests with him on camels, and set off himself on Beauty, going by way of Sordagh. Unfortunately he went too far in an easterly direction, and the camels went too far north, so that they did not meet till they got to Gundaki. Here they stopped in the house of Muhammad Islam, and Dr. Pennell treated several patients who came in from the neighbouring villages. On the morrow they went to the next village; to quote from Dr. Pennell's diary:

"We left at 1.30 a.m., a hot close night. Shah Jehan had borrowed a horse, and I lent Beauty to Gurmukh Dass, as his foot was painful. We reached Damma at 7 a.m., and not finding a suitable camping ground, went on to Musti Kheyl. Here we pitched our tents by a mulberry tree, but found we had been misinformed about the

DR. PENNELL DRESSED IN A POSHTEEN

Such sheepskin coats are worn by the Pathans in the winter. The wool is inside, and the outside is embroidered in yellow silk and trimmed with astrakhan. The snapshot was taken on the heights of Thal.



TREATING PATIENTS IN CAMP

Dr. Pennell, dressed as a Pathan, is feeling the pulse of a patient, who is lying on Dr. Pennell's own camp-bed, as there was no other place to put him.

water supply; the nearest was a well about one and a half miles down the *algad* towards Damma. As we were unable to get enough for our needs, we had to leave in the afternoon of the next day. Although there were only a few houses scattered round, yet patients came in crowds almost as soon as we appeared. While we were in the middle of supper, just after dark, a storm came on and blew our tent over. We piled our goods by the wall, and as very little rain came, we went cheerfully to sleep. Soon, however, it came on to pour in torrents, and though some of the men tried to shelter among the stuff, we all got a thorough wetting. The next day we spent drying our goods, and then we had Morning Service in the jungle. Patients came in crowds, about 170 in all, keeping us very busy till midday. Some Mullahs came from Damma and tried to send the people away, but no one paid any attention to them. The Damma Mullah himself came to visit us and to ask for treatment for his wife. The next day we went to Mir Akhund Kheyl, but did not think it a suitable place for a camp, as there was very little shade and scarcely any water. I returned to Masti Kheyl, and sent the camels on to Chahar Kheyl. After visiting the Damma Mullah in his own house I rode on to this place, where we selected a spot for our camp under some willows by a pleasant brook. Next day I had a visit from one of the Khans, who had a feud on with the Nawab and wanted me to take his side. I saw over 200 patients, and did two "stone" operations. The day after we walked on to Dand, which we reached at 7 a.m., and had a bathe in the lake, where we saw a number of wild fowl; then we had a meal of bread and milk in the house of a Hindu, and started on our journey back. As it was very hot, we spent the heat of the day in the *Chaŭk* of Mahmud Akbar Khan of Nurree, and we also sat for a while in the mosque of the Mullah of Dullimela. He had previously had tea with me in my tent, but in the mosque he told the men to break

the earthen vessel in which he had given me water. Shah Jehan asked him why he did this, but he only prevaricated and pretended he had not given the order, but it was obvious he did not want the people to know he was friendly to us. We got back in the afternoon, and I saw patients and did several operations.

"On Sunday morning I went for a bathe in the stream, and then Mihr Khan and I had service together. Afterwards I took a last look at the cataract and stone cases, and saw they were all doing well. At midday the Qazi of Teri called and begged me to go over and see a poor man who was very ill in Teri. He, Fath Khan, and I took horse at one o'clock, and after a hot ride reached Teri at 5 p.m. Shortly after our arrival there was a violent thunderstorm. The invalid turned out to be Spin Khan, brother of the Nawab, and they had played this trick on me just to save paying a fee! I went on seeing numbers of patients till quite late that night, for they were glad to make use of me once I was there.

"We woke at 3 a.m., but the Khan would not let us go before 'bang' (early call to prayer) at 4.30. We took a shorter but more difficult and precipitous route by the ruins of Shahbaz Kila. Fath Khan and the two horsemen of the escort went far too slowly for me, so at Shaidan I left them behind and rode on alone, reaching Damma at 9 a.m., and here I rested till ten, and had my morning meal in the house of a Mullah. After a hot, tiring march, sometimes riding, sometimes leading Beauty up and down the *khud*, I reached Matar at 2 p.m. The rest of the party with the camels had got there about two hours before. A thunderstorm was threatening, so we hastily erected our tent near a mulberry tree in a *khud* below Matar. Immediately afterwards it poured in torrents, and the water swept down the *khud* on each side of us in roaring streams. We made our tent firm, which was fortunate, for in the middle of the night there was a violent storm. All of us

were pretty tired with the day's march, and slept in spite of the disturbance. Next day we moved our tent to a pitch outside the mosque of Mullahs Haji Gul, Sarfaraz, and Yasin, as here there was a wider view and fresher air. I saw a number of patients and preached to the people. The next day there were fewer patients, so I was able to do some private reading for the first time on this trip.

" We set out for Kalabagh, the Mullah Sarfaraz accompanying us. We went to the top of the mountain and then about 300 feet down the further side by a short cut, but at that point the path descended almost perpendicularly down a giddy precipice, so I decided to take the longer route, and leaving the Mullah we three took a path to the north of Matar, and reached a cowherd's hut at nightfall. Here I got some milk for Gurmukh, whose head was aching. After a short rest we proceeded in the dark with the help of a guide to Chashshamai, where *khairat* (alms) was being distributed on the occasion of the death of some notable person of the place.

" We got there about ten, and the two Hindu boys said they were too tired to cook their evening meal, so I got them some milk and gave them biscuits which they were able to eat; the people gave me some bread. They were cooking sheep and goats all night long, killing the animals just beside our beds; however, we were tired enough to sleep fairly well, the noise notwithstanding.

" We were up at 3 a.m. and started off with a guide. At 7 a.m. we reached a village where Khan Abdul Ghani gave the boys some milk. As we had started fasting this was most acceptable to them. At 8.30 we reached a salt post, and stopped there while the boys cooked themselves some bread. Very soon after the cook, who had been following with the luggage on a pack donkey, caught us up.

" At 3 p.m., though it was very hot, as all of us were anxious to push on, we started again and reached Kalabagh at eight, when we enjoyed a bathe in the cool waters

of the Indus, and changed our travel-stained clothes. Wali Ram gave us our evening meal under a banyan tree, and we slept soundly. The Hindu Civil Surgeon of Mianwali spent some time with us under the banyan tree next day. He had just come from Kamar Mashani, where there was an outbreak of cholera. At eleven o'clock we crossed over to Mari and took train there. It was tremendously hot at Samandwala where we alighted, there being only an iron roof to sit under.

" Gurmukh procured a horse, and we set out for his home in Rokhri. It took us an hour to get there, and we were welcomed by his brother who regaled us with fresh milk. We went for a bathe in a branch of the Indus that passes their house. The day was very hot indeed, and was chiefly spent in fanning ourselves ! But I had a talk with some of the men, who recalled the teaching of our Assistant-Surgeon who had been to their village the year before. In the evening I visited a zyarat of tamarisk trees and saw an old Bhagat holy man, who conversed with me on things eternal.

" Hira Nand, Gila Ram, and I left at 3 a.m. and reached Kalabagh at eight. We swam down the Indus on inflated goat skins to the banyan tree. At four I said good-bye to Hira Nand and Sharifdin, and set off on foot for Kotki, which I reached at 7.30. The heat on this journey was excessive. Next morning I left at 5.30 ; there had been heavy rain in the night, and the water was flowing so swiftly that it was with difficulty we got through the Tang Darwaza. Up near Sarobi a fresh rain torrent had come down, but we got through that more easily and emerged from the Pass above Mir Ahmed Kheyl.

" I reached the tent at noon (where the other men were encamped), and found all well."

Letters reached Dr. Pennell that things were not going well in Bannu during his absence. So after seeing the

patients who had collected, he set off for Gundakhi—a hot march. Here there was a crowd of patients to see him; after attending to them, and doing an operation for stone on a small boy, he moved on

The Nawab, wishing to be kind, insisted on his having an escort of soldiers, and these men greatly inconvenienced Dr. Pennell. They had to have grand fare prepared for them —fat-tailed sheep (the *dumba*) had to be killed for their delectation, and altogether they were a great nuisance.

From Gundakhi Dr. Pennell went on to Sordagh and was the guest of an old patient. At Latambar he found there was no means of getting to Bannu that day, and as it was exceedingly hot he spent an uncomfortable time in the Dâk Bungalow. The mail tonga was running at night, and he went to Bannu in that. Here he was kept very busy over the sad doings in the school during his absence. The matter, which had to go to the police courts, finally ended in four men being sent to the Penal Settlement in the Andaman Isles for seven years. It was significant of the unfailing love he always showed in dealing out punishment as in all other matters that these men were never forgotten by him. He used to write to them regularly, and they counted on him as their only friend in Bannu. When they were coming back they wrote announcing their return and asking for work. One letter is worth quoting, as a specimen of "English as she is wrote."

"BANNU,

"*March* 10, 1910.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I have much pleasure in informing you that I have passed six years and five months satisfactorily in the Penal Settlement, at Fort Blair, and was remitted seven

months towards release, and have arrived here safe and sound on the 4th instant. On the morning of the following day I was going to see you at your place, but was told by one of my friends that you were off to Wales, so I being disappointed returned to my place; but the other day I was satisfied by one of your schoolmasters that you will be here again in September next or so. It will be a merry time for me, if I see you here again, Sir. Some months ago a friend of mine when I was in Fort Blair addressed me that you lost your kind forlorn Mother, the dreadful event that she met with such lamented and accidental death dragged my mind towards sorrow, and was tearing capaciously, and was so much troubled by receiving this awful news, that I was on the point of addressing you as a condolence, when my last terrified event prevented me from doing so. Request for forgiveness, I am really very sorry that you were lately suffering from an attack of some disease, but I need scarcely tell you that I felt unbounded joy when I heard that you had safely recovered from the serious illness.

"I am sorry to say that my old friend has been detained there for a period of seven months for not having been remitted to him, owing to his bad character.

"I am still doing nothing here and sitting in my house without work, and awaiting your Honour's arrival. I beg to be excused if I have said any disagreeable words.

"Nothing more to amuse you, Sir.

"Your most obedient and humble late pupil."

It is unnecessary to add that within a month of his return from England Dr. Pennell had got posts for all these men, and they showed their gratitude by making every effort to rise to his standard of upright living.

CHAPTER XVI

1903

Daily work—Jahan Khan's return—Yusufzai enquirer—Epidemic—Ill-health.

THE months of September and October were filled with school and hospital work in Bannu and the out stations. Medical work is always full of interest in India, and on the frontier excitement is rarely lacking in the cases that come in the daily round. The houses in Bannu are almost all built of mud and sun-dried bricks, and any small cause, such as increased rainfall, will bring the walls down without any warning. An old Mullah had his ribs broken by a sudden fall of this sort, and sent to Dr. Pennell to come and attend him. It was no longer an article of creed to avoid the Bannu Padre Sahib, and even the most bigoted Mullahs were glad to avail themselves of his kindly help.

Another case was that of an English officer who had enteric fever very badly in Cantonments. Dr. Pennell was called in in consultation, but it was a very bad case, and the officer died. These outside patients were always in addition to his daily work in the wards and schools, and to get time for them he often went without his meals, or stayed up late at night to do whatever had had to be neglected during the day.

The Arya Samaj continued to grow in Bannu, and Dr.

Pennell used to go to their monthly meetings and discussions regularly; as many of his boys were interested and belonged to it, he was anxious to keep in touch with their thought and development. His Afghan convert, Jahan Khan, who was working in Bahrein, returned on leave to Bannu, and inspired the others by his enthusiasm and zeal. One day a Yusufzai came and said he wanted to become a Christian; he had sold all his books (he was a Talib) to pay his travelling expenses from his distant home. He gave as his reason for wanting to become a Christian, the observation he had made that Christians were full of pity, while Muhammadans were cruel!

The Rev. Dr. Weitbrecht, secretary of the Mission, visited Bannu about this time, and Dr. Pennell was greatly rejoiced at his interest in the boys, and his kindly talks with the boarders. While examining some of the primary classes, Dr. Weitbrecht asked one small boy what the Devil said to Christ in the Temptation in the wilderness. The surprising answer was, "What must I do to be saved?"

Two more of Dr. Pennell's boys confessed themselves convinced of the truth of Christianity this winter, and in spite of persecution and the opposition of their relations and friends, continued as enquirers, preparing for baptism.

In November he went to Sheikh Mahmud with his men-assistants and these two catechumens. His journeys were seldom without incident of one sort or another, and the first thing that happened was that the *tum-tum* horse shied and threw them into a muddy ditch, out of which they came bespattered and bedraggled and had to continue their journey on foot. At Trug, where they stopped, they found a great deal of sickness, for many of the people were down with fever and dysentery, and no medical aid was

available. He found several dying in their little huts, and rendered them what aid he could, making them comfortable, organising nursing of some description, teaching the women how to nurse their sick, showing them how to make simple dishes for them, and encouraging them to fight the disease—a difficult matter in an Indian village, where the fatalism of the Orient makes for too ready submission to the " Will of Allah "—as they consider such visitations. In the long trips to the ferry and the journeys to the villages, he had opportunities of talking to his two enquirers about their doubts and difficulties. When he had done all he could he crossed the Indus, and at the next village put up in the *thana*. One of his grateful patients sent him a bowl of milk, but the servants of an English official encamped there, thinking any offerings must go to their Sahib, took this to add to the pints they had already collected from the villagers, so Dr. Pennell had none at all and had to go to bed hungry and thirsty.

From here he rode on to Rokhri and stayed with the *Bhagat*, with whom on his previous visit he had had such interesting talks on spiritual matters. He was always so anxious to hear of the beauty of any religion that his ready sympathy gave him access to the inner shrines of many Hindu and Muhammadan hearts. The Bhagat and he became great friends, and he told Dr. Pennell much of the beautiful mysticism of his faith.

From Mianwali he went on to a Diocesan Conference at Lahore. In the intervals between the meetings he saw a good deal of the Bannu boys who were at the Medical and Arts Colleges ; they brought him news of their doings, told him of their desires and aspirations, and discussed their plans with him. His wide sympathies drew them

to confide to him all their doubts, their political aims, the arguments for and against *Swaraj*, all that concerned them. It was usual to find him sitting on the floor cross-legged, with his boys crowding round, all eager to show him how far they had reached in their mental and political development. To each he would listen with understanding sympathy; it was impossible for him ever to snub even the most conceited youth. After hearing all they had to say, and meeting the arguments of the more violent, they all parted with a sense of closer friendship and better understanding—he of their aims and longings, they of the just motives of the British Government, which so seldom explains its actions, and is therefore so often apt to be misunderstood.

His health was not all it should be at this time, and he was medically advised to take leave. An appeal for an Educational Missionary was again made at this Conference, but no one was appointed. Dr. Pennell was always willing to do the work of at least three men, so that it seemed easy to let him continue to do it. Not till after his death was an Educational Missionary appointed to Bannu.

In the summer of 1908, when on his first furlough in England, he wrote thus:

"You know I have been rather eclectic in my methods, unkind people would say eccentric, and the Society unable to bring me into line have more or less left Bannu to me to experiment on, and absolved themselves with the feeling that, after all, 'Pennell's ways were unorthodox, and frontier Afghans were a wild lot, and not attractive subjects for those working on more conventional lines,' so I and my Afghans have been left to ourselves. One re-

sult of this has been that the work has depended more than it should on my presence, and during the summer the conditions have become '*nagufta bih*,' and I get harrowing letters from Bannu imploring me to hasten my return."

It was on the return journey from this Conference that a British "Tommy" refused him admittance to a third-class compartment labelled "For Europeans," and would not be convinced that Dr. Pennell was an Englishman. Rather than dispute the matter, he found refuge in an overcrowded carriage for Indians, where he had to sit up all night, but at least he was made welcome by his already uncomfortable companions.

CHAPTER XVII

1903–1904

Through North India on a bicycle—The Ochre Pilgrimage.

DR. PENNELL'S aim to get to know the people of India, and to understand their aims and religious life, induced him to take a remarkable journey in the winter of 1903–1904.

Asceticism has always been a religious ideal in the East, and Oriental religious teachers have from time immemorial subsisted on the gifts of the people, living the simple life, travelling about preaching their doctrines, accepting the simple hospitality of the village as naturally as they adapt themselves to the position of revered and honoured teacher at a great man's board. Dr. Pennell was anxious to prove for himself whether this method of religious teaching was one that should be adopted by the Christian Missionary. He therefore started out without purse or scrip as a Christian Sadhu. As his time was of necessity limited, he had to use a bicycle, a mode of progression unknown to the Sadhus and fakirs of old, though it is at present not an uncommon thing to see a holy man riding this novel steed.

Dr. Pennell writes:

"Having recently ridden most of the way from Bannu

in the North-West Frontier Province to Ghazipur on the Eastern boundary of the United Provinces, some of my experiences may be of use to others who contemplate a similar tour. I was mounted on an Elswick, which with my kit complete weighed 56 lbs., and my companion, a young Afghan, rode a Beeston Humber, which, loaded up, turned the scale at 46 lbs. It was fortunate that both machines, though by no means new, were very strong, as they had to stand much rough usage before the journey was over; still, after riding about 1500 miles, we were able to ride back into Bannu at twelve miles an hour with the machines in as workable a condition as when we started. Our difficulties began on the second day out when we had to cross the sandy Marwat plain from Laki to the Indus River. The so-called road is a devious path through shifting sand dunes where a submarine might travel as readily as a bicycle, so we took a rather circuitous route along the Kurram River, where the sand was firm enough to ride on. We had, however, to ford the river several times, and once lost ourselves in a jungle of tamarisk bushes. These grew denser and denser till we had to lift our machines at arm's length over our heads and struggle through, while our lower garments got torn to shreds and our legs badly scratched. Seeing that we only carried a single change of garments, the destruction of one so early in our trip seemed at first rather a calamity; but even this had its utility, as will be seen later on.

"The river-bed of the Indus was slow travelling, as drifts of sand alternated with some more or less deep channels where the water came about to the waist. Though the sandy region lying on both sides of the Indus River was sufficiently fatiguing, yet it had one redeeming feature, which was that we were never troubled with punctures, and did not have a single delay for repairs till we had travelled over a hundred miles and were nearing Khushab. There, however, in the Shahpur district, and especially

between Shahpur and Bhera, fresh troubles awaited us; the most thorny varieties of acacia have apparently been selected to line the roads, and men seem to have been detailed by the district authorities beforehand to lop off the most offensive branches and strew them over the road, where they lay awaiting us like a *chevaux de frise*, with one thorn on each twig sticking up like a bayonet inclined to receive our luckless tyres; a favourite plan seems to be to let the sides of the road harden into a network of ruts and hoof-holes, and to leave a narrow but even path down the centre, which attracts the unwary cyclist till he discovers that special care has been taken to scatter the thorny twigs on the smoother parts, so that the rider, to escape the Scylla of the thorny branch on the smooth track, finds his machine bumping over the Charybdis of the cartwheel ruts at the side! The novelty of stopping every quarter of an hour to repair a puncture soon begins to pall, and it was just as well that the district authorities in charge of the road were not there to hear the remarks made about them, for in one journey of only twelve miles to a village in the Jhelum Bar Colony we had to stop eight times to repair punctures.

"From Pind Dadan Khan we started to cross over the Salt Range Mountains; it was now the turn of the outer tyres to suffer. The roads are not bad for pedestrians; but the roadmakers certainly did not allow for cyclists, or they would not have left the roads strewn with rocks and boulders, these often having such sharp edges that they cut through the tyre like a knife. An aggravating experience is to toil laboriously up a long hill with the expectation of coasting down the other side, only to find that the descent is cut up every few hundred yards by a rocky torrent bed, where you have to pull up and dismount. The first ascent from Khewra to the hills above Dandot coal-mines is long and wearisome, nearly five miles in all, and would be waterless but for a well and reservoir built by the

DR. PENNELL AND HIS AFGHAN *CHELA* SHAH JAHAN

They are starting on their bicycles for the Ochre Pilgrimage, with no money, and only one change of raiment.

Rev. M. Gordon, and still known as the '*Padre Sahib ka Kua*' (The Padre Sahib's well).

"We rattled through Chuha Saidan Shah, and splashed through the stream that runs by the village, while all the people ran out to see what new phenomenon had visited them. Their proximity to the shrines of Katas makes them sufficiently familiar with Sadhus and pilgrims; but they evidently could not divine what new sect of Sadhus we were, riding on uncanny looking animals which they had never seen before. However, it is the genius of the Indian to take the most startling novelty with a philosophical composure which suggests a subliminal consciousness handed down by heredity from the Vedic golden age, when it is said that the most startling modern inventions were matters of daily familiarity. Then along the Katas stream and over the stony skirt of a line of hills we reached the ancient Dhalwal, with its massive half-ruined fortress telling of old feudal times, and its excellent Mission High School managed by some Capuchin Fathers.

"After a brief enjoyment of the hospitality of their refectory we went along a road with a slight descent which would have been very easy had it not been for numerous intersecting stony torrent-beds and a strong adverse wind. However, we soon reached the pretty village of Kallar Kahar on the banks of a placid salt lake, the white glistening shores of which shimmered in the noonday sun. Then came a short ascent to the top of a ridge, from which we obtained a splendid view over a plain dotted with villages stretching away up north as far as the eye could reach.

"The nearest village in this plain was Bohn, and had the road been smooth, we could have ridden down without any pedalling in less than an hour, but as it was, the road was so cut up and covered with rocks that we had to be constantly dismounting, and the sun was setting as we entered the bazaar. Finding a sufficiently frequented

spot I commenced to preach, as was my custom on reaching a new town. As there has never been any Mission work carried on in this town, the people evinced much interest, and before long we were invited to the house of a leading Hindu, who treated us with great kindness. After this the road lay through the Tahsil town of Chakwal and some villages to Mandra, where the Grand Trunk Road and the North-West Railway both meet, and the bad roads, the stones, the sand dunes, and the thorns were for the nonce at an end. We went merrily down the Grand Trunk Road to Gujar Khan, having done about fifty miles that day, which is almost the greatest distance we ever had occasion to traverse at one stretch. Just before entering Gujar Khan a moderately steep hill had to be descended, and we were gaily coasting down it to the expected completion of our day's journey, when an ill-starred sheep chose that moment for crossing the road. I was riding a little behind and saw a sprawling figure flying through the air, and a dazed sheep struggling out from beneath the machine, the front wheel of which was lying loose owing to the snapping of its axle. Had this happened in any of the places previously visited, we should probably have found it impossible to repair the injury locally, and should have been held up till we could obtain a new axle from Lahore; but by a remarkable providence we found a friend here whose bicycle was lying idle owing to the crank having been broken in a recent fall, and we were able to fit its front wheel on to our machine by means of a little adjusting, and so were ready to start forth the next morning, as usual, for a forty miles' run into Jhelum.

"A little episode of the Jhelum bridge is worth relating. When we reached the western end of the bridge the toll-keeper stopped us for payment. I told him that I was a Christian Sadhu journeying to Hindustan, and that we had no money of any kind with us. He may have believed us or not, but from the way he eyed the bicycles

he probably did not; anyway, he told us plainly, 'No pice, no path'—and no setting forth of the peculiar privileges of a Sadhu could make him budge from his practical financial view of the question, so there was nothing for it but to sit quietly down by the roadside and await events. Shortly after a party of Hindus, on their way to their morning ablutions, sauntered up, and stopped to gaze at the novel combination of bicycles and Sadhus; this soon led to conversation, in the course of which we told them the object of our journey and the cause of our detention. They then tried with no little earnestness to persuade us to relinquish the preaching of the Gospel for the promulgation of the Vedas, and even offered to pay the two annas required for our toll if we were willing to accede to their plan! This gave me an opportunity for pointing out the attraction of Christ which made it impossible for one who had once tasted the sweets of following in His footsteps to desert to another master.

"They clothed their contempt for the message of the Cross in their compassion for our hopeless predicament, as they thought; for they said, 'There are no Christians here to help you over, and it is not likely that Hindus or Muhammadans would forward you on such a mission.' I replied that I was quite content to wait by the roadside till help came, and that I felt sure we should not have long to wait. I had scarcely spoken when we saw an English officer attended by a sowar riding up in the direction of the bridge. When he reached us, we recognised a frontier officer who had, we learnt, been sent down to Jhelum on special duty, and he appeared amused and surprised at meeting me in such peculiar circumstances. When he learnt what was the cause of our detention, naturally the toll-man had not long to wait for his two annas, and I was able to point out to my Hindu friends that it had not taken long for God to send us help even from so great a distance as Peshawar, and we went on with light and

thankful hearts. Truly two annas is worth much more in some circumstances than one hundred rupees in others.

"After our happy passage over the Jhelum we wheeled comfortably along the interesting Grand Trunk Road, now to the north and now to the south of the railway line. The crisp morning air of a Punjab winter has an exhilarating effect on the appetite, and we were only exceptional in that we had the appetite but not the wherewithal in our wallets to satisfy the same. To tantalise us more, it was the feast day succeeding the great Muhammadan fast, and in all the villages the men were feasting and the children, dressed in their gala clothes, were amusing themselves on swings, or playing about on the roads. My Afghan companion, who had been keeping the fast without the feast, finally went up to a party of merry-makers, and after saluting, said he was very hungry and would be glad of a share of the "Id" cakes. The man addressed leisurely surveyed us from head to foot, and said, 'You! you call yourselves Sadhus (religious mendicants), you ride bicycles, and beg your bread! Phew!' and turned his back on us. My companion turned to me with a very un-Sadhu-like expression on his face, saying, 'We Afghans used always to say that Punjabi Muhammadans were only half Muhammadans, but now I see we were wrong, they are not a quarter. In our country we call in every stranger and traveller to share our feast.'

"Shortly after midday we reached Lala Musa, and visiting the station found the train had just come in. We mingled with the bustling crowd and watched the native sweetmeat and refreshment vendors going from one carriage to another calling, 'Hot rolls! Hot rolls and pulse!' 'Sweets fried in butter'; 'Hot milk,' and various other delicacies, and we watched the fortunate possessors of pice selecting some tempting sweetmeat or pancake. Then we passed on to the refreshment-rooms where the European passengers were taking a hurried meal, and I

remembered many occasions when I had been in that same refreshment-room without being a tithe as hungry, and now how could I venture inside? Should I not be greeted with, 'Now then, out of this; no faqirs wanted here.' So I wandered back among the third-class passengers. A Sikh native officer spoke kindly to me, and offered me some cardamoms, and then the whistle blew, the passengers hurried to their seats, and we were left alone. A railway servant entered into conversation, and finding who we were recommended us to go to the village, where there was a Christian preacher. We went to the caravanserai where there were some Afghan traders sitting on a bed; they seemed surprised at getting a greeting in Pushtu, but returned it heartily.

"Then I saw a well-dressed man walking off towards the bazaar; something in his face and a book in his hand seemed to indicate him as the Christian preacher, and on introducing ourselves we found we were not mistaken. He asked us into his house for a rest, and informed us his name was Allah Ditta, and he was a worker of the Scotch Mission at Gujrat. After the rebuff of the morning we were loth to say that, though the sun was now declining towards the west, we were still waiting for our breakfast, so after a time I rose to go, when to our considerable satisfaction the kind man asked us to stop till tea was ready. It was a pleasure to see the work carried on and witness borne in this needy place by this man and an Indian fellow-labourer of his, who was living with him, and we went on cheered in body and soul after some pleasant intercourse and united prayer.

"The road from Lala Musa to Gujrat possesses nothing of much interest except the fine rows of trees lining both sides of the road, but Gujrat itself is always of interest; the old city, its historic associations, and the energetic and life-diffusing Scotch Mission established there.

"It now only wanted three days to Christmas, and what

could a Medical Missionary Sadhu desire more than to spend that season in an ideal Medical Mission? and such we found eight miles from Gujrat at Jalalpur Jattan. The day we arrived there, we found the doctors in the thick of the fray with the maimed, the halt, and the blind, dealing out relief to the bodies, and health to the souls of the eagerly pressing multitude gathered round them. We stayed here over Christmas, and I was allowed to take charge of the medical work during the doctors' absence. How far-reaching is the influence of a dispensary and hospital like this! A map of the district round was displayed on the wall in which the villages from which patients had come were marked with red ink, and it looked for all the world like a scarlet fever patient in the height of the eruption! And then each returning patient is a retailer in his own village of the good things he has learnt and heard while in the hospital, and so the work multiplies itself. There is an interesting old village here of the Emperor Akbar's time called Islamnaggar, and in one old well therein the roots of a pipal tree can be seen growing down in the wall for nearly 100 feet, considerably more than the height of the tree itself above the ground. The inhabitants also show an old mosque where the Sikhs stabled their horses in the time of their ascendancy.

"Wazirabad was the next halt, and here we had the pleasure of seeing the flourishing Mission School and of preaching in the bazaar with the energetic Missionary in charge, who evidently values this method of spreading the Gospel.

"I often noticed that when any Missionary had begun to lose heart or give way to despondency, then bazaar preaching was the first branch of the work to suffer, and that, on the contrary, where there was most life this branch of work was most in evidence.

"It is a work which I believe to be rich in returns, but requiring no little enthusiasm, preparation, and perseverance.

"We now somewhat regretfully parted company with the well-metalled Grand Trunk Road, and proceeded in a north-easterly direction to the Sialkot district. It was not long before we had to call a halt for punctures, from which we had been fairly free while on the Grand Trunk Road, but this day we had to stop several times before reaching Daska, eighteen miles from Wazirabad, where the Scotch Mission have a Christian Boys' Boarding-school, which seemed chiefly noted for two things: its success in the Lake Memorial Scripture Examinations, and its crack cricket eleven. Some of the boys accompanied me to the bazaar preaching, and helped to attract an audience by their singing. Daska is so called because it is *Das Koh*, or eighteen miles distant from four towns: Sialkot, Gujranwala, Wazirabad, and Pasrur; we started next day for the last mentioned. The road is rough for bicycling, and our old enemies the acacias lined the way. One tyre gave out entirely, going off like a pistol-shot before we had gone five miles. I used my last piece of rubber in repairing it, and a few miles on, pop it went again. Now was the time for the pyjamas torn in the tamarisk jungle of the Kurram River to come in useful. Though unwearable, I had brought them on with the melancholy reluctance a faqir has to part with his rags, and seeing I could no longer inflate my tube I stuffed the remains of the pyjamas and a few other small articles of dress into the outer tyre, making a fair imitation of a cushion tyre, sufficient to enable us to reach Pasrur without having to tramp! Here our reputation must have preceded us, as while we were still debating on the confines of the town where to seek shelter, fortune forestalled us in the person of a kind-hearted lady Missionary, who seeing, no doubt, how wayworn an appearance we presented, conducted us to the house of the Indian pastor, the Rev. Labhu Mall, where our wants were attended to, and I even managed to get some leather patches sewn over the frayed

portions of the outer tyre, and the inner tyre repaired. Here for the first time I saw the very sensible arrangement of having an Indian church furnished with mats instead of benches, and the people permitted to worship seated on the ground as their ancestors have been accustomed to sit from generation to generation, instead of the uncomfortable Western innovation of benches and pews.

"And how happy the people in the crowded church seemed, although it was a weekday service, and how heartily they sang their native melodies! How much those Missionaries have to answer for who introduced Western worship into the East, thus overwhelming spontaneous spirituality of worship with forms, both material forms of wood and immaterial forms of man's device. Is it too late to strike back to a greater simplicity now? And will the opposition arise now more from those who have been educated wrongly than from the educators themselves? Whatever answer is given to these questions, I am sure that the Indian Church was a great loser when it adopted English methods in preference to Apostolic ones, and the more quickly it can get back to the apostolic oriental ideal, the better will it be for its health and vigour. Another church I visited later in the tour rejoiced in a thoroughly English peal of bells costing some thousands of rupees, and probably the Indian members of the congregations there would not spontaneously subscribe even for chains to hang them up by. To what good are they then? Probably an object lesson to the Indian Church that English money is plentifully forthcoming for the satisfying of English whims, and that therefore if they adopt English ways and methods English money will be equally readily forthcoming, and thus Indian development, in which growth is natural and independent of adventitious aids, is crippled and stunted at the start.

"There is a praiseworthy effort in this Mission at self-support in preference to show. I have no doubt the fruit

will be reaped at some day of trial, when it is found that such a Church had power to stand and grow even when outside aid and foreign teachers are removed. However, for the 'self-support' pastors themselves, the work is at first difficult and discouraging, and it requires men of great faith, humility, and perseverance; but, thank God! not a few such are to be found in the Indian Church.

"If Punjabi Christians were given to making pilgrimages, no place in the Punjab would form a more worthy objective than Narowal, and it was therefore with great feelings of expectation that we set out from Pasrur on December 30, and the villages we passed *en route* had a special interest owing to their being situated in the district where some of our most revered Punjab Missionaries have worked, and from which some of the most distinguished Punjabi Christians have come.

"The well-worn furniture of the Mission School in the bazaar, the quaint little church perched just over a busy thoroughfare, the curiously built Mission-house in which East and West seem blended in a happy concord, all possessed an almost historic interest—an interest which was developed into an abiding satisfaction by the privilege of resting in such a house as that of the Chaudri of Ghrag, where the feasibility of Christianising a Punjabi home without Westernising it is happily illustrated; and by the meeting with a Missionary in charge who does not sacrifice the development of a natural inward growth to that of more showy results. A good idea which might be useful to Missionaries elsewhere is the Gospel wagon; in this Mr. Gough itinerates, sleeps, works, reads, is able to travel about more conveniently than if tents have to be struck, packed, carried, and pitched every day, so that after the first expense it is more economical than the usual camp equipment, provided, of course, that the character of the country is not too rough or sandy.

"Another pleasing feature of the work here is to find

the Missionary living just where he should be, in the midst of his work. Not in the splendid isolation of a distant bungalow, as has become the pernicious practice in some places, but right in the midst of the people where they can have free access to him without becoming marked men. Surely it is an amazing perversion that after having travelled thousands of miles to spread the Gospel among the people of this country anyone should take up their residence as far as possible from where they live, in a bungalow which makes the poorer ones uncomfortable all the time they are in it, and to surround that too with a hedge of mimosa, or prickly pear, with surly chaprasis like maxim guns at intervals, and as likely as not some snappish bull-terriers as an inner line of defence, and then to wonder and lament that so few enquirers come for instruction. I have not found one Missionary lamenting the slackness of work who has done the reasonable thing and gone after and among the people, instead of waiting for them to come to him; and other things being equal, the more the Missionary has made himself readily accessible and at home among them, the more abundant has been the fruit of his labour.

"I saw here the large, and in some respects unique, church which will always be associated with the work and name of Bateman, but the smaller and older building had the more attraction for me. I was unfortunate in seeing the larger building empty, as it was not the time of worship; and a mere church of bricks and mortar has very little interest if there is not the church of flesh and blood within. Without the living Church it is but the husk without the kernel.

"On the last day of 1903, after a God-speed from our friends at Narowal, we started along the road towards the Ravi River which we soon reached, flowing clear and cold below a sandy cliff on its western bank, where it had evidently been encroaching on the lands of the farmers and

engulfing many a fertile acre and the houses of the village too, the ruins of the latter showing some way along the bank. The east bank was a low wide expanse of sand which had long been left dry by the receding stream. Seeing no other way to cross, we were preparing to take off our clothes and ford when a kind zamindar came up with : 'Peace be with you.' 'And on thee be peace.' 'Whither are you going, O Sadhu-log, and what is your order and sect?' 'We are Christian Sadhus travelling from Afghanistan to India, and are seeking means to cross this river.' 'Then you are my teacher,' said the zamindar, brightening into a smile, 'and I will get a boat and take you across.' And although the good fellow had been brought to the brink of ruin by the destruction of his lands and house caused by the rapacious river, he went and procured a boat and rowed us across, knowing that it was not in our power to give him any reward excepting to pray that he might recover his lost land, and to give him some spiritual comfort. After the pleasure of meeting with this brother so opportunely, we went on encouraged, and soon reached Dera Baba Nanak, the residence of the descendants of the famous Guru, the founder of the Sikh religion, and the seat of a Darbar, or fine Sikh temple, the gold-covered dome of which we saw glittering in the sun. The splendour of the Darbar inside and out, and the beautiful marbles and hangings were, however, but a poor substitute for the spiritual power of Nanak's teaching.

"Naturally our conversation did not lead to much profit, and we resorted to the house of the Christian catechist, who received us kindly and accompanied me to the bazaar, where we both preached to a fair assemblage of the 'Babalog,' or descendants of the Guru and others, on the spiritual nature of true religion as compared with the empty forms and ceremonies trusted in by the world at large. The New Year dawned crisp and frosty, and we were loth to turn out of the warm house with our thin

cotton clothes and bare feet! A little brisk running with the bicycles was beginning to get us warm when pop went a tyre again, and both hands and feet got cold dabbling about in a ditch mending the first of a series which finally resulted in one of the bicycles striking work when still twelve miles out from Batala. We were holding a council as to what to do when an empty *ekka* came trundling along, and we persuaded the driver, after some difficulty, to take up one bicycle and its rider while the other rode on into Batala on the still sound machine." (Shah Jehan, the *chela*, drove on, while Dr. Pennell bicycled the weary way.)

"All the cold and weariness of the journey were forgotten when we got a warm welcome and some needed refreshment in the hospitable home of the Assistant-Surgeon, Dr. Inayat Nasir, and we spent two very happy days under his roof. Batala is a place second only to Narowal in its C.M.S. interest, for it was here that the sainted A.L.O.E. (Miss Tucker) spent the greater part of her Missionary life, and gave to the Baring High School some of its valued traditions. This lady presented a vestry door here, the archæological interest of which far exceeded its vertical height; consequently a double inscription is placed above it, 'The Lord shall go before thee' above, and below that 'Mind your head!' There were a good many fakirs of sorts here, one of them, the guardian of an old tomb, entered into a spirited argument with me on the necessity and indeed the merit of sinning, as thereby we gave scope to the forgiving qualities of the 'All-merciful' One! Heresy after all runs on much the same lines in all ages and climes.

"While I was considering the most useful way of spending Sunday, I was recommended to go to a village, Satkua, nine or ten miles off on the Gurdaspur road, where lived with his family an old and worthy convert from Muhammadanism, Nabi Bakhsh by name, who always valued in

his loneliness a visit from some Christian brother. We found the good man, who is a *lambardar*, in a non-Christian village, and therefore removed from Christian fellowship, and he did not seem much surprised to see us. After the first salutations were over he explained the reason why. He had made up his mind on Saturday to go into Gurdaspur to partake of the Holy Communion with the congregation, and set out to the railway station with this intention. He missed the train, however, and returned home to get his horse, intending to ride in, but his horse got unwell at the start and could not proceed. Then he told his servant to get up early on Sunday morning and saddle his horse and wake him, but both he and the servant overslept themselves till it was too late to go. From these hindrances he concluded that God intended him to spend that Sunday at home. We had some pleasant commune together, and then left him to return to Batala, where I had the valued opportunity of addressing the bright lads of the Baring High School after evening service. How great indeed are the opportunities and responsibilities in training up these young men and boys, who are to be the future mainstay of the Punjab Church ? There can be no work more important than this. Here we found a new axle for the broken wheel awaiting us, so we were able to send back the borrowed wheel to our benefactor at Gujar, and start with our machines once more in good repair.

" Our next objective was the village of Qadian, rendered famous by being the head-quarters of the Muhammadan reformer, Mirza Ghulam Ahmad, who had collected round him there a small band of zealous followers ; unfortunately the good he might otherwise do is vitiated by his impious claim to be the returned Messiah, in accordance with which he claims miraculous powers and demands a correspondingly abject obedience. Heavy rain clouds were overcasting the sky when we set out, and we had scarcely covered the

eleven miles of unmade road between Batala and Qadian when the downpour commenced, and continued throughout the day. Maulvi Muhammad Sadiq, the headmaster of the Mirza's High School, received us with the greatest courtesy, and gave us one of the schoolrooms to rest in, and shortly after, as the Mirza was indisposed and unable to see us, we were taken into the presence of his lieutenant, Maulvi Nur-ud-din. This Maulvi is very learned, probably the most learned in Qadian; he comes from the town of Bhera on the Jhelum, and has been a disciple of the Mirza for some years. He was teaching theology to a large class of youths and men in Eastern fashion, reclining on a simple mat and cushion himself, while his pupils sat on the ground round him. Tea was brought in for us and him while he went on teaching. The *Hadis* from which the pupils were reading was on the subject of prayer, and the Maulvi explained the passages with great force and perspicuity as the pupil read them out.

"After some dissertation on the correct intonation of prayers, he took up a comparison of the text of the Quran and the Bible, showing how the custom of committing the former to memory had resulted in its verbal correctness. Following the same line, M. Muhammad Sadiq compared with this the recent criticisms on the Bible by the Christian expositors, and the *Encyclopædia Biblica*, which he seemed to have studied minutely, afforded him an inexhaustible store of argument. After this the midday meal was brought in to which we did ample justice: this over, we were sent for by a connection of the Nawab of Maler-Kotla State, who had become a disciple of the Mirza's. He had devoted himself and his resources to the latter's service, and was living in a simple and almost Spartan manner in the village. I had a long conversation with him and some others of the Mirza's followers, and also had an opportunity of seeing the printing presses where the papers and periodicals, on which this sect relies so much, are

printed, and the High School, College classes and boarding-house. Though the buildings for the latter were second-rate, yet the management seemed good, and the inmates orderly and well trained; in particular I noticed that though the next morning was chilly and drizzly, yet all were up at the first streak of dawn and turned methodically out of their warm beds into the cold yard, proceeding to the mosque where all united in morning prayers, after which most of them devoted themselves to reading the Quran for half an hour or more. Many of the masters, too, seem very earnest in their work, and have renounced much higher emoluments for nominal salaries in the cause to which they have devoted themselves.

"We were fairly tired out with a long day of talking and interviewing and slept soundly, though we were disappointed at receiving a message in the evening that the Mirza was still too unwell to see us, but hoped to do so in the morning. However, when morning dawned we heard with much regret that he had passed a bad night, and was quite unable to see anyone. As his attendants were unable to hold out any prospect of a speedy interview, and as indeed we felt doubtful as to whether the interview was desired, we got ready for a start. We had been kindly and hospitably received, and there is something inspiriting in seeing a number of educated men thoroughly zealous and keen in the active pursuit of religion, but the strong spirit of antagonism, nay enmity, to Christianity, was saddening. Moreover, one could not but feel that, as in similar cases in England and America, here was a man of great ability who had effectually deceived himself, or been deceived, and had then been the means of persuading a multitude of others into believing his false claims, as we read in Matthew xxiv. 11, 'False prophets shall arise, and shall deceive many.'

CHAPTER XVIII

1904

The Ochre Pilgrimage (*continued*).

"THE roads were now very heavy owing to the downpour of the previous day; but other cyclists have probably discovered before this, that in such circumstances the path along the sides of the canals makes very good going, as the water runs off it rapidly without soaking in, and affords a very pleasant ride when all the roads round are deep in mud. We accordingly made for the nearest point of the Beas Canal, and then continued along its banks till near the village of Tibri.

"At one place we were in doubt which bifurcation of the canal to take, and seeing a youth not far off grazing a horse, I made in his direction to enquire the way—fruitlessly, however, for he left horse and halter and took to his heels, screaming as though he thought all the genii of Kaf were after him, and finding I still pursued, he made a wild dash across the canal, pausing on the opposite bank to thank heaven for what he no doubt imagined to be a narrow escape from a horrible apparition.

"Arrived in Gurdaspur, we were entertained in the headquarters of the Salvation Army, the impressionists of Indian Missionaries. We learnt something of their methods of work, and saw their way of training indigenous Missionaries, and the high value they set on music and singing. Certainly it was impossible for the hearers not to be deeply

moved by the earnest, heartfelt singing and testimonies of their cadets and the charming *naïveté* of the children's choruses. Moreover, a talk with Miss Bannister is a Missionary education in itself.

"Later in the day their band helped to collect an audience in the bazaar, to whom I had the delight of repeating the old, old story. Whether it was the band or the Sadhu garb I do not know, but the people crowded round with marked attention.

"Next day we set forward again, and after a five-mile spin found ourselves on the top of an eminence surveying as ideal a landscape as one could wish for. On our left was a glorious panorama of the Himalayas, range surmounting range of glistening snow, a shimmering study in dazzling white, and all set off by the varying greens and browns of the rich Punjab plain to the east and south, the forests and fields of which lay mapped out before us, with the River Beas, a gleaming stream of silver, meandering through its fertile tracts. Reaching the river we found that the toll-keeper was on the further side and the river itself unfordable. Asking the boatmen whether we could cross without paying toll as we had no means of doing so, they said the only way was for one of us to cross over and ask; we thought on our part that it would be better for us both to cross over and ask, and as the boatmen agreed to this proposition we heaved our machines aboard one of the boats and crossed over with a number of camels and bullocks.

"Safely arrived on the other side, we went to the toll office and did what most Orientals do when they are in a quandary, sat down and waited to see what would turn up. The toll-man leisurely collected the coins of all the passengers, both quadruped and biped, eyed us narrowly without speaking, and then deliberately commenced to smoke his *hookah*. As time passed we both became contemplative, he on the wreathing columns of

smoke from his pipe, I on the bucolic landscape around us. His patience was the first to waver, and he broke the silence with, 'Now, Sadhu-ji, your pice.' 'Indeed, I carry no such mundane articles.' 'Then what right had you to cross the Sarkar's river in the Sarkar's boat?' 'Indeed, our purpose was to crave a favour of your worthy self.' 'What do you desire of me, O Sadhu-ji?' 'Merely that as we are on a pilgrimage to India and have no money, you should allow us to cross without paying toll, and as you were on this side and we on that, and nobody would take our message, there was no alternative but to come in person to ask the favour.' 'Very well, Sadhu-ji, your request is granted, and may you remember me.'

"Five miles of good road took us to the charming village of Mukerian, among whose shady mango groves we were lief to linger; but the lengthening shadows warned us that we still had ten or twelve miles to go that day, and had no idea as to whether the road was good or bad. For a few miles it was fair, but after that deep sand-drifts commenced, so that it was getting dark when we reached Dasuya, a fair-sized town. After making enquiries we found the house of a Christian preacher, but he himself was away from home; however, we were given some food and a room to sleep in, so made ourselves comfortable for the night and were up at daybreak to continue our journey to Hoshiarpur. There was a bitterly cold wind blowing, so that we were almost thankful for the sand-drifts on the road, as the exercise of pushing the machines through them warmed us up. A few miles on we met some labourers who were warming themselves over a fire of twigs, and we took the opportunity to rest in its welcome glow. Thereupon the wife of one of them came out from her cottage hard by and brought us some boiled spinach and mustard, and, warmed both inside and out, we went on with fresh energy, now through mango topes, and now through the deep sand of some dry water-

course, or again wading through streams, till after twenty-six miles of heavy travelling we saw the high houses of Hoshiarpur on the further banks of a nearly dry river. Passing through the town we admired its fine houses and busy bazaars full of buyers and sellers, and every kind of merchandise set out in the open shop-fronts to tempt the passers-by.

"But all the troubles of the journey passed away as a dream when we found ourselves ensconced under the hospitable roof of Dr. Datta, the Civil Surgeon, and in the enjoyment of his society and hospitality we found refreshment both for mind and body. From a Missionary point of view, the chief interest of Hoshiarpur is as an example of how successful in all its branches a Mission station may be in the charge of a wise and experienced Indian worker, without the overshadowing presence of Western officers. The easy run along the smooth metalled road into Jullundur the next day was in great contrast to our recent experiences, and it was a pleasant change not to have to alight constantly for a sand-drift, a puncture, or a stream. In Jullundur itself we found ourselves, like Christian, arrived in the Palace Beautiful, and amid the open-handed hospitality of Rani and Raja Sir Harnam Singh, it was difficult to maintain even the semblance of faqirism. Amidst these luxurious surroundings we were acutely conscious of the truth of the beautiful old Persian couplet, which may be rendered:

"'The outward sign of those who have attained knowledge may be their patched cloak, for this is the means of their recognition among men, but you should strive after character and wear what you will; place a crown on your head if you have a character on your shoulders, true chastity is to forgo the world and your passions and desires and not only to change your dress.'

"For ourselves, I felt that our faqirism was of a very diluted order; to be consistent we should have refrained

from going to the house of our well-to-do Christian brethren, and been content with the shelter of mosque, or *dharmsala*;[1] I felt, however, that in so doing I should have lost the opportunity of making some valuable acquaintances and gaining much experience in other branches of Mission work; moreover, a faqir does not seek ease, yet he does not refuse it when it comes unsought, and thus, as in the journey of life, we learnt both to be abased and to abound, to be full and to be hungry, to abound and to suffer need. If faqirism is itself made the object, no useful purpose is served, but of the *spirit* of the faqir there can be no superfluity. Aloofness will only alienate those whom we seek to attract; and it is in this way that under some cricumstances the adoption of the native dress is often very useful. I may give two instances that occurred in this city of Jullundur. While passing through the bazaar a merchant called me into his shop, and bidding me be seated, invited some of his friends to come and hear what I had to say. A little later on a man came running after me with a message that the police sergeant wished to meet me. I turned back and found the *thanadar* seated by the roadside with some friends, and after the usual salutations he questioned me as to my identity and purpose in going about as I was doing. This led to a conversation which I trust was useful to at least some of those present. I feel sure that I should have missed both these opportunities had I been dressed like a decent Englishman. The danger arises when any individual or society begins to look on Indian garb as an end in itself, instead of only one Missionary implement out of many to be used when necessity arises but never made a fetish of. An Englishman wearing English clothes, but with his heart full of love for the people, will always find them responsive to that love; but an Englishman in Indian dress with his heart full of racial pride of the 'I-

[1] *Dharmsala* = Hindu temple of the North.

am-one-of-the-governing-race' description would be an absurdity so thinly veiled that the dullest Indian would see through it at once.

"We were now on the Grand Trunk Road once more, so that our final journey from Jullundur to Ludhiana presented no difficulties except the minor one of crossing the Sutlej River, over which there is a railway bridge, but nothing for either cart or passenger traffic, which has to labour painfully through the deep sand and ford a hundred yards or so of shallow water, which is all that represents the mighty Sutlej at this time of the year, now that so much of its water is tapped to fill the irrigation cuts. Next morning, when a few miles out from Ludhiana, we overtook another Sadhu travelling in the same direction, and went on together for a time comparing our experiences. As his story is typical of many of the better class of Sadhus, I give it briefly here in his own words: 'My father is a small Hindu farmer in the State of Patiala, and when three sons had been born to him he made a vow that he would consecrate the fourth to the service of God. Therefore, when I was born he only allowed me to stay with my mother till I was four years old, and then he took me to a certain large city where there is a famous shrine, in the care of a very holy man who is renowned for his piety and deep learning. At first I wept much at being taken away from my brothers and sisters, but the Swami treated me kindly and gave me sweetmeats, and I used to fetch his mats and books, and put oil in his lamp and do other little services for him. Then as I got older he taught me to read first in *Bhasha* and then in Sanskrit, and he taught me all the laws of worship and paths to Bhagat (devotion). When I became a lusty young man he told me to make pilgrimages to various sacred places and to visit other sages and holy men. So I went forth on my first journey, taking with me only a staff, a gourd for drinking water, a rug, and a couple of

Shasters (holy books). I had never been out in the world before, and at first I was very timid of asking people for food in new places that I had never seen ; but people were nearly always kind to me and gave me food to eat and shelter at night, so I gradually got bolder, and I would recite to them verses out of the holy books in return for their kindness, for I had no money or anything else to give them.

" ' In this way I have travelled many hundreds of miles on foot, and seen many sacred places and holy men. After each journey I return to my preceptor and tell him my experiences, receive fresh counsel and instructions from him, and now I am just starting on another journey to Dwarka.' Looking down at my bicycle, I felt quite a luxurious traveller compared with this brave fellow starting off with no hesitation and no misgiving on a journey of hundreds of miles with not a pice in his pocket, and a kit even more slender than our own. He had little idea as to where Dwarka was, but was quite content to ask his way day by day and trust to God and the hospitality of his co-religionists for sustenance. ' Yes,' he said, ' sometimes I do want to see my family. My brothers are all *Gryasthas* (married householders) now, and I sometimes take a few days' leave from my master to visit them and my parents. I am quite happy in this life, and do not desire money or service or children, for when my heart is lonely I read in the Bhagwat Gita, and get consolation, and I like that better than any other book, because it makes my heart glad. No, I have never met anyone who has spoken to me of Christ, and I do not know anything about Him, but I am quite happy, because I am sure that if I continue a life of penury, celibacy, and pilgrimage, I shall attain salvation.'

" Twenty-seven miles out from Ludhiana we reached the town of Khanna, a centre of the cotton industry, and remarkable as being the place where the purest Punjabi

in the Province is spoken. (I am told, however, on good authority that Tarn Tarn, a village near Amritsar, takes precedence of Khanna in this respect.)

"After a refreshing halt under the hospitable roof of Rev. E. P. Newton, we again mounted our bicycles, but the day was declining and Umballa forty miles off, so we decided to take it easily and sleep wherever night should overtake us. The country about here is pretty and well wooded, and the great Sirhind Canal brings the fertilising waters of the Sutlej to enrich vast tracts of what would otherwise be barren land. In such places you can see the wild virgin jungle in close touch with an area of cultivation, and a village hard by nestling among trees, usually somewhat raised above the level of the surrounding lands by the detritus of older habitations which had been built on the same site. It was to a village of this description, which we saw through the trees about a quarter of a mile to the south of the road, that we resorted, just as the golden hues of the western sky were softening into a sombre grey. Most of the men seemed to be out in the fields when we arrived, for we scarcely saw anyone as we wended our way to what appeared to be the principal house in the village. Sitting down outside it, my companion began to sing a popular Indian air, 'Zara tum soch ai ghafil kih kya dam ka thikana hai' ('Think a moment, O careless one, how little certainty there is of this life'). First some children and then a few men collected, chief among the latter being a venerable and stately old Sikh, the owner of the house and the religious Guru, or *Sodhi*, of the place.

"The song ended, he enquired as to our identity, our objects and destination, and when he had been satisfied on all these points he said that, though he had never entertained Christian Sadhus before, yet if we were ready to be treated like other Sadhus, he would be very happy to show us hospitality for the night. With thank-

ful hearts we accepted his offer, and he prepared a room for us, and later brought us a good supper of rice and milk in his own vessels, which to us, after a long and tiring day, seemed a royal repast. About midnight heavy rain commenced, and the outlook next morning was wet and dreary. However, we pushed our machines along the muddy road, and in about an hour the rain stopped; we halted ten miles on at Rajpura, a town in the native State of Patiala. Here we were given some bread and tea by a Christian preacher, and very welcome it was. The rain began again in torrents, rendering it impossible to proceed on our bicycles, but as some money had been given us at a previous halting-place we were able to take tickets to Saharanpur, and for the first, but by no means the last, time we availed ourselves of the railway, as is the easy-going custom of the modern Sadhu. When we alighted at four in the afternoon at Saharanpur station, the rain had stopped.

"We had now left the Punjab behind and entered the United Provinces, and as we did not know anyone here, we walked away from the station, wondering what was in store for us, when an Indian gentleman came up and accosted us, and then enquired if we were in need of a lodging. Finding that we were, he took us off to the compound of the American Presbyterian Mission, where he was a schoolmaster, and here we met some old acquaintances who gave us a cordial welcome, so that we had not been in the new Province an hour before we began to feel quite at home. It was a delightful sight to see the hundreds of boys of the Industrial School gathered together for evening worship, and a great pleasure to hear their hearty singing, and to address a few words to them, urging them to lose no time in consecrating their days to Him who ever watches over His servants to guide and to keep them continually. It was satisfactory to learn how readily the boys trained at this (as well as other) Industrial

School were able to earn a competence for themselves, and how few failures there were.

"Another great work is being carried on here by Rev. B. B. Roy in the training of candidates in the Theological Seminary. Dispensary work in the bazaar is under the care of Dr. P. Holder. The experience of our host, Rev. B. B. Roy, is interesting, as it shows how strong a hold the ascetic Sadhu idea has on the mind of a religiously inclined Hindu, and how spontaneously his heart seeks in asceticism and retirement for the peace which a growing sense of sin and of the evil of the world has taken away: and at the same time it shows that, as in the case of Buddha, asceticism fails to afford any lasting comfort or peace to the weary storm-tossed soul.

"In his account of his conversion, he says: 'Constant starvation and exposure to all sorts of weather reduced my body to a living skeleton. After a few months' travel I came to Hardwar, and then proceeded to a place called Rishikesh, famous for Sadhus and Sanyasis. My intention was to stay there and practise *yoga* (a kind of meditative asceticism), so as to attain the final beatitude, but a strange event took place which entirely changed my purpose. The rainy season had already set in. The jungle path was muddy, and at certain places full of water. So when I reached Rishikesh I was almost covered with mud. Leaving my things in a *dharmsala*, I was going to bring water from the Ganges when I smelt a very bad odour. As I turned round I saw a dead body on the street left in the mud. Around the corpse were the huts of the Sanyasis, who were performing '*tap jap*' (repetition of religious formulæ) almost the whole day, but none of them had enough compassion to dispose of the body of the poor man who had died helpless on the street. I thought that if this was religion, then what must irreligion be? My spirit revolted against these Sadhus. I perceived in my heart of hearts that *yog-sadhan* cannot create that love

in man which makes a man feel for a fellow man. Where there is no such love there can be no religion from God.' And then he goes on to relate how, leaving Rishikesh, he fell in with a Christian preacher, and eventually found in Christ that peace which all his voluntary hardship had failed to afford, and how he had been led on and on in his pilgrimage till he had now the blessed and responsible work of teaching others of his fellow-countrymen how best to bring the good news of the eternal love to all the hungry and thirsty souls around.

"The rain began again that night and continued all the next day, so that our original intention of going on from here to Hardwar had to be forgone, and instead we took train to Meerut. An Indian holding some appointment under Government got into the carriage, and taking me to be a Maulvi from Cabul, addressed me in Persian. We continued some time comparing the conditions of life in India and Afghanistan, much to the favour of the former, to the Government of which he expressed himself as deeply grateful. As, however, neither of us were at all at home in the Persian language, the conversation was rather halting, but I could not bring myself to disillusion him and deprive him of the opportunity of paying so genuine a tribute to the British Raj.

"The rain had now cleared off, and the good roads about here dry quickly, so after a short but pleasant stay at the Mission in Meerut, I mounted my machine again, and an easy run of thirty miles brought me to Ghaziabad, which is also a Church Mission Station. After a brief rest there and another twelve miles of good road, crossing the Jumna Canal and then the Jumna River itself, I reached the historic royal city of Delhi.

"The cows of this city possess an independent, inquisitive, and, in fact, absolutely rude temperament, which I noticed nowhere else in the Punjab. The Jumna is crossed by a very fine iron girder bridge, with the railway

running overhead and the cart traffic below; and I had started along the underway when I saw two inoffensive-looking cows some twenty yards ahead. As they were crossing very leisurely, I, without meaning any offence, passed them on my machine, but had not gone fifteen yards ahead, when I heard a tramping noise behind me, heightened by the reverberation of the hollow bridge and the rattling of the plank floor, till it seemed like a troop of horsemen at the charge. Looking over my shoulder, I saw the cows head down at full tilt; as there was no time or opportunity for explanation, I also put on speed, and we were all making good time and rather enjoying the race when a fresh difficulty presented itself. At the further end of the bridge the roadway appeared to terminate abruptly in the box of the toll-taker, and there was no clue as to whether the road itself turned to right or left or went up in a lift (it turned out that it bifurcated at right angles to both right and left, but this was invisible from a distance), so the race continued till the toll-taker at the winning-post was reached. The man stood the charge with the pluck worthy of a British Grenadier, and the cows and I were a dead heat and all of us rather mixed. However, after sorting ourselves and making the necessary explanations, we all parted good friends.

"Proceeding to the Cambridge Mission, I met my companion, who, not being quite up to the mark, had accepted a lift from a kind friend, and we both set out to see the bazaars of Delhi. Before we had gone a quarter of a mile, I observed another cow bearing down on my starboard quarter. Being unable to believe that three cows could be so insufferably rude in one city, I steered a straight course, on the right side of the road too, till I found the animal's horns almost touching my knee, when I jumped off and regretfully resigned my machine to the inevitable. The cow, without so much as by your leave, put its head

through the frame, and with a haughty toss of the head swung the bicycle on to its neck and then went careering down the corn market with my machine swinging round its neck like a windmill, and us two Sadhus rushing wildly after it. After a fifty yards' run the cow seemed to have some qualms of conscience, and with a twist of the head, threw the machine some yards off on to the ground, then with a sniff and a snort, trundled off to pastures new. I quite expected to find the merest wreck of my machine, but beyond a bent crank and a few minor injuries the Elswick had braved the storm in a way that is a credit to the manufacturers. A good Samaritan in the Cambridge Mission got the necessary oil and wire applied, and my machine was itself again. One of the most striking personalities of this Mission is the blind *Maulvi*. He was once a veritable Saul in his hatred and persecution of the Church, a persecution rendered all the more formidable by the ascendancy which his intimate knowledge of the *Quran* gave him among the people. Now he is an humble disciple, preaching the faith which once he persecuted so bitterly.

"Sometimes Missionaries, especially lonely ones who seldom see other surroundings than their own, get fits of the blues when an obtrusive *cui bono* overclouds their horizon, and even the silver lining of the cloud seems dimmed by the gathering gloom. There is a recipe for such, the efficacy of which I can vouch for personally. Spend a few days under the hospitable roof of the Delhi Cambridge Mission, talk with some of the Missionaries there, both English and Indian, see with your own eyes the work that is going on, and get a breath of the spirit that enthuses all. If you live in the United Provinces, a similar experiment may be tried in the S.P.G. Mission at Cawnpore, where the curative influences are about the same. In Delhi itself, what struck us most was to see the trade in doves, pigeons, and vegetables carried

on on the very steps and vestibule of the *Jama Masjid*, reminding one forcibly of what we are told about the precincts of the temple when Christ entered it, and equally inappropriate.

"It was with regret we turned our faces northward again from Delhi, but time was stealing marches on us, and Hardwar, our next goal, was still distant.

"We returned by the same road by which we had come, past Ghaziabad and Meerut as far as Muzaffarnagar, where the road to Hardwar leaves the Saharanpur road to the left and strikes northwards. We had wheeled about twelve miles along this road, when the shades of evening closed in. Seeing a good-sized village on our left, which we afterwards found was called Barla, we entered it, and proceeded to the village mosque, where the worshippers were engaged in evening prayer. This over, the Imam asked us in, and soon a crowd collected round us, eager to learn who we were and what we were doing. After the visitors had left, the Imam brought us food and gave us a shakedown in a verandah attached to the mosque, and we were soon oblivious of the toils of the past day and dreaming of the far-famed, but as yet unseen, Hardwar, the famous place of pilgrimage which we were hoping to reach on the following day.

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CHAPTER XIX

1904

The Ochre Pilgrimage (*continued*).

"An Indian visitor to England, who spent a winter in our not too hospitable climate, remarked on leaving that he had discovered how the English had acquired the dogged resolution they evince in overcoming difficulties, and that it lay in the strong effort of will required every winter morning to get out of a cosy English bed into a chill foggy winter atmosphere.

"If that is the case, then we had no opportunity of strengthening our wills at Barla, for the verandah was so insufferably cold in the early hours of the morning, that although we discovered some straw to sleep on yet we unanimously agreed to get up, load our bicycles, and start off before dawn, in order to get warmed up by the exercise.

"The road soon approached the Ganges Canal, and then crossing that by a bridge continued up its eastern bank towards Rurki. After going about seventeen miles, gradually getting into a comfortable glow, and feeling the exhilaration of a morning breeze fresh from the Himalayan snows, I noticed a house by the roadside with a board, 'Methodist Episcopal Mission,' and the sight of a bearer hurrying in with a teapot and tray suggested that it was a very appropriate time (about 8 a.m.) for calling. The bearer seemed reluctant at first to report our presence, but even bearers are not proof against curiosity, and the

sight of our bicycles apparently decided him to do so. Sadhus were no doubt common enough and troublesome enough, too, so near to Hardwar, but Sadhus on bicycles were something of an innovation; so in another minute our spirits were raised by the sight of a benign and venerable gentleman coming out to invite us in. Sweet is the fellowship of kindred spirits at all times, and in this case nothing was detracted from the pleasure derived from meeting this old soldier of the Cross by the fact that we got a good breakfast into the bargain! A few miles on we entered Rurki Cantonments, passed the Engineering College for which it is famous, and found ourselves on the embankment of the Ganges Canal, which we were to follow up for nineteen miles till we reached Hardwar, where the canal is taken out of the great river as it emerges from the hills on to the plains.

"A sight of this mighty engineering feat should be enough to stop the mouth of any of those cantankerous spirits who doubt the benefits conferred on India by British rule. A little above Rurki a massive aqueduct carries the whole volume of the canal high over the river flowing far beneath, and yet further up two river-beds are conducted over the canal, which passes beneath them. The uniqueness of this piece of engineering is dependent on two other factors, the crystalline limpidity of the blue water and the glorious scenery which forms a setting to all. I no longer needed to enquire why the common consent of countless generations of Hindus had made this neighbourhood their Holy Land, the appropriateness of it all flashed on my mind the moment the glorious vista opened before me.

"There beyond me were the majestic Himalayas, the higher ranges clothed in the purest dazzling white, emblem of the Great Eternal Purity, looking down impassive on all the vicissitudes of puny man, enacting his drama of life with a selfish meanness so sordid in contrast to that spotless purity; and yet not unmoved, for is there not

a stream of life-giving water ever issuing from those silent solitudes without which the very springs of man's existence would dry up and wither at their primordium just as the Eternal Spirit is the fountain light of all our day, the postulate of our very existence. And then in the nearer distance the lower ranges clothed in the richest verdure of the primeval forest, vast tracts not yet subdued by the plough of man where the religious devotee can strive to rise from Nature to Nature's God amid those solitudes and recesses where no handiwork of man distracts the soul from the contemplation of the illimitable and mysterious First Cause.

"While looking down from the elevation of the canal, there was spread out at our feet a bucolic scene of peace and plenty, where villages and hamlets surrounded by green fields and cultivation lay scattered among sylvan glades drinking in vivifying streams which had journeyed down by chasm and defile through valley and through meadow from those distant solitudes. How natural it seemed that in those early Vedic ages, when the reverence for the forces of nature was still unsullied, this vast cathedral of God's own architecture should have been made the chosen place of worship of the race where the more devout spirits strove not only to aspire and adore, but to shake off the trammels of a mere mundane corporeal existence till the spirit was as free as the birds in the air around, as clear from earthly dross as the limpid waters below, and as integral a part of the great eternal whole as nature around, so diverse in its manifestations, yet knitted together in one congruous whole by a pervading and uniform natural law. But, *facilis descensus Averni!* how often the most glorious inspirations are dragged down and down till they subserve the basest instincts of man. So here a little further on at Hardwar we were to have the spiritual elation engendered by the natural scene cruelly shattered by a sight of the vileness and sordidness

of the most repulsive aspects of humanity, and by realising how the most divine conceptions can be dragged down and abased by pandering to all that is brutal and evil in man.

"Before reaching Hardwar we visited the shrine of Farid Makhdum Shah, which is close to the canal, a noted place of pilgrimage for the Muhammadans of North India. The guest-rooms for the accommodation of the pilgrims are arranged round the shrine except on the east side, where there is a mosque, and the shrine itself is richly decorated and overshadowed by the remains of what must have been a fine sycamore tree, but which is now, with the exception of one branch, a mere withered stump, which has to be propped up to prevent its falling to the ground. The one green branch is said to be miraculously kept alive by the shadow of the tomb, and if any childless pilgrim will take home a few leaves and give a decoction of them to his wife he will assuredly before long be the happy father of a son; while for the relief of other ills to which flesh is heir, there is a large masonry tank outside in which the sick, the halt, and the blind bathe and are said to receive the healing they desire. I had a bath in the tank. The waters of which were chilly and there was a deep black ooze at the bottom which seemed more likely to transmit disease than to cure it, so I declined to enter it on my list of Indian hydropathic establishments, despite the evidence of the numerous bits of rag tied about by those who professed healing after bathing in its waters. The custodian of the shrine feeds all the pilgrims who visit it every day at noon, so we got our share of some rice and pulse which was the menu for that day. After much opposition from the hierarchy of Hardwar, who look upon the Arya Samaj with as much suspicion and treat it with as much antagonism as if it were a Christian organisation, that sect has gained a footing in the town and started not only a local Samaj (or corps), but also a flourishing

printing press, and it was to the manager of their paper, the *Sat Dharm Pracharak*, that we were indebted for giving us food and shelter.

"If Demetrius was able to tell the inhabitants of Ephesus that it was from the craft generated by the worship of Diana that they had their wealth, tenfold more might not only the Brahman Pandits, but the shopkeepers, too, say that but for the blind unreasoning devotion of the thousands of pilgrims who throng the bathing ghats of Hardwar their occupation would be gone indeed. So it is not mere religious fervour that makes them oppose the Aryans and all other outside religious organisations, but something which can be daily added up in their account books.

"A constant stream of pilgrims is ever passing through the bazaar to and from that particular part of the river the water of which is supposed to possess a superlative sanctity. There they fill the glass bottles of all sizes which they have brought for the purpose, and then place them in wicker baskets on the two ends of a bamboo pole, which is balanced over their shoulder, and with which they will often travel hundreds of miles on foot till they reach their destination. If the Hindu for whom the water is being obtained is well-to-do, he will have it fetched with great pomp and ceremony, ringing of bells, playing of instruments, and chanting of *mantras*, while the baskets containing the precious liquid are gorgeously decorated and a servant is deputed to fan the aqueous god as he is borne along. Naturally the town drives a thriving trade in the bamboo rods, baskets, bottles, and all the appurtenances of a mighty pilgrimage. The bazaar is crowded with monkeys, the feeding of which affords opportunities to pious Hindus for accumulating merit, and these return the favour shown them by surreptitiously snatching sweetmeats and fruits from the open shop-fronts and darting off with their booty to the top of the shop opposite, where

they devour their stolen goods in quiet, with sundry winks and leers at the burgled shopkeeper, who, though inwardly wrathful, cannot retaliate on the sacred animals lest he should be dubbed a heretic and lose his trade.

"Any cow or calf which is in any way a monstrosity, has three horns, one eye or an ugly tumour, is a valuable asset to its fortunate possessor, who will parade it before the eyes of the devout visitors as an illustration of the vagaries of divinity, and shovel in a plentiful supply of coppers with which the misguided spectators hope to propitiate their destiny.

"From here we also visited the Gurukul institution, which is about three miles distant across the Ganges, then proceeded on our journey to Rishi Kesh, which is eighteen miles from Hardwar, higher up on the right bank of the Ganges. As a visit there would necessitate a much closer following of the Sadhu idea than we had hitherto adopted, I persuaded my companion to proceed to Dehra Dun and await my arrival there. Above Hardwar the banks of the Ganges are clothed with a dense forest, and the road to Rishi Kesh is merely a rough track through jungle; pious Hindus, however, have erected temples and rest-houses at short intervals, where travellers can spend the night and get refreshment. Having left my bicycle behind, I had proceeded about six miles through the forest when I met a Brahman journeying to Rishi Kesh with a heavily laden pony. The animal was obstreperous and the luggage kept falling off, so I offered the Brahman my services, which he gladly accepted, and after re-packing the luggage in a securer style we got along very well. The Brahman beguiled the time by telling me histories of the past glories of the Rishis of Rishi Kesh, and of how the spread of infidelity and cow-killing was undermining the fabric of Hinduism, and false Sadhus and Sanyasis from the lower (non-Brahman) caste were crowding into their ranks for the sake of an easy living,

till it was almost impossible to distinguish the true from the false, and a bad name was brought upon all. It was getting dark, and the forest path becoming difficult to follow; we reached a clearing with a temple and a few cottages built round it, so we decided to spend the night there, and through the kind offices of the Brahman I was given a small room adjoining the temple, on the stone floor of which I spread my blanket and prepared to make myself comfortable for the night. I had consumed my supper of bread and pulse, given the remains to the temple cow, and settled myself to sleep when I was roused by a fearful din.

"The temple in which I found myself was dedicated to Vishnu and Lakhshmi, and their full-size images, dressed up in gaudy tinsel, were within. The time for their evening meal had arrived, but the gods were asleep, therefore the violent tom-toming and clashing of cymbals which had roused me so hurriedly was really intended to make the drowsy gods bestir themselves to partake of the supper which their worshippers had reverently brought them. When the gods were thoroughly awakened and the dainty food had been placed before them, the priest proceeded to fan them with peacocks' feathers while the imaginary meal was being consumed; meanwhile the worshippers bowed themselves on the floor before them, prostrating themselves with arms and legs extended on the stones and foreheads in the dust, the more zealous continuing their prostrations as long as the meal lasted. The repast ended, the worshippers knelt reverently in line and received a few drops each of the water left over and a few husks of corn that had been sanctified by being part of the meal of the gods, taking them from the priest in their open palm and drinking the water and eating the corn with raptures of pleasure and renewed prostrations. After this the worshippers departed, and the gods were gently fanned to sleep, the priest and the most substantial part of the dinner were left alone, and I went off to sleep.

"The next morning the Brahman and I were up betimes and girded ourselves to negotiate the nine miles of forest which still lay between us and our destination, and before reaching which we had to ford several small rivers. The rays of the sun had scarcely become unpleasantly warm when we found ourselves elbowing our way through the Sadhus and pilgrims who were crowding the small bazaar of Rishi Kesh.

"Rishi Kesh has so little in common with the world in general, is so diverse from all one's preconceived notions and ideas, and its mental atmosphere departs so far from the ordinary human standard, that it is difficult to know whether to describe it in the ordinary terms of human experience or whether to look on it as a weird dream of the bygone ages of another world. As for myself, I had not been wandering among its ochre-coloured devotees for a quarter of an hour before my mind involuntarily reverted to a time many years gone by, when I was a student in Bethlem Hospital, and to a dream I had had at that time when I imagined myself to be an inmate, no longer as a psychological student, but with the indescribably uncanny feeling 'I am one of them myself. Now, these madmen all around me are only counterparts of myself.' So here, too, as some of the forms of voluntary asceticism, nudity, or ash-besmeared bodies aroused feelings of abhorrence, I had to check myself with the thought: 'But you yourself are one of them also, these weird Sadhus are your accepted brothers in uniform.' And so the illusion continued so long as I moved among them, and when finally I left Rishi Kesh behind me, it was like waking from some nightmare.

"Accompany me round the imaginary wards and we will visit first that for imbeciles; we find most of them sitting out in the jungle under trees or awnings of matting, avoiding the proximity of their fellow-creatures, recoiling from intrusion, preserving a vacuous expression and a

prolonged silence, and resenting any effort to draw them into conversation or to break into the impassivity of their abstraction. They do not look up as you approach, they offer you no sign of recognition; whether you seat yourself, or remain standing, they show no consciousness of your presence; flies may alight on their faces, but still their eyes remain fixed on the tip of their noses, and their hands remain clasping their crossed legs. They have sought to attain fusion with the Eternal Spirit by cultivating an ecstatic vacuity of mind, and have fallen into the error of imagining that the material part of their nature can be etherealised by merely ignoring it, until the process of atrophy from disuse often proceeds so far that there is no mind left to be etherealised at all, and there is little left to distinguish them from one of those demented unfortunates who have been deprived by disease of the highest ornament of humanity.

"Leaving these, let us proceed to the ward set apart for Delusional Insanity. The first Sadhu tells us that he is possessed by a spirit which compels him to eat only every third day. Another avers that he is in reality a cow in human form, and therefore must eat nothing but grass and roots. A third I found sitting on his grass mat in nudity and arrogance, repeating sententiously time after time, 'I am God, I am God.' I remember a patient at Bethlem whose delusion was that he himself was the superintendent of the asylum, the one sane man among all the mad, and he went round the ward pointing me out each patient, with the remark, 'He is mad, quite mad.' 'He too, he is also mad,' and so on; but I was considerably surprised to meet his double here. He was a Bengali Babu, a B.A. of the Calcutta University, and had held high posts under Government, but now in later life, in dissatisfaction with the world at large, had thrown it all up and sought in the garb of a Sanyasi at Rishi Kesh for the peace which an office and Babudom can never afford. Recognising me as a

novice, he took me by the arm, saying in English (which in itself seemed strange and out of place amid these surroundings), 'Come along, I explain to you jolly well all the show.' We strolled in and out among the Sadhus, and each group he would apostrophise after this manner: 'See this man, he is a humbug, pure humbug.' 'Look at these here, pure humbugs.' 'See that man lying on all the sharp stones, he is a humbug.' 'There, that man reciting the mantras, he pure humbug, these all humbugs,' and so on.

"Leaving these, let us examine some of the cases of Mania, a few of them acute, others more or less chronic, or passing on into a drivelling dementia. Here is a man almost naked except for the white ashes rubbed over his dusky body, who with long dishevelled locks and wild expression hurries up and down the bazaar barking like a dog, and making it his boast never to use intelligible language.

"Another, after painting his naked body partly white and partly black, has tied all the little bits of rag he can pick up in the road to various parts of his anatomy. A third had adorned his filthy mud-covered body with wild flowers, whose varied beauty, now withering in the noonday sun, seems a picture of how his mind and conscience, once the glory of his manhood, have faded into a shadow.

"Another is lying voluntarily in the mud by the roadside to be fouled by the dust of the passers-by, and almost trampled on by the cows, thinking by this abject affectation of humility to be considered the greater saint. Another wanders aimlessly about, picking up bits of filth and ordure and putting them in his mouth. But to continue an account of these caricatures of humanity will be loathsome to the reader, as their contemplation became to me, the more so as the thought kept recurring to my mind, 'And you are one of them too now,' and who knows to what point the imitative faculty of man, that contagion of the mind, may not raise or lower him.

"However, now the long fast and fresh keen air of the

Ganges made me begin to wonder how I was going to satisfy a call from within. It was already close on mid-day, and I saw the Sadhus collecting round certain houses with bowls, gourds, and other receptacles.

"These were the kitchens established by pious Hindus of various parts of India with the object of acquiring sufficient merit to counterpoise their demerits, the bribery, chicanery, and lying of their offices, or the more covert sins of their private life. Rich Hindus may establish a kitchen in their own name only, but more often a number unite together to form a guild which keeps the kitchen going, and the merit is portioned out like the interest of a joint stock company to its shareholders. There were some twenty or more of such kitchens here, in each of which three *chapattis*, and a modicum of either *dal*, potato, greens, or some other vegetables were given, and there was nothing to debar a Sadhu from going to as many kitchens as he desired; in fact, he knew he was conferring a benefit on the shareholders by consuming their victuals. The gnawing pangs of hunger made me mingle with the shoving, jostling throng and hurry from kitchen to kitchen till I had accumulated nine chapattis and vegetables in proportion. Modesty then made me withdraw, but not so most of my companions, one of whom, who afterwards rejoined me, had been to eight kitchens and brought a supply of twenty-four chapattis and a large bowl of *dal*, potatoes, and other vegetables. The custom of the place then required me to descend to the margin of the Ganges, and, squatting on a stone, to consume my portion with draughts of the holy water. But not without a preliminary ceremony, for while the Sadhus had been collecting round the kitchens, the cows and bulls had been gathering on the banks of the river, and it was *de rigueur* first to set aside three portions and give one to these holy animals, a second portion to the birds in the air, and a third to the fish in the river, after which the remainder, whether

one chapatti or twenty, might be consumed with an easy conscience and a courageous digestion.

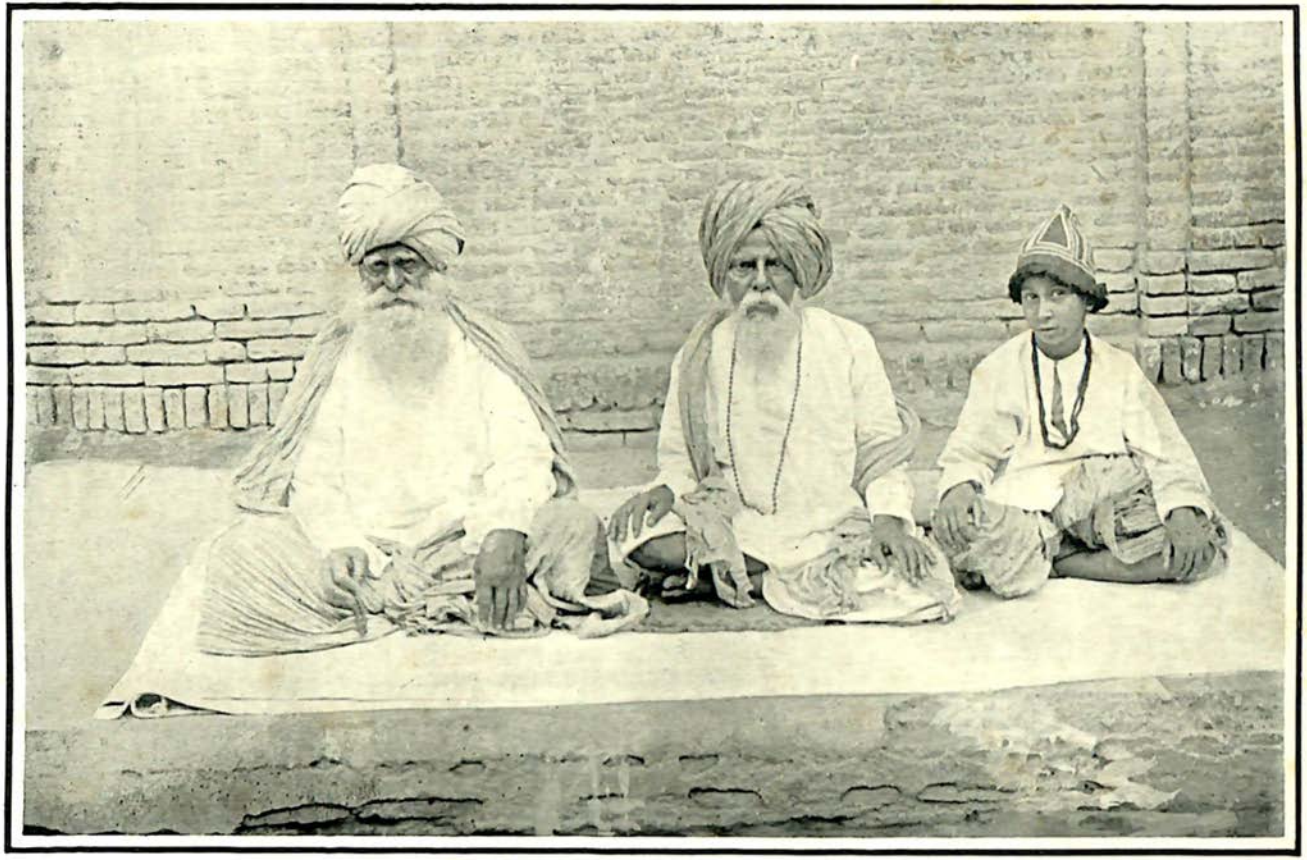
"There were, however, some bright spots even in Rishi Kesh, gems among the rubble, lumps of gold concealed among the mass of baser metals; minds earnestly seeking a higher spiritual life, losing themselves, wearying themselves in the quest after truth, intensely conscious of the vanity of this world and its pursuits and pleasures, and striving to obtain in a contemplation of the One only Pure, the only Unchangeable, the only True, for that peace of mind which they instinctively felt was not to be found in the pursuit of material objects. The painful mistake which made their quest so hopeless was the endeavour to divest themselves of the bonds of their bodily material tabernacle, which if subjugated to the spirit forms the basis on which that spirit can work healthily and naturally to its divinest development, but which if ignored and altogether contemned, reduces the spirit to a morbid fantasy.

"With regard to the learning of many of the Sanyasis, doubtless there are men among them fit to be Sanskrit professors in the Universities, who are deep in the lore of the voluminous literature of ancient Hinduism. Yet who benefits by all their learning? They may transmit it to a few disciples, or it may live and die with them; they make no attempt to methodise it, to draw conclusions, to contrast the old with the new, to summarise, or to classify, but cultivate it purely as a mental exercise and religious duty, without apparently even the desire to benefit the world at large thereby. It is this individualism, each mind self-contained, with the springs of sympathy and altruism hard frozen, ever revolving on itself and evolving a maze of mysticism till it becomes so entangled in its own introspection that other minds and the world outside cease to have any practical existence for it. This is at once the most salient and the saddest feature of the learned and meditative Sadhu. But there they are;

men who might have shone academically, who might have enriched the world with thought, research, and criticism, but who have chosen to live for and within themselves, careless whether others live or die, are instructed or remain ignorant.

"Though they have categorically rejected altruism, denied that they have a duty towards their neighbour, and done their best to stifle their emotions, yet even with them human nature will assert itself, and one can often discern a suppressed yet insuppressible hunger after sympathy. Therefore one has no doubt but that the sympathy which finds its highest expression in the love of Christ, whether acted or recounted, will penetrate their hearts and find a response. Unused, any organ will atrophy, and so their capacity for love may be latent and not easily aroused; but let some one go to them as a fellow-creature full of human sympathy, not to despise and to find fault, but to take hand in hand and bring soul to soul, and he will find that the Sadhus of Rishi Kesh are human, very human, with the same spiritual hungerings and thirstings, and able to realise and rejoice in the same salvation.

"Night came on, and though the floor was stone and the wind chilly, I should have slept soundly had not my next bed-fellow, or rather floor-fellow, for there were no beds, thought it divinely incumbent on him to spend the night shouting out in varying cadences, 'Ram, Ram, Jai Sita Ram, Ram, Ram.' I suggested that keeping a weary fellow-pilgrim awake all night would detract from the merit he was acquiring, but only received the consolation that if he kept me awake I was thereby sharing, though in a minor degree, in that merit. So it perforce went on till in the early morning my ears grew duller to the 'Ram, Ram,' and my mind gradually shaped itself into an uneasy dream of ash-covered faqirs, chapattis, cows, and squatting Sadhus. It was not till I was some miles away from Rishi Kesh on my return journey that I breathed freely, and was able to consider with an evenly balanced



TWO UDASIS AND A DERVISH

The two Udasis are of the Hindu religion and follow the Upanishads, the Dervish (on the right) is a Muhammadan.

mind whether the mental aberrations I had observed were merely the natural products of an environment, or whether these were not occult agencies from an unseen world.

"While passing through the forest I came across a string of hillmen bowed down under heavy loads of firewood, which they had been cutting in the hills near by to sell for a few pice in the bazaar. This was their daily toil, earning just enough by continuous hard labour to find for themselves and their families sufficient coarse food for a meagre sustenance. The question arose in my mind, Who approaches nearer the Ideal? The idle Sadhu who makes religion an excuse for living in greasy plenty on the hard-won earnings of others, while doing nothing himself, or these woodmen of the forest, choppers of the grove, and all the dusty ranks of labour in the regiments of God? And then the answer came, clear and sure:

"Honest toil is holy service, faithful work is praise and prayer,
They who tread the path of labour, follow where My feet have trod.
They that work without complaining, do the holy will of God.
Where the many toil together, there am I among my own.
Where the tired workman sleepeth, there am I with him alone.

"On reaching the little jungle station of Raval, which is so deep in the forest that it is difficult to discover it if one gets off the beaten track, I found a party of native gentlemen who had been out hunting, waiting for the train. The chief was an elderly, thick-set man, with an iron-grey beard and dark piercing eyes behind gold spectacles. He eyed me narrowly a short time, and then said to one of his attendants, 'That man is an Englishman.' I replied, 'I recognise you gentlemen as Afghans.' He assented, and I entered into conversation with one of the Pathans with him, and learnt that it was H. H. Yakub Khan, late Amir of Afghanistan, who had recognised me, this being one of the few occasions on which I was detected by a stranger to be European before making myself known in conversation.

"In Dehra Dun a visit to the Sikh Durbar was inter-

esting, because it showed the extent to which the Hinduising section of the Sikh community is willing to compromise itself in an endeavour to draw closer to the orthodox Hindu fold. It is presided over by a *Mahant*, who is looked up to by a number of disciples who regard him with great veneration as a *Udasi*. He is a young man with very much the appearance of a Hindu and very little that of a Sikh. He advocates the retention of such distinctively Hindu customs as '*sotak*,' '*shradh*,' and abstention from meat-eating, and regards all Hindu 'Shasters,' from the Veds to the Purans, as inspired, in these matters forming a striking contrast to the reforming Arya Samajists who have rejected all these, except the Veds, as being contrary to what they consider the true spirit of Hinduism. The only book read, studied, and given a place of honour in the Durbar is the *Granth*, and the Mahant explained to me that this was an epitome of all the others, and that therefore the study of its pages was quite sufficient. This must be a proposition sufficiently difficult to maintain against those at all acquainted with the contents of those books, but in this country facts and logic are strictly regarded as servants by the commentator or disputant, and any attempt to strike out a line different from the one desired by him is politely but sternly repressed.

"The whole entourage of the Mahant suggested orthodox Hinduism, and even the most characteristic signs of Sikhism, '*kes*,' '*kungi*,' '*karra*' (the long hair, the comb, and the bracelet), were conspicuously absent.

"Our next halt was at Tajpur, a native State which is, I believe, unique throughout India, in having a Christian ruler. The ruler, Raja Sham Singh, was converted to Christianity about twelve years ago, and although a large number of his family have followed his example, very few in the State have done likewise. This shows that when a ruling prince becomes a Christian a large ingathering in his State is by no means always to be expected.

" Next morning we resumed the journey to Chandausi. The first five miles of road as far as a village called Dilari were excellent riding. Here there is a fine tomb erected by the roadside by the Raja Kishen Kaul to the memory of a favourite dog which had died there three years before. From this place onward, the remaining eleven miles to Chandausi were as bad for cycling as could be found anywhere, deep intersecting ruts and holes alternating with sand-drifts. We rested under the hospitable roof of an Indian friend who was the representative of the Methodist Mission here.

" The Mirza of Qadian has a number of followers in this place, and their leading Maulvi, a man named Muhammad Ahsan, came in with his following to indulge in one of those discussions for which the disciples of the Mirza have such a predilection and aptitude.

" The subject he selected was abrogation, with the particular instance of circumcision, and we had alternate spells for argument and retort, but as so often happens just at the critical moment when the Christian side of the question had been thoroughly clinched and little scope left for reply, the time for afternoon prayer arrived, and the Muhammadans had to leave in a hurry, lest that duty should remain unperformed, and apparently they were hindered from returning afterwards !

" We travelled by train from this place as far as Aligarh, arriving about 1 a.m. There is a large stone-floored verandah outside the station here for the accommodation of third-class passengers. Though most of the floor space was already occupied by passengers coming or going by the night trains, we found a place near one of the pillars where we spread our blankets, and leaving our machines against the pillar tried to imagine that we were comfortable. Some of the travellers had lighted a fire of dried cow-dung to protect themselves from the cold wind which was whistling through the verandah, and others were

gathered round a Hindu who was retailing hot milk from a large saucepan in which it was simmering over a stove. The remainder were huddled up in blankets and quilts, or guarding their luggage, while a police constable strolled about interrogating and disturbing, so that one and all might be sufficiently conscious of his supreme importance and authority.

"The day we spent in seeing the magnificently equipped Muhammadan Anglo-Oriental College which forms a lasting monument to the memory of Sir Syed Ahmad, and the industrial homes for famine children worked by the Methodist Mission. Early the next morning we mounted our machines and found the road from here to Hathras as good a road for cyclists as we had met with anywhere, so that we accomplished the twenty-two miles in two hours, and had leisure to inspect this busy commercial city and the old fort which looks down on it from a small hill. This was once the palace of a Raja, but when he became rebellious and was expelled it was made the executive centre of the city, and the Government offices were established therein. Muttra is twenty-five miles from here, and connected by a good metalled road which runs alongside the railway most of the way. As the town is approached its fine temples and houses are seen rising tier above tier on the further bank of the Jumna, the tall minarets of the Jama Musjid surmounting all, suggestive of the days when first by Mahmud Ghaznavi and later by Sikandar Lodi, its Brahman pride was rudely shaken and its magnificent temples laid in the dust. But the temples have been rebuilt and the pride of caste and race re-established, so that no unholy foot of a non-Hindu is allowed inside the precincts where monkeys and cows may roam at will. No such embargo is placed on visitors to the mosques, and ascending one of the lofty minarets we saw not only the whole city, but the temples of sacred Bindraban eight miles higher up the Jamna.

CHAPTER XX

1904

The Ochre Pilgrimage (*continued*).

"A SECONDARY purpose served by travelling in Indian clothes and with an Indian companion was that it enabled me to test the various views held on these points by Missionaries. Curiously enough, I found the most extreme views against the practice of wearing the garb of the country, among Missionaries themselves, not among those Government officials or private individuals who took an interest in Mission work. The usual attitude, however, was one of incredulity as to its expediency, tempered by some sympathetic interest. Very few indeed were actively antagonistic; one Missionary, however, weighed the matter a long time before admitting us into his house. He thought that as the gulf between East and West was *a priori* unbridgable, therefore no attempt should be made to bridge it, and that the relations between a Missionary and his Indian co-workers should be sympathetic (patronising?) but not familiar.

"To go about with an Indian brother, sharing the same plate and same lodging, seemed to him the height of unwisdom, even to shake hands being a step beyond the bounds of propriety. While as for an Englishman donning native clothes, he was thereby dimming the lustre of the British name in India, which in his eyes was next door to undermining the British rule itself. My mind had been made up on the subject before I had been very long in

India, and I met with no circumstances tending to weaken my own opinion that the gulf is by no means unbridgable, and that the more we set about bridging it, the better it is for the progress of the Kingdom of God in this land.

"Sympathy cannot be made wholly to order, it is largely dependent on extraneous and adventitious circumstances, and I believe that the adoption of native dress increases the sympathy on both sides. On the side of the Missionary, because it enables him to realise more vividly what treatment is often meted out to Indians, and how they feel under it, and on the part of the Indians, because the restraint which they usually feel, at least in country districts, in approaching a Sahib, is removed. No doubt one reason why Indian Christians are so largely adopting Western dress is that they find they receive much more courtesy, especially when travelling by rail. I had occasion to make some enquiries in the office at Batala station. I might have drummed my heels on the threshold till I was tired, had I not been fortunate in meeting an Indian friend wearing English dress who walked in without diffidence, though when I attempted to follow him I was met with a push and a '*nikaljao*' ('get out!'). Again, visiting the cemetery at Lucknow, an Indian in coat and trousers walked in unchallenged, while no protestations availed to induce the doorkeeper to admit me in my Sadhu dress.

"One naturally associates with the people who make one most welcome, and when in native garb the attraction is towards those for whose sake alone we have come out to this land, while *per contra* when dressed for the drawing-room or the tennis-courts, the danger arises of spending too much time in the society of the cantonment. If we English realised how much pain we often cause Indians, not so much by what we say or do, but by the way we act towards them, a great cause of misunderstanding would be removed. Suppose a Sahib is seated in his *daftar*, and

the bearer announces that a 'Sahib has come to call,' the answer is given at once, 'Gol kamare men salaam do' ('Ask him into the drawing-room'). A moment after the Indian pastor arrives, and the bearer is told to give him a chair in the verandah, or an unknown Indian visitor may be less fortunate and be left standing in the sun till the Sahib has eaten his lunch or finished his letters. St. James seems to recall some similar experiences when he wrote his epistle. At more than one bungalow, Missionary as well as non-Missionary, the bearer would not even report my presence till he had catechised me as to who I was and what I wanted, and sometimes I had to wait as long as two hours before the Sahib found leisure to see me, being left meanwhile without a seat, except God's good earth, in the wind or cold, or in the sun, as the case might be.

"A Missionary should not have a room set apart, tacitly understood to be 'for English visitors only,' or make a habit of receiving the two kinds of visitors in altogether different style, or allow his servants to hustle and hector the already diffident and nervous Indian visitor. These all seem little matters, but there is a true nobility in striving not to injure the sensitiveness of others, even though that sensitiveness may seem unreasoning. How our hearts opened towards those true friends who received both me and my companion alike, and did not start by the suggestion, 'I suppose your friend would like to be taken to the house of the catechist.' Why, forsooth? Many a time we were both the guests of the humblest of our Indian friends, and perfectly happy in a sense of equality with them. Others, too, of stations high above our own, received us both with an unreserved hospitality, in which nothing was allowed to show that any difference was made between English and Indian, and we honoured and loved them for it. Why, then, should others be at pains to show that they had one treatment for the

Englishman and another for the Indian, or perhaps conceal that feeling so poorly that we were never able to feel at ease with them. Which, I ask, is more likely to draw the Indian out and make him feel that there was a stronger tie which would overcome the pride of race?

"But to resume the thread of the narrative: we had a splendid smooth road from Muttra to Agra, a distance of thirty-five miles, which afforded us one of the pleasantest rides we had. Five miles out from Agra we called a halt to visit the tomb of the great Akbar, and to enjoy the privilege of seeing the fine work being carried on by the Church Missionary Society in the Secundra Orphanage, where numbers of famine starvelings and waifs and strays are yearly being turned into useful and valuable members of the community, and taught of 'the strife that won our life, by the eternal Son of God.' In this and similar institutions where the honour of honest toil is united with the fear of God we see the future strength of the Indian Church, a blessing which radiates from each of these centres to the distant Mission stations where their alumni ply their trades, or engage in Mission service. The industrial workshops of Secundra are probably unique, in that they are situated inside a tomb. The spacious vaults and corridors of the vast mausoleum erected by Akbar to his Christian wife, Miriam, having been given to the Society for this beneficent purpose, are a suitable memorial to the Christian empress of ancient India; the part containing the actual grave is reverently walled off. In Agra I was most interested in the large Lunatic Asylum, round which I was shown by the courtesy of the medical officer in charge, who has brought it to a high state of efficiency. It then contained about 300 native and European inmates, and the comfort and cleanliness in which they lived formed a marked contrast to the treatment which is ordinarily accorded to lunatics in this country.

"It was very instructive to compare their physiognomy with that of many of the Sadhus and faqirs with whom I had previously been brought into contact.

"There is a large and successful college here worked by the Church Missionary Society which we had the privilege of visiting. Our next halt was at Cawnpore, and the remarks already made about the Cambridge Mission at Delhi and the industrial work at Secundra apply equally to the many works carried on by the S.P.G. brotherhood here, whose guests we were.

"From Cawnpore, which lies on the south side of the Ganges, to Lucknow, which is on its tributary, the Gumti, is forty-nine miles, but the road is excellent, and the country has interesting associations with the dark deeds of the Mutiny and the avenging marches which followed, so that the ride passed pleasantly. While crossing the one bridge over the Ganges we saw one of those gruesome sights which must happen as long as the Hindus continue the repulsive and insanitary practice of throwing their dead into its sacred waters. The dead body of a man had been washed up on the mud where it was being devoured in a semi-decomposed condition by the dogs and vultures. Hindus were passing and repassing, but none troubled to push the corpse into the river, or drive away the creatures from their horrid feast.

"Some miles out from Lucknow are the ruins of the house occupied by General Havelock, and a monument erected over his grave, which were interesting to visit, though they do not compare as historic memorials with the ruins of the Residency, which by a happy appropriateness have been preserved by the Government in the same battered condition in which they were left after the Mutiny, so that every shattered room has its tale to tell, and the gaps made by the shells of the mutineers are replete with suggestiveness, culminating in the interest attaching to a hole through which, as a tablet placed there tells us,

came the shell which gave the noble Sir John Lawrence, 'who tried to do his duty,' his mortal wound.

"The Women's College, worked by the American Methodist Mission, was holding its speech-day while I was there, and the interesting ceremony was a vivid illustration of how rapidly the old order changeth, giving place to new ideas, not the least among which being the emancipation of woman. There were Indian girls up for their F.A. and B.A. examinations, giving orations in English on the Russo-Japanese crisis, reciting verses from Virgil, giving excellent musical and physical drill performances to a mixed audience, yet their grandmothers had probably never seen anything outside the four walls of a zenana, and had had ideas correspondingly confined. What will the next generation attain to? Twenty miles out from Lucknow along a good metalled road is Nigohan, where the Church Missionary Society has a Medical Mission which seemed to fill a great want for the villages around, and all those who attend it get some spiritual medicine besides the relief of their bodily ailments. These village Missions always appear to me replete with opportunities and hopefulness.

"At Benares we had the rare advantage of a Pundit and Sanskrit scholar to show us over its monasteries and temples. In the temple dedicated to Kali we saw the ceremony of sacrificing a goat; the head of the poor bleating animal was severed at a single stroke of a heavy knife and placed at once on the altar which was running with blood, while the carcase was made over to the votaries for consumption.

"Just as Hardwar is the apotheosis of Hinduism, showing its meditative and nature-worshipping side, so is Benares expressive of its most ritualistic and idolatrous forms. To wander along the river bank of the one, or among the crowded temples and monasteries of the other, makes one feel that one has stepped out of the busy humdrum

commercial world into some dream of a bygone age, in which the standard of human conduct and the workings of the human mind have become grotesquely contorted and changed.

"Get up early and take your stand by the Bishsharnath, or one of the numerous temples crowded round, and you are passed by a continuous procession of young and old, male and female, going their daily round of devotion, each carrying a brass tray containing a little rice, some flowers, and some Ganges water, some of each of which they bestow not only on the idols in each of the temples, but on the little images of bulls and gods and goddesses which appear peeping out from innumerable niches in the walls of the houses, varying the ceremony by giving some of the rice to the importunate sacred cows and bulls which push about among the worshippers as though masters of the situation.

"All the while no sound is heard except the tramp, tramp of feet and the prolonged murmur of the muttered incantations. Then visit the crowded bathing ghats, and you realise how far that simple and necessary function can be transformed by ceremony and incantation into an imagined way of obtaining future felicity. Sadness, unexpressed and inexpressible sadness, seems to pervade all, the sadness of those who believe they are tied down by the trammels of an imaginary world from which even the endless round of ceremony and sacrifice, of incantation and ablution, can only doubtfully release them after an interminable succession of years and rebirths. No ray of hope seems to light up their horizon and nerve them to use the present opportunity and subjugate the world and their own selves to some great and glorious end. He only is to be envied who has trained himself to dispense with everything mundane till the points of contact between his soul and things material have been brought as near the vanishing point as possible.

"We visited the monastery of Sri Swami Swayam Prakashanand Mathila (he has certainly not been able to dispense with a very substantial name), where the statue of his predecessor, Sri Swama Bhaskaranand Saraswati, is worshipped as a god and votive offerings made to it, because that worthy had reached such a zenith of holiness that he had dispensed with every shred of clothing and bedding, ate nothing which required to be prepared or cooked, and in fact brought himself as near to the condition of a phantom as is possible without dispensing with the body altogether.

"With such diversity of ideals, with minds running on such entirely different lines, it is not to be wondered at if the patient teachings of the Christian Padre are often treated with contempt as idle tales unworthy of a spirit desirous only of disembodiment.

"But even Benares has its commercial and material side as well. The very temples have not escaped the taint, for outside each temple is placed a notice, 'Gentlemen who are not Hindus are not allowed to enter the temples'; the postscript has by an oversight, or by some curious delicacy of feeling, been omitted, 'unless they pay the attendants.'

"As for the rest of the city, the greater part is more or less closely connected with and dependent on the temple worship and the requirements of the thousands of pilgrims and Vidyarthis (or religious students), while a bold attempt at the revival of ancient Hinduism in such a form as to bring it into line with the requirements of a modern scientific or business life, is to be seen in the Hindu college inaugurated by Mrs. Besant. I was shown over this by one of the professors, and it was clear that by the munificence of the Maharajah of Benares and other wealthy Hindus, no expense had been spared to equip it in the most lavish manner possible.

"It was a curious comment on the assertiveness of Mrs.

Besant and Dayanand Saraswati to find that neither of these reformers was thought much of by the orthodox Pundits renowned for their deep learning in Sanskrit lore; possibly, however, *amour propre* and jealousy of being guided by an outsider were not without their share in producing this attitude in those who considered themselves to be the only true repositories of religious learning.

"After leaving Benares we had what proved to be our last bicycle ride in the United Provinces. The time at our disposal was expiring, and sympathetic friends paid our railway fares, so that in the short time remaining we were able to visit Allahabad, Jubbulpur, Bombay, and Karachi before returning to Bannu, which would have been impossible had we been obliged to rely wholly on our bicycles.

"We first visited Sarnath, the sacred place of the Buddhists, for it was here in what is known to readers of the life of Buddha as 'the Deer Park' that Sakhya Muni Gautama practised his austerities while formulating his 'Middle path,' and started forth to proclaim the new religion in all the country round. Leaving this, we remounted our bicycles, and a ride of forty-two miles brought us to the town of Ghazipur. This proved to be our furthest point east, for from here we turned west and came to Allahabad.

"The Oxford and Cambridge hostel worked here by the Church Missionary Society for students attending the Muir College is doing a good work and is well worth a visit. On passing through the crowded bazaars of the city, I first came across a Pundit lecturing on the Bhagavad Gita to a crowd of Hindus, who were garlanding him with flowers. Going a little further on, I found a Muhammadan Maulvi preaching at the end of a crowded thoroughfare. Seeing me on the outside of the crowd and taking me for a brother Maulvi, he stopped and gave me the usual 'Salaam alaikum'; when I returned the salute, he said

to me in an injured and plaintive voice : ' The Aryans and Christians have been working such havoc with our religion that I have to come here every day to keep people straight and preserve the faithful from corruption ; will you pray for me, and come and preach to the people too ? ' I replied that I should certainly pray for him, but that I thought it better for me to preach in another street ; so leaving him to his uncongenial task, I passed on into the next street, and had a very attentive audience while I set before them the way of life.

" The next day the roads had become slippery after a shower of rain, and turning round a sharp corner my machine skidded and I fell. Just at that moment an English girl was passing, and taking in the situation, she called out in Hindustani, ' Oh, Sadhuji, you must have stolen that bicycle, and that is why you do not know how to ride ! '

" It seemed as though we should be stranded when we reached Jubbulpur, for we had nothing left to take us further ; but at the last moment, as we were leaving Allahabad, one of those coincidences occurred in which we see the ordering of that Providence by which we have our being. We were loitering in the station when an officer friend stepped out of the mail train right in front of us, and not only put us up at Jubbulpur, to which station he was proceeding, but sent us on our way to Bombay rejoicing.

" At Bombay, too, we were equally well cared for. I had an opportunity of addressing a meeting at the Y.M.C.A., and at its close eleven rupees in all was spontaneously given us by sundry of the audience.

" When, however, we went down to the docks to take passage for Karachi, we found that our steerage passage came to ten rupees, and five rupees was required for each of the bicycles.

" We purchased our tickets and awaited developments.

Whilst we were standing about amongst the crowd, a very holy Brahman came round sprinkling the passengers with sacred water for a prosperous passage and receiving a harvest of pice in return. He came to sprinkle us, but we declined the honour. He then asked why we delayed to go aboard with the other passengers. I told him that we were waiting because we could not pay the freight on our bicycles; he retorted that unless we invoked his blessing (for a remuneration) we should never start, but that having done so everything would be made easy. When we still declined he went away prophesying all sorts of misfortunes for us. The last of the passengers had gone aboard, the appointed time for starting had arrived, but no friend had appeared to help us out of our difficulty. The Brahman came back and taunted us with our position, and what it might have been had we accepted his offer. All I could say was, 'Wait and see.'

"Just as the boat was on the point of starting, a ship's officer came to us and said that the captain was willing to take our bicycles free of charge, and with a friendly nod at the Brahman we crossed the drawbridge. We had now one rupee left for food; but still we were not left in want, for when we had exhausted our store of money, the Goanese cooks gave us a share of their own dinner. At Karachi the steamers anchor out in the harbour a considerable distance from the emb[illegible]tion wharfs, which the tides prevent them from reaching. Passengers and their luggage are therefore taken ashore in native boats, which crowd alongside as soon as the anchor is dropped. But these boatmen naturally require a remuneration, and we had none to give, so that it now seemed as though we should have greater difficulty in getting off the steamer than we had in getting on. Just then a launch came alongside with the mails, and a ship's officer came up and asked if we would like to go ashore on it. Of course we jumped at the offer, had our machines on board in a trice,

and were safe on *terra firma* again before the other boats had left the steamer's side.

"At Karachi our trip was practically over; our railway fare from there to Darya Khan had been provided for us at Karachi, and we only had the 110 miles of road to bicycle between Darya Khan and Bannu before regaining our home. We did, however, nearly get arrested at Karachi on the supposition that we were spies. An Indian detective at the city station interrogated me very closely, and his suspicions not having been allayed he came back with a police constable and both got into the compartment with us and travelled up to the cantonments station, where he called an English police officer, who also questioned us minutely; but he was apparently more satisfied than his subordinate, as we were allowed to pursue our journey in peace.

"A trip of this kind is probably easier to accomplish in India than in any other country; the people are familiar with the idea of wandering faqirs, and are nearly always ready to treat them with respect and hospitality.

"At the same time, just as the mendicant friars of the Middle Ages in Europe eventually became such a useless burden on the community that they had to be suppressed, so there is evidence that the old idea of Sadhuism is trending the same way, the vast army of vagabonds and lazy fellows who have invaded the purer ranks of religious enthusiasts, for the sake of an easy living, has so brought the whole into evil odour that a wave of reaction is apparent, especially among city populations and educated classes, who now resent as an imposition a burden which they have so long willingly accepted, and consider it full time to refuse to support an army of worthless consumers, who are draining the resources of India. At the same time, the Western preacher has much to learn from these poor enthusiasts, whom he sometimes ridicules, sometimes despises."

CHAPTER XXI

1904

Welcome home—Forgiveness—Itinerating—Hard travelling—Letter—Fort Lockhart—Disguise—Cheer by the way—Teri—Conference—Backsliders—Karak.

DR. PENNELL'S Sadhu tour ended in the spring of 1904. It had added much to his knowledge of the people, and strengthened the bonds of sympathy with them. His friends in Bannu made great preparations to welcome him back, several of them, masters and boys, city fathers and old patients going out miles to meet him, some on foot, others on horseback and on bicycles. Soon he led a long cavalcade of tongas, *tum-tums*, horsemen and cyclists; the roads were lined with welcoming boys and men, and the Mission compound was made gay with flags and bunting. Next day, in true Oriental style, he gave a dinner to five hundred people, at which Christians, Muhammadans and Hindus all sat down together.

The usual round of hospital and school work began again and kept him busy during the next few months. He found his bazaar preaching still one of the most exciting events in the week, as it seemed to rouse more opposition than anything else; many times he and his men were stoned or set upon when the Mullahs felt their own arguments were not convincing enough to hold the people.

Dr. Pennell paid a flying visit to Karak to see one of

his diffident converts who had not the courage to make a confession in the village. His quondam *chela*, Shah Jehan, went with him, and as they had only one horse between them, most of the walking fell to Dr. Pennell's share.

They got back to Bannu late, and rather than disturb his mother, Dr. Pennell went into the Hostel Dormitory, where he found an empty bed to sleep on.

A note from his diary might be inserted here :

"Captain Reber, Financial Special of the Salvation Army, arrived from Kohat. He is a Swiss from Bonn. I put him up in my room, there being no other accommodation."

Another entry shortly after runs thus :

"On the 28th Shah Jehan copied from Ahmad Ali in the mathematics paper. Three days later he asked for forgiveness. It did not seem right to forgive him without some one suffering for his faults, so I settled that I was to stand up in class in his stead for the period allotted for his punishment, and he was forgiven."

In June he went to Esa Kheyl and travelled day and night ; the heat was so intense that the metal of his spectacles made a blister behind his ears. To make matters worse, there was no horse to meet him at Chauki Bergi, and so he had to take his tired mare on to Sheikh Mahmud. Soon after he arrived there was a violent dust storm, which cooled the air sufficiently for him to walk into Esa Kheyl, where he preached in the bazaars. While he was preaching, a woman was brought to him with her ear almost completely torn off, the result of a quarrel with her sister. Fortunately he was able to stitch it on again. He saw numerous patients, instructed some enquirers, and then travelled back across the hot desert, making a

detour to see a patient on the way. He reached Bannu in time, as he remarks, to take his class in school.

About this time two of his boys, one a Hindu the other a Muhammadan, professed their faith in Christianity. An amusing letter from a Muhammadan, which shows how extraordinary a view some Indians have of Christianity, is worth inscribing:

"DEAR SIR,

"Please send me a certificate showing that I am a Christian, so that I may visit English officers and gain respect and honour, and attend their churches and dances. I changed my clothes when a child and began to wear boots and trowsers, and I can speak English well, so that there will be no obstacle in that respect to my becoming a Christian. I am out of work now, and will be obliged if you will procure me some lucrative post, or get my name entered on the list of *Naib Tehsildars*, or at least on that of *Qanungos*. If you will offer me the good employment I am willing to come to Bannu, and remain with you, and I will come at the very time you will call for me, and I am quite prepared to become a Christian if you will make good arrangements for me. Praying always for your long life and prosperity."

It is always a matter of surprise to Indians of a certain class that the Missionary does not accept a "convert" of this type. Many of them think that Missionaries get so much per head for their converts.

In August Dr. Pennell paid a visit to Fort Lockhart. He writes:

"I left Thal on Beauty at 7 p.m., and rode six miles on to Mamu, where I was the guest of the Bangi Malik; the next day we rode to Nairab, being accompanied by Sarwar Khan, the son of the Malik. From there I rode

on alone to Shinwari; the way was very green and beautiful with flowers and shrubs, and I had a pleasant bathe in a pool in the *khud* below Shinwari. From there I ascended the hill to Gulistan, which I reached at one o'clock. The commanding officer was away, but the Subadar, a Khattak, made me welcome and gave me some refreshment. After resting I left at 4 p.m. and was caught in a terrific downpour, getting soaked through and through. On arrival at Fort Lockhart, an officer of the 15th Sikhs gave me a change of raiment, and I was made at home in the Mess there. I left at noon and rode on into Hangu. Near the lines of the Border Military Police, an Orakzai Jumadar, after exchanging salutations with me, asked me where I came from. I said, 'Bannu.'

"'No, I mean where is your home?'

"'Bannu.'

"'That is a lie; you're a Khostwal.'

"'I am the Bannu Dr. Sahib.'

"'Do not try to deceive me, he is a big Sahib and you are a mere Mullah. You are the Khostwal who some years ago, when Spencer Sahib was at Thal, went into his bungalow without leave, and I turned you out.'

"'You have a very good memory.'.

"'Yes, I have; you cannot deceive me, you are that Khostwal.'

"'Well, then, I suppose you must be right. Goodbye.' . . ."

Next afternoon a tremendous storm tore the outer part of his tent to ribbons, and soaked most of his clothes. In the evening he had a discussion with the Mullah on the Sonship and Divinity of Christ, a subject that presents great difficulties to Muhammadans.

This was a very hot time of the year, and riding out to Durmalik he suffered greatly from the sun, with the result that that night he had fever. It was a very frequent

occurrence with him, but one he wasted no time in considering. Beauty, too, was feeling the heat and refused to tackle the mountain path, and it took quite an hour to persuade her to change her mind.

At Durmalik he stayed with some old schoolboys, the sons of an Indian officer; and next morning the villagers flocked to him for treatment. He saw over a hundred of them before riding on to Lachi. Here he met the rest of his party and his luggage, which had come on by bullock-cart. The driver, as all drivers do, had fallen asleep on the journey, and the beasts had pulled the cart containing the luggage into a tank, so that many of the books and clothes were ruined. In one of the villages Dr. Pennell found an enquirer seeking baptism, and was greatly interested to discover an old Bannu Christian at the little salt post of Jatta; his host's *khansamah* also being a Christian, they had service and sang Bhajans together after dinner.

After leaving Jatta they were overtaken by a terrific thunder and dust storm, which drove them to take shelter under a culvert. From Jatta he made his way to Banda, seeing patients in the salt mines and at all the villages through which he passed. From Banda he rode to Teri to see the blind Nawab who had consulted every doctor and *hakim* in the Province about his eyes, and finally had taken the advice of a fakir, who advised iron filings or something similar, and frequent scarification of the eyeball with a jagged metal file, with the inevitable result that his eyesight was gone. He was very disappointed that medical skill could not now restore his sight.

Dr. Pennell then returned to Bannu, where school and hospital gave full scope to his energies.

At Mussouri, where he went to attend a Conference, he was taken for an Afghan and refused admittance to the Institute and Reading-room. With his usual tolerance he acquiesced calmly in this mandate.

At this Conference he took one of the devotional meetings, and it is interesting to note that he emphasised two of his favourite topics, the need of a Converts' Home, and the necessity of keeping a hold on boys and men during the long summer vacation.

The settlement at Karak was founded with a view to becoming a Converts' Home. Dr. Pennell hoped in time to see in it all the converts of the frontier who now have nowhere to go, as the various Divinity Schools and Homes in the Punjab do not meet their requirements in any way. In Karak it was thought that those who were agriculturists could find work and be self-supporting. The remoteness of the village made it possible to keep the Home oriental in character, and prevented the likelihood of the introduction of occidental methods of life and thought, which so many Missionaries have learnt to deplore for India.

Besides attending the meetings of the Conference, he found time, while in Mussouri, to give addresses to the students of Woodstock School, and to the soldiers at the Institute, not failing to try and interest them in the subject dearest to himself—that of Medical Missions.

After a busy month in Bannu, during which he prepared the schoolboys for their prize day, teaching them drills and figure-marching himself, he paid a visit to Sheikh Mahmud and Esa Kheyl. Here he visited some bigoted Muhammadans, among them a son of Mirza Qadiani, the founder of that sect of Muhammadans in the

north who are called after him. As usual a great deal of work was awaiting him, and in the intervals of bazaar preaching and discussions with Mullahs, he did several operations and treated many patients at Esa Kheyl and on the way home.

The next few weeks were full of trouble in Bannu. One of the masters reported the loss of a sum of money from his room in the hostel. Suspicion attached to a Christian carpenter; no evidence that he was the culprit was, however, forthcoming, and as no one could be convicted of the theft and no reparation was possible, Dr. Pennell himself made the loss good to the master.

Then came news of the backsliding of another Christian worker, whose reclamation gave him a great deal of trouble. This man was for years tabooed by the Missionaries, but Dr. Pennell continued to believe in him, and gave him one chance after another. To his great joy the man did ultimately prove worthy, and in the last years of his life Dr. Pennell had the happiness of knowing that he was a valued Mission worker in Arabia, where his chiefs could not speak highly enough of his zeal and good example. It is true that many whom he thus helped and trusted failed him again and again; some were still failures (as the world counts them) when he died, but when they do return they will not forget his loving forbearance and readiness to hold out a helping hand, or his unfailing faith and patience. He always maintained that it was better to risk being taken in by a hundred rogues than to refuse to help one honest man!

At this time two Muhammadan enquirers used to come for instruction after dark every evening, as Nicodemus of old. Many such were taught in private, and are perhaps secret disciples now.

In December he had the great joy of starting the work in Karak. Jahan Khan, his own first convert, was to be in charge. The work was inaugurated with much prayer and thought. Jahan Khan and another man first started a dispensary in a little shop in the bazaar. While the question of opening this dispensary was still in the balance, Dr. Pennell was travelling in the Bannu and Kohat district, and decided to leave the matter, as his custom was, entirely to God's guidance. The moment for the final decision had arrived, and his mail had just been forwarded to him. As he opened the first letter, he found to his surprise that it contained a cheque for a thousand rupees, which an official of the district sent him to be used as he thought best in his work. To a man of Dr. Pennell's faith, this was a clear answer to prayer, and he immediately decided to begin the Karak Mission. His abundant justification will only be known in the great hereafter, but some of us have seen the first fruits at Karak, not necessarily in baptisms, but in the spread of the teachings of the Prince of Peace Whose Gospel of Love and forgiveness is being preached to these vindictive people, and Whose life of love and helpfulness is being lived among them.

In this place where Dr. Pennell had been refused food and house-room on his first visit, it caused a great sensation when two chief Mullahs dined with the "Padre Sahib." One of them then addressed the people and spoke in praise of Christianity. This made a great stir among the people, and paved the way for the work of the Mission. Though they had to face many difficulties in later years, from this time forward they began to have a real influence and make friends in Karak and the surrounding district.

CHAPTER XXII

1905

Lahore—Crossing the Indus—Snow in Bannu—Quicksands—Unrest—Unsatisfactory Mullah—Bannu Courts of Justice—A Ghazi—Boys' camp — Mullah enquirer — Sunstroke epidemic — Accident while swimming—Marching—Cricket captain—Ghazi—Captain Donaldson —Taib Khan—Repentant backslider.

A GREAT part of Dr. Pennell's work still necessitated much travelling about the country, and by now he had friends everywhere among the people. His patients were drawn from far-away Afghanistan, Khost, and all the frontier and trans-frontier territories. A Khostwal and his little son of five came into Bannu one day, having travelled a long way to see the renowned Doctor Sahib. The man was very ill, and after a short stay in the hospital he died. The little boy was then taken by Dr. Pennell to an orphanage in Lahore. They travelled by various means of transport, a camel, an ox, and a donkey being successively used for different parts of the journey. Little Yakoob stayed at this orphanage for three years, and was then brought back to Bannu. Two years later he died of pneumonia at Karak, and was buried in the little Christian cemetery there.

In Lahore they stayed at the house of the Indian Padre, and in the intervals of his Mission Council Meetings Dr. Pennell saw his old boys. He never missed an opportunity

of looking up his boys if he happened to be anywhere near them. This custom was one which they valued very greatly. They always counted on his interest in their work and games, and were very keen to be able to give him good accounts of both. They prided themselves on the fact that in the Medical College and elsewhere their professors used to say, "You are Dr. Pennell's boys, so we can trust you to do so-and-so." The thought that this was said of them helped greatly in keeping them true to the ideals of their old school, in the midst of many and great temptations.

On the journey back from Lahore, Dr. Pennell went by Mianwali and across the Indus. At one ferry he found an empty boat, no ferrymen being visible. He writes in his diary:

"A Zamindar, or farmer, was with me, leading a heifer, so I suggested we should cross, he quanting and I rowing. Before we had gone far the Zamindar lost the quant, and stretching after it overbalanced and fell into the river; the heifer, thinking it was time to get out, jumped into the water after him. With difficulty they were both got aboard again, and the journey continued."

Towards the end of January of that year there was extreme cold in Bannu. There was an inch of ice on the water every morning. Snow fell in Bannu, and the hills all around were covered with it. It was the coldest season any of the inhabitants could remember.

The Bishop of Lahore visited the district and was taken by Dr. Pennell to one of the out-stations, Sheikh Mahmud, where he baptised a Niazi farmer and his son, and consecrated a piece of land for the cemetery. On the way back, in crossing the Gambela, Dr. Pennell went ahead to try

the ford; almost immediately his horse got into a deep quicksand and fell over on its side. Dr. Pennell was wearing a poshteen, or sheepskin coat; as he sank to the waist in the quicksand this became so heavy that it hampered him considerably, and it was with great difficulty that he succeeded in extricating himself; meanwhile the horse, freed from his weight, got out and cantered wildly across the desert, and was only recaptured after a hot pursuit. They then went on their way to the Dâk bungalow at Laki, where he dried his wet things. Several old boys met them here and insisted on entertaining them.

An exciting incident occurred during the visit of the Chief Commissioner of the Province. Colonel Harman, commanding the Militia, was bayoneted by his sentry while at dinner. These accidents are fortunately not very common on the frontier, but the fact that they may occur at any moment adds a considerable element of risk to life there.

In the Bannu bazaar there was some disturbance between the cavalry soldiers and the Border Military Police, and a general feeling of unrest and insecurity prevailed in the place. Dr. Pennell found it necessary to sleep among his boys in the hostel, to allay their fears.

During his next visit to the new station at Karak a well was dug in the Mission compound, and the foundations of the new Dispensary laid. His troubles with one of the Mullahs began about this time and continued till the day of Dr. Pennell's death. He was a most cantankerous old man, whose one idea was to get all he could out of Dr. Pennell, and he and his family were *apparent* instances of the failure of the principle that continued faith in

people and repeated opportunities for repentance will win them in the end. But though he met with other disappointing cases of a like kind, Dr. Pennell's faith was never shaken in the soundness of his view of the matter, nor was his hope dimmed of their ultimate return to the paths of righteousness. One of the most wonderful facts about his attitude to people of this sort was his unchanging love and understanding. If they had defrauded him and deceived him dozens of times, he was never by any possible chance vindictive towards them, nor did he remind them of their past when they desired to start afresh. Each new repentance he received with the same joy that we are told is felt by the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth.

Among the many duties that fall to the lot of a doctor on the frontier is the disagreeable one of attending the law courts as expert witness in cases of disputed age, or in criminal cases. The pleaders (there are no barristers in Bannu) ask the most absurd questions, and the only chance of keeping one's temper is to see the humorous side. Dr. Pennell was called to give evidence in the case of two sisters. The opposing counsel asked him, "Now, what do you say is the least difference there may be between two sisters in age?" "They may be twins," replied he. The court laughed, and the opposing counsel was piqued. "On what do you form your opinion of their age?" he queried. "On their general appearance, and other points," replied Dr. Pennell. "What do you mean by general appearance?" asked the counsel. "A mental picture," he replied. "How does that help you to the age?" asked the pleader. "It is compared by a process of unconscious cerebration with previous mental pictures founded on experience." This was too much for the learned counsel, who collapsed.

One afternoon, as Dr. Pennell was taking his boys round the polo ground practising for the mile race, a young Afghan attacked Captain Browne of the 59th Scinde Rifles, who was playing golf on the course. With an axe for weapon he inflicted a severe wound on the officer's neck, fortunately not fatal. He proved to be a Sardi Kheyl from Landidak, aged only about eighteen, and had been incited to this act by a Mullah, who had held before him the joys of Paradise if he killed an unbeliever.

It was always a characteristic practice in the Mission to encourage the boys and spur them on by competition and prizes to do well in their work and games. Consequently, when it happened that the Circle Tournament was arranged to take place on a day that was too near the Entrance Examination for the boys to be able to go to it, Mrs. Croker Pennell gave prizes for a local tournament, and so took away the sting of the disappointment.

In April Dr. Pennell took a party of thirty-eight boys out camping. He was cycling when they reached the Kushai Bridge, and with one of his boys rode up to the Dâk bungalow at Jhala. Coming back the boy lost control of his machine, dashed into a stone parapet, completely smashed his front wheel and was thrown over the wall, but, marvellous to relate, was unhurt. Dr. Pennell picked him up, and after being refreshed by a bathe in a brine pool they went on again, and climbed up to a fresh-water pool where they made some tea. Later on they found their way to the top of the hill, and on the other side found fresh-water pools near which they camped, cooked their food, and bivouacked in the open. Two boys who had followed later lost all trace of the party in the dark, and finally had to go back disconsolately to Jhala for the

night. Next morning they descended the mountain and then climbed the other side to a fresh-water rock pool for a bathe. Then they proceeded to the salt quarries at Bahadur Kheyl before returning to Bannu.

An urgent call to attend a schoolboy who had been kicked at football took Dr. Pennell to Lakki, a distance of twenty-two miles in three hours. He found the boy in a very bad condition, with signs of acute necrosis of the leg. Riding back he fell in with a Naib Tehsildar, who was delighted to meet him, and took him to visit his sick mother.

It was decided to operate on the schoolboy in his own home at Lakki, so Dr. Pennell went there again in a couple of days, and after the operation stayed with him to do the first dressings and leave his limb comfortably in a splint.

In May he had the happiness of opening the new Dispensary at Karak. Several of the Christians went to Karak from Bannu for the ceremony. There was considerable rejoicing over this triumph, for the villagers were now quite friendly and welcomed the establishment of the Mission, forgetting how inhospitably they had received Dr. Pennell on his first visits.

The next few weeks show a record of hard work in the school and hospital punctuated with frequent visits to the out-stations and to patients in the outlying villages. The heat was excessive, and he and his mother found it very trying; especially bad were the still nights, when the mosquitoes made sleep impossible.

A Marwat Mullah arrived one day asking for instruction. In the course of studying Muhammadan theology he had come to the conclusion that all Muhammadans should read both the "Taurat," or Old Testament, and the "Injil," or Gospel, so he borrowed a Bible from a

Muhammadan settlement officer, and studied it for himself to such purpose that he decided to become a Christian.

The heat in Bannu was intense in July of this year, and cases of sunstroke were common. One woman, aged thirty-five, and in her seventh month of pregnancy, was struck down, and died before Dr. Pennell could get to her. At Lakki, too, there was an epidemic of sunstroke, and Dr. Pennell was wired for to go to a patient who was seriously ill. He started off at 8 p.m., and it came on to rain so heavily while he was on the journey that he got soaked to the skin. He borrowed a horse at Manghiwalla, and hurried on through drenching rain. The Gambela was in flood, and as he was about to swim across the people on the other side made frantic gestures dissuading him. He waited an hour, and then he and one of his boys who was with him decided to cross. They kept together to mid-stream, and then the cartilage of Dr. Pennell's knee slipped and he was unable to use his left leg at all. Immediately he was carried rapidly down-stream utterly unable to help himself. Writing of it he says :

" I offered a prayer that it might right itself, and in about three or four minutes it went in with a jerk as I neared the opposite bank."

A huge crowd of people were waiting on the bank, and as all clothes had been left behind, the swimmers had to be wrapped up in anything that could be spared by the spectators. Dr. Pennell walked through the bazaar wrapped in a borrowed *chadar* (or sheet) and a cap, till he came to the Tehsildar's house, where he was able to have a wash and get clothes.

He found that thirty-six people had died of sunstroke

out of one hundred and thirty seizures in the village. They were cerebral and syncopal in type, and the victims died in two or three hours.

On the way back he found two of his boys sitting on the banks of the Gambela unable to cross, and absolutely starving, having had nothing to eat all day. He took one of them with him and foraged for food in the village. At Naurang he had a short night of three hours and then started off for Bannu.

A few days later he went camping with a party of his boys and one or two teachers, Hindus, Muhammadans, and Christians; they ate together and had to share even their drinking vessels. It is very rarely that Hindus and strict Muhammadans will share food or drink with each other or with Christians, hence this was a particularly noteworthy fact, and one of the many instances that show how Dr. Pennell's influence made for that brotherly love and comradeship that he was ever trying to inculcate. His unselfishness in lending his horse or his bicycle to anyone whose need he considered greater than his own was exemplified on this journey, where Beauty was used much more by his boys than himself. His diary has this note:

"I asked the Mullah for a horse because my feet were sore; as he said he would get one I sent the others off with Beauty, but no horses came, and I had to follow on foot."

They did a lot of walking on this march, and he preached in the bazaars and treated the sick. The heat was very great, and most days they were compelled to take shelter in some mosque during the hottest part of the day. Riding

back with the baggage-camels by night they lost their way in the Kushai Nali, and climbed in and out of numberless *khuds*, or ravines, finally reaching Latambar by midnight. The luggage-camels did not arrive till 3 a.m. Dr. Pennell hastened back to Bannu, arriving by sunrise, and so was able to use the day for work, in spite of the fact that he had been travelling all night.

He spent a few days at Simla at an Executive Committee Meeting, and, returning by Dera Ismail Khan, saw numbers of his old patients, and preached on Sunday in the little Mission Church.

About this time a boy who was a student of the city school and captain of their cricket eleven became an enquirer and came to Dr. Pennell for instruction. He was immediately subjected to all kinds of annoyances, deposed from his captaincy, and persecuted in all kinds of little ways, but he was not deterred, and continued to come for teaching.

In the autumn Dr. Pennell made a short journey into the districts, travelling through Lakki, where he saw his patients of the summer. He found the schoolboy whose leg he had operated on doing well, gave him crutches, operated on another boy, went on to Esa Kheyl and Sheikh Mahmud, seeing patients both at the little Dispensary at the latter place, and in their houses, and preaching in all the villages and bazaars.

This was the period in India when the "*swadeshi*" movement was in full swing, and Dr. Pennell, as always, was greatly interested in a question of such vital importance. He encouraged his boys to have debates on the subject, and had public lectures for the people of the city. A certain type of revolutionary Indian preached the doc-

trine that no one was a patriot who used goods of British or foreign manufacture, and throughout the length and breadth of the country efforts were made to substitute satisfactory *swadeshi* goods, or things of Indian origin, for the boycotted foreign wares. It was a sore trial to the Indian merchants whose stores of Manchester goods were still in stock, and one evil of this sudden boycott was the temptation it was to them to fake things. An outer *swadeshi* wrapper alas! often disguised a palpably English article.

A sad event spread gloom over Bannu in November. In Dr. Pennell's words:

"It is a lovely autumn afternoon in the little frontier town of Bannu. The trees round the recreation ground between the city and cantonments are beginning to sere and show variegated tints of yellow and brown. There is an unusual crowd round the greensward which forms the station cricket-pitch, and as it is Friday, the Bannu market-day, a number of Wazirs and other hillmen who are coming to and from market stop for a few minutes to gaze on the scene that lies before them, and probably to wonder in their minds what mysterious ultimate object the 'Feringhis' (English) have in the evolutions they are watching enacted, or whether it is some preliminary to military operations on their own hill fastnesses. Turning to the recreation ground itself we find that it is a cricket match between the garrison officers and the Mission High School students. The boys have been stealing a number of runs and their score is beginning to draw on towards a century when the officers put on a new slow bowler and a succession of unwary batsmen fall victims to his wiles, and soon the innings is over with a score of eighty-eight. The officers begin to bat and the score rises rapidly, then some good catches send several players back to the pavilion

(here represented by some shady shisham trees), the score reaches eighty-eight and the last player goes in, a young fair-haired boy, the son of our slow bowler; the winning run is made and the boy caught at point next ball, and the innings is over.

"Just one week has passed: again it is market-day, but no tribesmen can be seen anywhere near the recreation ground; instead we see long lines of khaki-dressed native infantry, while sentries and patrols guard all the roads leading thereto, and all is silent as the grave. Then we see a long procession slowly, silently moving out of the fort, long ranks of native infantry, Sikh, Pathan, and Punjabi Musulman, with slow, measured tread and arms reversed, then a gun-carriage surmounted by a coffin covered with the Union Jack and wreaths, the masterless steed, the mourners, a group of sunburnt officers of the Frontier Force, and some more troops bring up the rear. It is the funeral of a distinguished frontier officer and the slow bowler of last Friday, now borne to his last resting-place, the victim of a dastardly Ghazi outrage the day before.

"Just facing the cricket ground is a shady and flowery patch of ground enclosed by a simple brick wall and containing a number of white tombstones; here lie many gallant officers, military and civil, some killed in action, others, like the present Captain Donaldson, killed by religious fanatics in Bannú and the neighbourhood while in pursuit of their duties; others again carried off by pestilence and disease. Here, too, in lowlier grass-grown graves, lie a number of the native Christian community. East and West, high and low, all gathered in one small plot, covered with the same mother earth to await their common resurrection, so glorious in its expectations for some, so dread in its possibilities for others.

"Here, just facing the now deserted cricket ground, the long procession halts; the chaplain, just arrived after a

ninety miles' hasty drive from Dera Ismail Khan, begins to recite the solemn verses of the burial service, and the booted and spurred officers do their last brotherly service and shoulder their comrade's coffin from the gun-carriage to the grave. The strains of the 'Last Post' sound forth, a shrill call to the sombre mountains round, as the last rays of the setting sun fall slanting through the foliage on the faces of the mourners, some sharp words of command ring forth from a native officer, the troops wheel about, and all is solitude and silence.

"Only the day before a new regiment was to arrive in Bannu, and, as the custom is, the station regiments were marching out with their band to welcome them in. At the head of the regiment a group of officers were riding, including the officer commanding the district, Colonel Aylmer, V.C., and his Brigade-Major, Captain Donaldson. Just beyond the fort the road narrows a little to pass over a culvert, and the officer on the outside of Captain Donaldson fell back a little to make room for him.

"Behind that culvert a Mahsud Waziri was in hiding, determined to kill an infidel and gain a martyrdom in the most sensational manner possible, so that for many an evening in years to come the tribal bards might sing his praises round the camp fires and in the village *Chaŭks*. Just as Captain Donaldson, now on the outside rank, came abreast of him he sprang out, a pistol shot rang through the air, and the officer fell mortally wounded. There was, of course, no escape for the Mahsud, bullet and bayonet at once disabled him, though he lived long enough to be hanged that afternoon. Our first feelings are those of horror at the enormity of the act, killing a stranger who has never seen or injured him; but who is worthy of our severer judgment, this young and ignorant soldier (for he had recently served in the Border Militia) thirsting for religious fame by a deed of daring, or the Muhammadan priest who had assiduously taught him that all 'Feringhis'

(English) were 'Kafirs' (infidels), and that to kill one of them, in no matter how dastardly a manner, was a sure passport to Paradise, and that eternal joys were awaiting him as the reward of the valour and righteousness of his deed?"

Dr. Pennell was still hoping that Taib Khan, the recalcitrant convert who had been beguiled away by his relations, would repent and return to Christianity. Taking advantage of a Medical Committee at Peshawar he rode on to Thandkoi and found Taib, but to his great sorrow the latter was living happily and contentedly as a Muhammadan. On the way back some more old boys and enquirers came to see him at Peshawar; of these one who had lapsed from Christianity was convinced he had done wrong and expressed his wish to return.

The Mullah at Karak who had previously professed his willingness to become a Christian and had given a lot of trouble, now came forward again as a catechumen, making public profession in the bazaar. Jahan Khan, the Afghan Christian assistant at the Dispensary, preached with Dr. Pennell in the bazaars, and the Mullah made his declaration publicly. Upon this there was a great uproar among the people, who abused the old Mullah and Jahan Khan, and of course Dr. Pennell also. Unfortunately the old Mullah was never very firm about anything but acquiring money, and in a few days his ardour had cooled when he saw his profession of Faith had brought him no gains. No backsliding, however, was sufficient to discourage Dr. Pennell's faith, and to the day of his death he strove with this old man. Even though at the last the latter disappointed him, he believed that somehow, somewhere, the waverer would own conviction.

CHAPTER XXIII

1906

Journey without luggage—Halting convert—Guard while preaching—Rabid dog—Wazir tricks—Frontier ideas of justice—Fracas—Convert—Pathan tempers—Hindu wedding—Family pressure—Football tour—Start from Bannu—Stop at Pezu—First game—Crossing the river—Multan.

EARLY in January, Dr. Pennell went to Lahore for a Conference, travelling by Lakki and Kundian, where he treated several patients. Crossing the Indus he had to give his luggage to two peasants, and when they got tired an ox was hired to carry it. Alas! with this slow means of conveyance he arrived at the station to find no luggage, and had to go on to Lahore in the bitter cold with only his *poshteen* to sleep in and none of his other belongings.

On the way he came across a boy who had been converted in one of the Punjab Mission Schools, but who was too timid openly to confess himself a Christian. They had a long talk together, which the boy found most helpful.

At the Conference his projected football tour through India was sanctioned, and before he left Lahore his old boys at college there gave him a special feast in their hostel.

In consequence of the roughness that had been shown of late by the cavalry soldiers, who threw stones and sugar-cane at Dr. Pennell and his men during the bazaar

preaching in Bannu, the District Superintendent of Police allowed him a guard of eight mounted men, after which things went very calmly for the next few weeks.

The new Chief Commissioner, Sir Harold Deane, paid a visit to Bannu and went to see the Mission School and Hospital. In the wards a patient greeted the "Lat Sahib," as they call him, with "Sahib arz laram" ("I have a petition"). The man's brother had been unjustly locked up, being mistaken for a Mahsud raider. Captain Blakeway, the Deputy Commissioner of Bannu, investigated the matter and, to his brother's great joy, the man was released.

In the Mohurrum week Dr. Pennell paid a visit to Karak, and while there he narrowly escaped infection from rabies. The Assistant Commissioner brought his bull-pup with a story that it had a bone in its throat, and asked Dr. Pennell to remove it. Accepting the diagnosis, he began giving the animal chloroform, but when it was anæsthetised he could find no bone at all; this aroused his suspicions, and on questioning the owner closely, found the latter had no grounds for his diagnosis of the bone, and Dr. Pennell realised that the dog was suffering from rabies, so he increased the chloroform and later did a post-mortem examination. The brain and the spinal cord were sent to the Pasteur Institute at Kasauli, and the report confirmed his suspicions.

On his way back to Bannu he witnessed one of those little instances which prove the schoolboy nature of the Wazir. Two Khattaks were leading their camels along the road, the animals being laden one with corn, the other three with beams and rafters. Something alarmed the leading camel, who fled into the jungle. Soon his load got entangled in the branches and fell off, dangling

between his legs. This increased his alarm, and he careered off at a great pace. Dr. Pennell coming on the scene, offered to look after the three other camels, and sent the second Khattak to help in catching the runaway. Then some mischievous Wazirs came upon the scene and began to halloo and make a great noise, setting a dog at the heels of the camels, who thereupon began to jump and dance, and with their unwieldy loads were very difficult to control, especially by a novice.

It was only by great good luck that no one was injured, and the poor frightened animals were at last calmed to permit of their loads being readjusted.

Just about this time happened the sad event which Dr. Pennell relates in his book as an instance of how impatient the frontier folk are of the slow uncertain workings of the law courts. A Waziri woman, whose two brothers had been killed by another Waziri, had been unable to obtain satisfaction from the courts, as no witnesses could be found to give evidence against the murderer, who was a powerful rogue. The poor girl had no peace for the thought of these unavenged deaths, to her mind most terrible, so she resolved to take the law into her own hands, as the British *Sarkar* had failed her. Concealing a pistol about her person she came into the thick of the Friday market, mingling with the motley crowd till she came face to face with her brother's murderer and shot him point-blank. She was, of course, arrested at once, and when Dr. Pennell met her later, on her way to penal servitude in the Andaman Isles, all she said was that she "was content, having avenged her brothers' death. For the rest it was God's will."

The relations between the police and the military on

AN OLD WAZIRI WOMAN

She had tramped many weary miles to come to the Bannu Hospital. She is exceedingly poor, as is seen from her rags. On the journey she has lost one of her grass shoes, that cost a penny a pair. She was suffering from cataract. She left the Hospital able to see.

the frontier are always rather delicate. A soldier of the 59th Rifles was fighting a man of the Border Military Police, when a police sergeant of the town came to separate them. The two combatants immediately turned on the would-be peacemaker, a general fracas ensued, and partisans of both sides joined the fray. The police being fewer in number and poorer in spirit, were compelled to escape as best they could, some of them only getting away disguised as civilians. The enraged soldiers swarmed in the bazaars, seizing sticks, the legs of beds, faggots of wood, anything wherewith they could belabour the police. They shut the city gates so that no one could escape. In the confusion some of Dr. Pennell's schoolboys got locked into the city, and it was only when he helped them to climb over the gates that they were able to get out of the scrimmage.

A British officer came down from the fort with a squad of men to restore order, but it was two hours before the military could be cleared out of the city and business resumed.

The routine of the next few weeks was enlivened by the decision of one of the Hindu boys of the school to become a Christian. Great excitement was caused by the announcement, especially as his elder brother was a teacher in the school, and was about to be married.

It was always difficult to restrain the hot temper of the Pathan under provocation, as Dr. Pennell found during the bazaar preaching. A soldier from Rawal Pindi, being annoyed at getting the worst of an argument with Jahan Khan, suddenly hit him in the chest. Jahan Khan and one or two of the other Pathan Christians were very anxious to retaliate or get some sort of redress, and

found it hard to bear meekly such a challenge to Pathan courage.

Returning from a Conference at Lahore, Dr. Pennell fell in with the marriage party of one of his Hindu schoolmasters, and went back with them to their home. He made use of this opportunity by preaching in the bazaars to crowded audiences. The wedding ceremonies were very interesting. After the ceremonial bathing of the bridegroom, he marched at the head of a procession through the town with his men friends, accompanied by the shrill pipes and insistent drum-taps which characterise Indian music, torch-bearers leading the way.

The bride with her maids did the same, but having started from another point, the two processions gradually approached each other, and with much dancing and noise and the beating of drums the bridegroom neared the bride's house, which she had already entered. Here a little ceremony took place which is a relic of old times when abduction was common. All the women of the party resisted the entry of the bridegroom into the house, and it was only after a pretence of struggling and pushing that he finally got in.

The main religious ceremony with the seven steps was taken together round the fire, and all the attendant rites took place at midnight.

Dr. Pennell spent the night alone in the jungle in meditation, and at 3 a.m. he got into a boat and was towed up to Dandot; from here he walked up a ravine to a salt post. On the way he treated a number of patients, and gradually worked down to Sheikh Mahmud, his luggage following on a donkey.

Meanwhile he had been greatly distressed about the

young Hindu enquirer, whose ardour had been damped owing to the pressure brought to bear on him by his whole family. He found the boy avoided him, and would not confide in him at all, being almost afraid to trust himself to the influence of his beloved "Doctor Sahib."

On returning to Bannu, Dr. Pennell sent one of the Christians to try and get hold of him, but the friends managed to get the boy away before the messenger's arrival. When the boy was finally allowed to return to Bannu, the tears of lamentation of his women-folk were too much for him and his courage failed. So to the great sorrow of Dr. Pennell, he decided not to change his religion.

At this time a Muhammadan boy from the city school was received as a catechumen. A few days after he became very ill, and it was thought he had been poisoned by his orthodox relations. However, he recovered, and a fortnight after was able to play in a cricket match for the last time as a student of the city school. Two days after he disappeared completely, and no more was heard of him. His people had evidently taken him away to prevent his openly becoming a Christian.

The work at Karak was now going on very briskly. Dr. Pennell and his colleague, Dr. Barton, had to make frequent visits to the place. Jahan Khan, who was in charge, was competent to deal with the minor cases, while operations were kept till one of the doctors from Bannu was able to come and do them.

The following extract is a comment on the work at this time:

"Dr. Pennell's annual report, which has reached us, tells of an increasing number of in-patients during the

past year. The accommodation of the hospital was augmented to sixty beds some two years ago, but these have been occupied continuously. Some extra wards for families and private patients are being built, which will raise the number of available beds to sixty-eight. Dr. Pennell mentions that, although there is not the keen interest or spirit of enquiry one would wish to see, still the message is received with more respectful attention than formerly. Among the disappointments of the work he mentions the unruliness and impatience of many of the patients who have undergone operations, whereby the result of the operation is often impaired or utterly ruined. He says :

" ' Many eyes are lost after operation for cataract in this way. The patient seems to think the injunction not to open the bandage a mere fad of the doctor's, and as soon as he is left alone removes it in order to carry out some private sight-testing, which usually results in the infection and destruction of the eye.

" ' An increased number of gun-shot and sword wounds have been treated, not, we are happy to think, because the people are becoming more combative, but because the hospital is getting more widely known and trusted. And it is becoming more of a routine practice for the Afghan tribesmen both far and near to bring their wounded to the hospital as quickly as possible.'

" The following extracts from the hospital log-book, which appear in the report, are of interest.

" ' A political officer after visiting the hospital wrote : " I had heard a great deal about the Bannu Mission Hospital before Dr. Pennell took me over it, and was much interested in seeing what is now (to leave other aspects of the work out of the question) an important political factor on the Bannu frontier. I never fail to advise Tochi Waziris to go to Dr. Pennell at Bannu, and in future I shall advise them more strongly than before.

This splendid work will long be remembered by all tribes and classes." '

" The Bishop of Lahore follows with these words :

" ' If, as noted above, it constitutes an important political factor on the frontier, and to the value of this I am fully alive, much more certainly may we feel that it is an immense service in breaking down opposition, softening hearts, making clear to the very rough and untamed people of these parts the real meaning and bearing of the Gospel message, and so preparing the way for its reception.' "

CHAPTER XXIV

1906

Football tour—Karachi—Mountaineers at sea—The Monsoon—Arrival in Bombay—Good match—Hyderabad—First defeat—Seeing the world—Hard play—Travelling by boat—Historical India—Barefoot opponents—Ill-health—Calcutta—Misfortune—Fracas—Sickness—Home-coming—Picking up threads—Grateful patients.

On July 2, Dr. Pennell started with his school football team for a tour through India. He writes of the start :

" We were much dreading the heat of the earlier days of our tour through the Punjab and Sindh, and therefore were delighted beyond bounds when in the forenoon of the day appointed for our departure a cool moist breeze began to blow, presaging a coming storm, which broke on us with a deluge of rain about midday, soaked the parched ground and cleaned and freshened the dry dusty herbage, reducing the temperature so much that we were able to start in perfect comfort at 5.30 p.m.

" We had four one-horsed *tum-tums* carrying three boys each, and one two-horsed one, in which five sat. That evening we made an hour's halt to refresh man and beast, at Naurang, and the two Christians and I had evening service together.

" Here I met the blind boy Inayat, who had been baptized in 1895. He was singing in the bazaar for pice. On hearing my voice he came up expressing great joy at meeting me again. We moved on about 10 p.m., the

boys snatching what sleep they could in the cramped space in the *tum-tums*. At 6 a.m. we reached Pezu, and went to the Government reservoir to wash off the dust and sleepiness of the night's journey. There had been heavy rain all over the country, so that towards morning we had even to put on extra wraps.

"At Pezu we were the guests of the Deputy Inspector of Police, whose son was one of the team, and he regaled us with an ample repast, the Hindus being given *chapattis* and vegetables, and the Muhammadans *chapattis* and *shorba*. Some miles before reaching Pezu we met a forlorn string of criminals on the march, under the escort of a posse of police sepoys. The poor fellows looked very hot and weary, handcuffed and footshackled, and all chained together. Some belonged to a village they passed on the way, and a crowd of their friends came out for a last good-bye as the police hurried them on.

"One of them had died on the way of heat-apoplexy, and his two brothers who were among the prisoners looked very disconsolate. Soon after our arrival at Pezu, these prisoners also marched in and were put into the lock-up of the police station close by. One of them was the woman who avenged her brother by shooting his murderer just outside our printing press a few months ago. She was suffering from high fever, and I gave her some medicine and had a little talk with her.

"After a siesta I saw some patients, then we had another bathe before saddling up.

"The night was very hot and we travelled slowly, stopping about 6 a.m. to refresh and feed the horses, while many of the boys had a bathe in the rain-filled tank by the side of the road.

"July 4th. We reached Dera Ismail Khan at 6 a.m. The boys were housed in the school, and after an excellent meal were cheered in mind and body. When I visited them at five o'clock they were in high spirits, getting

ready for their first match. The match began at 7 p.m. At the very beginning the Dera boys carried the ball to our end and one made a shot which passed outside the posts, but the onlookers thinking it was a goal began to cheer. Our boys then set to in earnest and kept the ball chiefly down at the Dera goal. A good shot by Gurmukh was neatly saved by their goalkeeper. At the end of twenty minutes another shot by the same boy outdid the goalkeeper and scored the first point for us. After this both sides played vigorously, but our boys showed the better form, and two minutes before half-time our forwards made a rush and Hiranand made the second goal.

"Just after half-time a thick dust storm swept down on us so that the players could not see the ball, nor the spectators the players, so the match was closed with the score 2 to 0 in our favour.

"The sand storm was followed by a drenching downpour, and we only just got home in time to escape it.

"July 5th.—We left at 7 a.m. The ferry steamer is only two miles from Dera, so we all walked down, sending the luggage in two *tum-tums*.

"As soon as we got to the steamer, some of us had a most refreshing plunge and swim in the cool waters of the river, diving off the boat's side.

"We left at 10.15 and reached the other bank at noon. The question now was whether to proceed in *tum-tums* or in small boats across the freshets and river-bed between us and Darya Khan. All crowded around us, the boatmen vociferating that the *tum-tums* would never get through the eight miles of inundated land that lay between us and Darya Khan, and the *tum-tum* drivers being equally decided in assuring us that the boats would have to go by so circuitous a route that they would not reach the station till midnight. While we were still in doubt, we met an old schoolboy, Kesar Singh, of the 33rd Punjabis, and he

A Bannu Group

Dr. Pennell with Jahan Khan, his first Afghan convert and friend, by his side. Taib Khan, whose story is told in the text, is standing behind Jahan Khan. Abdulla, a Mullah, first a bigot, then a convert, is behind Dr Pennell.

advised us to decide on *tum-tums*, so, taking off most of our superfluous clothes and arrayed only in bathing pants or "shorts" and *paggris*, we set off on foot, with our luggage in the *tum-tums*. Nearly the whole land was inundated, the water varying from a few inches to four feet in depth, and in one place the *tum-tums* had to be packed bodily on to a ferry-boat to be taken across a deep and rapid branch of the river about 150 yards wide.

"Eleven of us swam across. Karam Dad and Ahmad Khan were both carried so far downstream that we were on the point of making a rescue party when they got over. We disported ourselves in the water till the ferry-boat arrived with our luggage and the rest of our party, and then we set off again. The last three miles were very trying, as the water was nearly uniformly three feet deep and the bottom slippery with frequent unexpected holes. However, we encouraged one another with quips and cranks, and all reached Darya Khan safely at six o'clock, though the appearance we presented in our scanty and bedraggled attire must have been most remarkable!

"Here two old boys met us; one wanted a recommendation for the Deputy Commissioner of Mianwali, and the other wanted to be medically examined. I attended to the demands of both.

"After we had dined, and the Christians, Muhammadans, and Hindus had had their separate devotions, we all had a united service on the platform, which interested and attracted the other passengers. The boys sang *bhajans*, or Indian hymns, and I offered prayers.

"An engineer from Kushab met me here and travelled with me to Bhakkar. We had a pleasant talk, and prayed together.

"On July 6th we reached Multan at 8.15 and were met at the station by some of the boys and masters of the Mission School, who drove us up to the bungalow. The match began at seven o'clock, and as the umpire was most

incompetent we had some trouble. Within three minutes of the kick-off Rabb Nawaz scored the first goal for Bannu, and about ten minutes later another goal was scored, but was ruled off-side. For a long time the ball was kept at the Multan end, and their goal was uniformly hard pressed; yet still another goal, which seemed to the on-lookers absolutely right, was ruled off-side. Then a very small cause led to a fight, and our boys were unable to bear any more and ran to the rescue of one of their number, who was being mishandled. The two parties were separated with difficulty; the game had to be brought to an end, our boys remaining victors by 1 to 0."

From Multan the team went to the little native State of Bahawalpur, where they were the guests of a native cavalry officer, uncle to one of the boys. Here it was that Dr. Pennell first met his future wife, who was doctor at the Zenana Hospital.

From Bahawalpur, where they were again victorious, they went on to Karachi. The journey was very hot and dusty; during the night the sand simply poured into the carriage, so that they woke to find themselves almost smothered in it; it lay thick on the floor and seats, it covered their clothes, faces, hands, penetrated into their throats, and altogether made them most uncomfortable. At Karachi the Hindu boys found a very scant welcome at the Government School, and finally, after some trouble, Dr. Pennell got them all housed in the Mission School, where they felt much more at home.

Here they met their first good opponents in the Y.M.C.A. team. It was a hardly contested game, and the Bannu team was delighted on winning by 3 to 2.

One afternoon was spent by the boys in seeing the harbour and lighthouse. Most of them had never seen

the sea before, and it was a most thrilling thought to them that they would have to trust themselves to it on the journey to Bombay.

Two of the schools who were to have played against them excused themselves on the plea that they were not ready. The Sindh Madrassa, however, played them, and Bannu won by 5 to 1.

On July 14th they went on board the *Kasara* for Bombay; the Pathans had never experienced anything so terrible as the motion of the sea, and were all prostrate. They lay on deck groaning and lamenting that they had ever left their beloved Bannu, and longing for their fathers and mothers! Only one boy, Dilawar Khan, could be induced to get up and walk the deck. A stormy south-west wind was blowing the whole time, so they had some excuse for feeling unhappy. And this miserable voyage ended in a sad welcome in Bombay, where they landed in torrential rain and in pitch darkness. It was with some difficulty that they induced the porter at the Robert Money School, where they were to put up, to let them in. After some hesitation he showed them a large bare room on the third storey. The boys were starving after their fast of two days, so they all sallied out to find a restaurant and satisfied themselves with buns and milk. No beds had been provided for them, and so they all spread their rugs on the bare floor in the schoolroom and soon were fast asleep.

One of their best games was against the "City Club" on the Oval. Dr. Pennell describes it thus:

"There was a good assemblage on the ground, and much interest was exhibited in our team. Play began at 6 p.m. Within five minutes Harnam Singh got a corner kick, and

placed it so well that it grazed one of the opponents and slipped into the goal. A few minutes later Gurmukh Das secured a good goal after some quick passing. Play was even for some minutes, when the City Club made a run up; one of their wings made a shot which our goalkeeper failed to stop, and a few minutes later a scrimmage in front of our goal resulted in a second goal against us.

"Half-time thus left us with two goals each. After this our boys played up well; the forwards did some good passing, and Ahmad Khan secured a third goal. We were all hoping to win, but just on the stroke of time the City Club made a rush and kicked a goal."

After this it poured so continuously that no further matches were possible in Bombay.

Their next stopping-place was Nasik. They greatly appreciated the beautiful greenness of the undulating country and its cool breezes after the unpleasant steamy climate of Bombay. They were most hospitably welcomed by the C.M.S. Missionaries, and here they played both cricket and football matches, being victorious throughout. Both teams were very pleased with themselves, and in the evening had an impromptu concert in which they sang Marathi, Urdu, Pushtu, and English songs. The Bannu boys were delighted to hear one of their favourites, "Forty Years On," which they were wont to shout at the top of their voices in the Bannu playing fields.

At this orthodox Hindu city the Hindus from the north were not recognised by their co-religionists as being of the same faith, for the latter refused to let them defile their bathing ghat and sent them off to the Muhammadan bathing-place. The northerners were greatly disgusted to see the whole place given up to idolatry. Idols are scarcely ever seen in the north, where the strong hand of one

Muhammadan conqueror after another long ago destroyed all such images. The sight emboldened the frontier Hindus to preach to the Nasik men on the sin and folly of idol worship. The Nasik Hindus asked them of what caste they were since they objected to idols, and who their "*guru*," or Spiritual teacher, was. Pointing to Dr. Pennell, who stood by in Afghan dress, the boys said, "This is our *guru*," whereupon he became an object of great curiosity to the faithful.

Ahmednagar was their next stopping-place; they played badly, but won the match by 1 to 0. In a cricket match that was improvised next day they made a fine stand, to their own great astonishment. They were keenly interested in all the industrial work of the Mission, and here, too, they had an impromptu evening "Sing-song," such as their Pathan souls loved, singing in Pushtu, Urdu, Punjabi, and Marathi. An item of interest that greatly took their fancy was a Bhil dance. The Bhils are an aboriginal tribe of Western India, and the boys from the north had never seen their like.

Their next stopping-place was to be Hyderabad in the Deccan. They had two nights of travelling and several changes. They managed to get some sleep on the platform at Dhond station one night, and at Wadi Junction the next, and arrived at Hyderabad ready to uphold the honour of Bannu. But here they were to meet their first defeat. The Nizam's College had an excellent team, and two of the English professors were playing for them. They very soon showed their superiority, and scored their first goal by an excellent shot from the outside right wing. The Bannu boys worked hard, but the other team was the stronger and better, and added two more goals before half-time.

Bannu then worked desperately to defeat them, but to no avail. Hyderabad added yet another goal to the score, and the game ended with 4 to 0 against Bannu. The Bannu boys were very sad, for defeat always left them depressed to the last degree; but Dr. Pennell was greatly cheered when the Principal of the Nizam's College congratulated him and his team, saying he had never seen boys play more fairly and with less fouling.

In the intervals between his engagements with the boys Dr. Pennell took every opportunity to lecture on Mission work on the frontier, or else he addressed the High Schools and Colleges they visited. In some places he preached in the churches and took services. In his indefatigable way he filled every moment of his time, and lost no opportunity of fulfilling his mission to teach and to preach, and, wherever possible, to heal. Yet he never neglected his boys, always remembering to give them some special treat; and here in Hyderabad he arranged for them to go elephant rides, to their great delight. They saw all the sights of that interesting place riding through the bazaars on their novel steeds, for in the north they only have camels, and they enjoyed the elephants as much as any child at the Zoological Gardens.

One evening Dr. Pennell gave a public lecture on the Frontier, the chair being taken by a Muhammadan Judge of the High Court.

The second match played by the Bannu team in Hyderabad was more successful than their first essay. They had had two or three days' rest, and so were in better form, instead of being fatigued by thirty-six hours of travel, as they had been in the first match. They scored 2–0, and felt their self-respect restored.

Dr. Pennell's experiences as a Sadhu had already won for him the interest of many who had not met him before, and he was induced to give a lecture on his tour to a Hindu Young Men's Club.

One day they visited the Fort of Goalando, of which the walls are five miles in circumference. They had an excellent guide, and the Bannu boys learnt a great deal of history and something of architecture in these delightful excursions. The gain to them mentally and socially was incalculable, and this unique experience has done much to fit them for posts of trust and for intercourse with English officials and others in their later years.

Their next match against the railway team was a most exciting one. Both teams were good and fairly well matched, so the ball was kept travelling from end to end of the field. Rabb Nawaz, the Bannu goalkeeper, was most skilful in saving the goal several times. Their opponents' goalkeeper was similarly on the alert. Play was very fast and furious. Bannu played up well, but could not score a goal. The spectators cheered them with shouts of "Go on, Bannu!" "Well played, Bannu!" and the boys worked desperately hard. Their best shots at goal were frustrated by the vigilance of their opponents' most excellent goalkeeper, and time was called before either side was able to score a point. They were all too exhausted, however, to play extra time, and the game was left a draw.

Dr. Pennell's next engagement was a meeting of the Hyderabad Medical Association at the house of Dr. Naidu, whose wife, Sarojini Naidu, is well known as a poet and leader of the Women's Movement in educated India.

Requests for matches seemed to pour in upon them. They had to refuse four clubs, but the importunity of the

Deccan Football Club was not to be resisted, and they consented to play them. This team proved to be one of the best in Hyderabad, consisting of very fast, hard and accurate players. In the first five minutes they scored a goal, and then the Bannu boys, being on their mettle, played up splendidly, and time after time brought the ball to their adversaries' goal, but the defence was too strong, and they never succeeded in netting the ball. On the other hand, though the Deccan men worked hard to score against Bannu, the latter's full-backs and goal were always ready and sent the ball back as often as it was brought up. The match was lost, but the Bannu team was much admired for its good play.

At Secunderabad they played a successful game before a crowd of about three thousand spectators. Bannu won by 2 to 0. From here they went on to Bezwada, where they arrived in the dark, and found their host waiting to take them down by boat, but he had not thought of bringing any food. This was no Sadhu journey, and the hungry Pathans could not go fasting, so they got bread and had some tea made, and then left in the boat for Masulipatam, forty miles distant by canal; they were towed most of the way, but when the wind was favourable they hoisted a sail. The boat was something between a Norfolk wherry and a Thames barge, and the boys managed to get to sleep on deck.

When they awoke next morning they found they had only travelled twenty-five miles during the night, so slow was their progress; they had a pleasant swim in the canal, the banks of which were lined with shady trees, many of them covered with gorgeous red and yellow flowers; endless acres of rice fields stretched as far as eye could see

—a very unusual sight to the Pathans, as were also the toddy palm plantations surrounding the little villages. The sultry afternoon was spent by most of them in napping, and Dilawar Khan greatly amused the others by rolling into the water from the narrow deck.

At this historic place, Masulipatam, there was much to see: an old fort occupied by the Dutch, French, and English in succession, graveyards with their records of the many races that had passed through it, and of the battles that had been fought, and old monuments and churches.

Here they found that an objection was made against playing a match with them, on account of their boots, the Masulipatam boys being barefoot. Finally the boys of the Christian Hostel consented to play. The Bannu team was somewhat scornful of a barefoot team, and played so carelessly and badly that Masulipatam scored a goal in great style, and with little opposition from Bannu. It was not till after the second goal had been scored against them that the Bannu boys began to rally, and scored one goal, playing up well, but it was too late to make up for their earlier slackness, and they lost the match by 2 to 1.

The return by boat to Bezwada was hot and tedious, but they cooled themselves with frequent bathes in the canal. The current against them was very strong, and it was hard work getting along in the boat. However, they caught their train for Guntur, where they were met by the Principal of the Mission College and his students.

Here they had a most unconventional game, which taxed all the forbearance and patience of the Bannu team.

Over 1500 schoolboys and college youths collected to watch the game. They were absolutely undisciplined and

swarmed on to the field, crowded the goals, were continually in the way, and no one seemed able to control them.

The opposing team played without boots, and their game was most unusual; they used their hands as freely as their bare feet, and if the Bannu team had not been sporting enough to take them as they were, there would have been a general mêlée. Bannu won by 12–0.

Next day they had another match against a scratch team made up of English officers and Indian officials. Bannu scored a goal before half-time, but then the game had to be stopped as the schoolboys and spectators crowded into the field, and no one seemed to have any authority to remove them.

The Hindu boys of the Bannu team were very unfortunate here; though it was an entirely orthodox Hindu city, they found it impossible to get any food, and when at last something was brought to them at midnight they were much too tired to get up and eat, and so had to fast.

About this point of the tour Dr. Pennell first began to be unwell; he had pyrexia and a succession of abscesses, which the medical student, who was a member of the team, incised for him at intervals. In spite of severe indisposition he never let his own affairs interfere with the boys' engagements and pleasures, and, well or ill, his own concerns always took second place.

At Bezwada they found that a very heavy storm had converted the football ground into a deep bog. The Bezwada team, playing barefoot, had much the best of it; the Bannu boys found their boots so heavy with mud that they could not run at all, and though the opposing

team were not as good as they were, their efforts to get past the defence were vain, and no goal was scored.

Their next stopping place was Calcutta. Here Dr. Pennell got worse, and was obliged to go to bed for two days. They seemed to be beset by ill-luck here. Besides Dr. Pennell's illness, he lost a bank-note for a hundred rupees from his pocket-book. The boys, too, were not at all in good form, and played a very poor game against the Calcutta Mission School; the score was only 1–0. Next day they played another Calcutta team, the ground being very sodden and covered with long grass. The frontier boys were quite unused to these conditions and were at a great disadvantage. They found that the rule of the game seemed to be "kick and sit down," only varied by those who sat down before they managed to kick! In a few minutes the players were covered with mud from head to foot, and were unable to run at all. When the Calcutta team had made three goals the Bannu boys began to think perhaps they would play better if unhampered by boots, and so at half-time several of them discarded theirs and played barefoot. But though they made a much better fight, they were unable to score at all, and lost the game by four goals. Their next match they lost also.

Meanwhile Dr. Pennell got worse, and had to spend some time in bed trying to recover, so he missed Bannu's first successful match in Calcutta. The boys were so delighted that two of them ran back four miles to give him the good news. Their success put new heart into them, and they had a gay "Sing-song" that evening.

Their stay in Calcutta was anything but a success. Frontier boys are very easily depressed by adverse fortune, and the illness of their Principal, and his consequent

absence from the scene of their contests, made them very unhappy. Calcutta did not agree with them in the least, and what with sickness and defeat they lost heart.

They were all greatly excited on their journey to Krishnagar to meet a Pathan from over the border, who had been living in Bengal as a moneylender for eighteen years, having to leave his home because he had killed two men there!

At Krishnagar the boys played much better than they had done in Calcutta, and kicked two goals, which the umpire disallowed for trivial reasons. It was incidents such as this that went towards forming their character, and Dr. Pennell was justly proud of the way in which his hot-tempered Pathans bore unmerited defeat and even unjust decisions with calmness and dignity.

Their next two matches were played on rain-sodden ground, and they lost both.

Another frontier man whose acquaintance they made was the engine-driver of the train from Krishnagar, who was so delighted to see Pathans again and talk Pushtu that he asked Dr. Pennell to ride on his engine. The team returned to Calcutta, and had the fracas with the Bengalis which is described in *Among the Wild Tribes*. The Bengalis set upon them unprovoked and left them wounded and bleeding. Several days of waiting in the courts followed, which tired them all out. Dr. Pennell was far from well; he had frequent recurrences of fever, besides several abscesses which had to be opened. The boys who had been injured in the fight needed his care, and he had given up his bed to one of them, and, though so ill himself, slept on a table. This time spent in inhospitable Calcutta was always one of their saddest memories. It

brought their tour to an end, and instead of coming back happy and victorious to Bannu, they arrived battered and ill, with the later part of their engagements unfulfilled. The last fortnight of the time Dr. Pennell was seriously ill with " Seven Days' Fever " and septic infection. Finally he started for Bannu, leaving behind those of his team whose examination in court had still to take place.

Once more in his own north-west country he began to revive. His boys and many of the town people came out several miles to meet him, though he reached Bannu at 4 a.m. The rest of the team got home a few days later and had a great ovation.

Those who had already arrived went out to Domel to join the last comers, and all came back together to Bannu where they were welcomed by the *Tehsildar*, Municipal Commissioners and Indian officials of the place, and all the masters and boys of the school. The band of the Border Military Police joined them, so they marched back in a long procession and with much rejoicing to its stirring music.

The next days were saddened by an accident, at polo, to one of the officers of the garrison. Dr. Pennell was called in in consultation, and sat with him for some hours every day, as there no nurses were to be had. On the fourth day the patient died, never having regained consciousness since his accident.

Dr. Pennell himself was far from well, his chronic infection was still going on. But this did not deter him from doing his work. A visit to Karak and the treatment of a large number of patients there was followed by a day in bed, after an operation under chloroform performed on him by his colleague, Dr. Barton. The next day, however,

he was up and riding out to see a patient in a village. He never had time to attend to his own illnesses. School and hospital work continued, and though he mentions incidentally that he is "still much troubled by the staphylococcus infection" the record of work is in no wise interrupted. Indeed, as he had been away for three months, his duties were, if anything, increased.

It was a saying in the Bannu Mission among the Christians that "as soon as the Doctor Sahib left the place the devil came in," and he had returned to find a great deal of misunderstanding, slander, and insubordination, which all needed his controlling hand. The work in the hospital, too, always increased by leaps and bounds as soon as he returned. The news was carried all over the countryside in no time that the Doctor Sahib had come back, and patients flocked in in great numbers. Among the daily tasks came a remarkable major operation on a woman from whom he removed a tumour which weighed thirty-two pounds more than she herself did after the operation! This woman was a faithful and devoted patient to the end of his life. She had tender care and affection from Mrs. Croker Pennell, who took on her own shoulders the nursing of all important cases of this sort, sparing herself in no wise, though she was often, as her diaries show, crippled with the acute pain of osteo-arthritis. It was a great joy to everyone concerned that the patient made an uneventful recovery, and lived to be well and happy. Naini was a flower-seller in the bazaar, and she rarely let a week pass without bringing garlands of jessamine and roses for her beloved Doctor Sahib, his mother, and later for his wife. When Naini was convalescent in her own home, after the operation, Dr. Pennell used himself to take his mother in

her bath chair through the bazaar to see Naini, who never forgot the honour.

In 1910, when he first went for a walk through the Bannu bazaar after his serious illness, many were the flowers showered on him amid the heartfelt rejoicings of these simple people, and Naini's husband, who sat by the road-side with his garlands and flowers laid out daintily on cool banana leaves, brought his whole stock to decorate his friend.

CHAPTER XXV

1906–1907

Village schools—Maidan Range—No food—Epidemic in district—Lonely people—Standard for chaplains—Operation—Smallpox in Bannu—Increased work—Illness—Boys' successes—Self-control—"Haqq hai"—Bad weather for tongas—Troubles in Bannu—Lahore—Tending the sick—Murder at Sheikh Mahmud—Plague—Beauty stolen—Harnam Singh's death—Floods—Kalabagh to Thal—Itineration—Old Boys' meeting with officials—Incensed Qazi—Negotiating the Passes—Teri—Karbogah—Friendly folk—Thal—Pathan hospitality.

DR. PENNELL'S next tour in the district took him across the Kurram River to Shamanni. Here and at the next place, Shnevah, he examined the little village schools. As Englishmen were scarcely ever seen in these out-of-the-way places, his visits were always a great event. He generally gave prizes, and perhaps would offer a scholarship to the best boy, when he was ready to come to the High School at Bannu. There was probably not a single village school in his district which he had not visited in this way, and besides encouraging the teachers, he managed to inspire the boys with enthusiasm and ambition. Later on, if they happened to come in to the District tournaments in Bannu, they were always sure of a welcome and recognition from him. Indeed, he often arranged at such times to play host to the village schools and encouraged his own boys to look after these little fellows and give them a good time.

The Maidan Range was new to him, and he had to take a guide to show him the paths. He started on his stiff climb at daybreak without any food, and after two hours' steady uphill work he began to be hungry. He had just arrived at a little hut, and, as was the custom of this hospitable country, he asked the goodwife for a piece of bread. But alas! she was a good Muhammadan, and as it was Ramazan, would not encourage his wickedness; shaking her head and looking sadly at him, she said, "A fine young man, too, and he does not keep the Fast!" This she said each time she came back to look at him, but she did not give him any bread. It only made matters worse when he began explaining his idea of fasting and his religious views, for her sadness turned into scarcely veiled horror. So he left the good lady and continued his climb till long after midday without bite or sup.

At last, as he got to the Mukarwal nàlà, he was greatly rejoiced to see the tents of one of the Mining Engineers. He was able to get a bath and breakfast, and to proceed on his way refreshed.

The next day he walked to Kulloor, where he was met by Beauty with one of the hospital assistants. They went on to Esa Kheyl, where he visited some Khans who owned a garden in Bannu adjoining the hospital, which he was very anxious to secure. Patients, of course, followed him, and he treated large numbers of them. It was a very sad time in the districts. He writes of it:

"Fever of a malignant type is rampant in all the villages. Most of the shops are shut, scarcely anyone is about, and the sound of wailing for the dead arises from each village I pass through."

At Sheikh Mahmud they had the unusually large number

of sixteen Christians for service. The men of the party sallied forth to preach in the bazaars, a method of evangelisation that Dr. Pennell never failed to practise. After this he visited many of the people in their own homes, cementing the friendships he had made before, and making new friends wherever he went. In the lonely places to which his journeys often led him, he always made it a point to seek out any Christians, English or Indian, whose work took them there, and many a solitary little homestead in the wilds has he thus cheered. The little service he would hold for them was often the only one they had had for a year or more. It was all done so simply and with such friendly tact, that he never raised any antagonism or met with a rebuff.

At a Diocesan Conference in Lahore in November he spoke on one of his favourite topics—the relations of Indians and Europeans. It is worth noting the suggestions of his discourse :

(1) That all Government Chaplains should be required to pass the Higher Standard Language Examination in Urdu.

(2) That there should be accommodation for non-Christians in *all* churches, and courtesy shown to them.

(3) That Chaplains and Missionaries should study the susceptibilities of Hindus and Muhammadans.

(4) That they should not abuse the cherished prophets and customs of the people.

At that time his views were too advanced to meet with universal approval, and many chaplains were horrified at the bare suggestion that they should learn Urdu. However, later times seem to be bringing about reforms in this matter, and the new demand for unity that is inspiring

the Christian Church in India is bringing about changes that will have far-reaching consequences.

Dr. Pennell was not yet quite well. He was still suffering from the complaint that had given him such a bad time in Calcutta, and while he was on his travels he had to be his own surgeon and incise an abscess. A second abscess was rather large and not easy to reach; he therefore visited Major Smith, of Jullundar fame, who opened it for him. He was at that time staying with his friends, Raja and Rani Harnam Singh.

Back again at Bannu he had a busy time picking up the threads and overtaking the arrears of work that had accumulated in his absence. He coached the new chaplain in Urdu, preparatory to his taking service in the Mission Church, and so, as was his wont, put into practice the precepts he had been laying down in Lahore,

The next few days show a record of fever and general ill-health, but except when his temperature went up to 104° he went about doing his work; indeed, his duties were multiplied by an extra science class which he taught in the school, and by increased illness and an epidemic of smallpox in the city.

The nights were disturbed by calls from patients in the city, and he seems to have had to meet more demands than usual from the villages during the day. He casually mentions his fever: "I had fever (tertian) all night, temperature 101°; in the morning I did out- and in-patients, as usual."

The school tournament and matriculation examination were on at the same time, and he was very busy indeed. But to his joy his boys won the cricket and football matches and almost all the gymnastic events.

There were great rejoicings in the Mission School; a concert and masquerade, with speeches and feasting in true Bannu style, was held by the boys on the evening of their success, and boys and masters helped to celebrate the event with all the musical and other talent they possessed. The Bannu impromptu "Sing-song" was a thing no one ever forgot, what it lacked in harmonious melody, it more than made up in variety and wild enthusiasm.

The Bishop of Lahore paid a visit to Bannu in January, 1907, and confirmed two of the Niazi converts who had been baptized at Trug the year before. The hospital and school kept Dr. Pennell very busy; he had a run of serious operation cases in the wards, and several difficult matters to adjust in the school.

Then the wife of Mullah Islam being at the point of death, he rode out to Karak, and from there to her village, three miles off, to see her, taking the son Shah Jehan with him. On the way, at the straggling village of Goreza, he found a woman and her son suffering from a serious disease, which unfortunately is not uncommon in the district. They needed immediate surgical assistance. The son was able to travel to Karak, and there his operation was performed; the mother was very feeble and old, so Dr. Pennell operated on her, to her great relief, in the village.

Amidst the bickerings of hospital assistants and the undisciplined conduct of new boys which caused him great sorrow, he still found time to keep his boys up to their games, playing with them constantly. His one aim constantly in view, he persuaded English officers and civilians to come and play with his beloved boys, and

football and cricket matches formed his only recreation. He was always watching to see his boys develop self-control, and he noted with pleasure how when playing against one of the regimental teams an officer unfairly threw one of his boys down violently, yet not one of the Pathans lost his temper; all kept on playing as before. Dr. Pennell's one regret was that though the officer apologised to him, he did not do so to the boy!

The Provincial Tournament was held in Bannu, and the Mission School was in its element playing host to the Peshawar and Dera Ismail teams. The Bannu football team did very well, and they had as usual most exciting games. Their school cry of "Haqq Hai!" (It is our right!) was greatly applauded by the other schools, and it stuck to them after that; one of the most rousing cries and one that put new life into a flagging field being a wild "Three cheers for Haqq! Haqq Hai!"

Two of Bannu's best boys were incapacitated, one by the injuries received in Calcutta, the other because of a sprained knee, yet play was very fast and furious between Kohat and Bannu, before a crowd of 4000 people. They played a very equal game, and in spite of an extra ten minutes no goal was scored, so the game was postponed.

Next day, when the game was resumed, Bannu was in still better form and kicked one goal before and one after half-time in great style, amid the vociferous applause of the multitude.

In the evening the winning teams of the Bannu and Dera Mission Schools held a "Sing-song," but their Peshawar friends were too downcast to join them. Bannu did well at the sports and tug-of-war, and then

they gave the assembled crowds a physical exercise display in their gay uniforms, to the great delight of the onlookers.

Much rain had made the Kohat road very heavy going, and by reason of this Dr. Pennell was much delayed on the journey to Kohat, the tonga having to be pushed through the deep mud in the nàlàs. Once it was completely upset, and the poor horses were too much exhausted to be able to pull. On arrival at Kohat he found he had missed his train by nearly two hours, and had to wait twenty-two hours for the next! He made use of his enforced delay in visiting English and Indian friends; one of the latter, a Hindu, asked him to breakfast, and thinking to give him the best possible fare, ordered it from the Mess. To his own horror and Dr. Pennell's amusement, he was offered bacon and eggs and beefsteak!—dishes Dr. Pennell had abjured for the sake of his Hindu and Muhammadan friends.

Lahore was visited for a Committee Meeting, and then he spent a few days at Delhi, where he met his future wife for the second time, visiting the Victoria Memorial Hospital, of which she had charge. He stopped at Amritsar to make some plans for the Zenana work at Bannu, and arrived to find the usual troubles awaiting his attention.

Petty thefts from the dispensary, little acts of personal enmity between his undisciplined Pathans, Christian and non-Christian, cases of insubordination and uncharitableness had to be judged and settled. Some days were spent in finding and convicting the culprits before action could be taken; one man had to be dismissed, another transferred, another fined. Yet none of these things

shook his faith in his people. He was ever ready to give them a helping hand, and forgive their delinquencies.

In April he went to Lahore for the meetings of the Medical Missionary Association. He stayed with an Indian friend, Chandu Lal. During his visit he saw a great deal of his old students ; one of them he took to his room, giving him his own bed and tending him himself through an attack of fever, while he cheered the homesick boys who were longing for their free wild country instead of the limitations of a university town. Plague was raging in the Punjab, and any illness was alarming to these homesick lads. Much of his time he spent visiting the sick, often taking his old students with him, and thus teaching them the lesson he was ever seeking to inculcate of service to their fellow-men.

He gave a few addresses, attended meetings at the Brahmo-Mandir, got to know several Indians, encouraging them to open their hearts to him about their grievances and their views on the relations between the English and Indians in India.

At Sheikh Mahmud, which he visited on his way back, he found a tragedy had occurred :

" This morning a man named Azim was murdered close to the Dispensary, only seventy yards from the nearest house. Some one came to call him, and on going out he was seized and strangled, and cut over the lower jaw with a severe blow which fractured the bone and caused copious hæmorrhage."

It was months afterwards that Dr. Pennell was able to give evidence that prevented a miscarriage of justice, for the wrong people were charged with the murder, and they lacked the means, and their friends the courage,

to withstand the weight of evidence brought against them.

The preaching in the bazaar at Esa Kheyl was greatly disturbed by some turbulent Muhammadans, but nothing daunted, Dr. Pennell went on his way. On his return he found the Kurram in flood, and had to ride through with the water up to his saddle-bags.

Bannu was in a very disturbed state, owing to the precautions that were being taken against plague. The Hindu women were convinced that the wells were being poisoned, and greatly resented any step being taken to kill the rats.

The Deputy Commissioner, Captain Keen, convened a meeting to allay their fears. Dr. Pennell gave an address to the people, but they could not be persuaded to believe in the necessity for any doctoring of their water, thinking it was a Government measure to kill them, and when some dead dogs were found in the river and near the waterways, they were convinced of the truth of their fears.

At one o'clock one night the Chaukidar came round to Dr. Pennell with the sad intelligence that Beauty had been stolen. He gave information to the police and tried to find the tracks of the thieves, but only came upon the broken wall which they had made the mare jump, the night being too dark to allow any further discovery. Next day it was too late to overtake the thieves.

It was not till the Deputy Commissioner intervened, and having found out which tribe was responsible for the robbery, refused to let them go to their hot-weather haunts in the hills, that the mare was brought back. But to the end of Dr. Pennell's life this tribe always demanded special favours from him, claiming them as

their right as being the people who had brought Beauty back!

Dr. Pennell had to perform his next journey on foot from Sordagh, and though the cavalry had gone in pursuit of a raiding party in the Bannu district, this did not deter him from sleeping peacefully by the roadside when night came on. The tribesmen, raiders as well as others, were quite proud to know that whereas at first it had been simply courage which led him to be thus daring, later it was because he knew that they were all his friends.

One very sad result of the Calcutta raid darkened their summer in Bannu. Harnam Singh, a Sikh boy, and one of the famous team who had been injured by the Bengalis, developed cerebro-spinal meningitis. As soon as he fell ill Dr. Pennell and a detachment of schoolboys went to the city and carried him to the Mission Hospital on a stretcher. Nothing was left undone to ensure his comfort. The boys of his form volunteered to watch by him. Dr. Pennell sat up all night. Gradually the acute symptoms subsided. Dr. Pennell had unfortunately to leave Bannu and go to a Conference at Simla. This visit to Simla was marked by an interview with the Afghan envoy, who promised to get him leave to go to Kabul. Sir Louis Dane, the Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab, said that if the Amir granted him a passport, the British Government would certainly allow the visit.

When he got back to Bannu he found Harnam Singh dying. Even at the last, when he knew no one else, the loved presence of his master made him lift his hand to the salute as he murmured, "Doctor Sahib!" It was the last thing he said, and after that he sank rapidly. Dr. Pennell and all the boys of the school accompanied

the funeral to the Burning Ghat. Harnam Singh's death cast a gloom over the whole school. Though such a strong, muscular fellow, before he died he was reduced to a mere shadow. His parents were inconsolable, and indeed for years his mother grieved, and still does, for the fine lad taken so sadly from her. Dr. Pennell and the team were in great sorrow too, and they did all they could for the bereaved parents.

After a busy week at Karak he went up to Sheikh Budin, where his mother had gone some days before. It was intensely hot in the plains, and even Sheikh Budin was very close. He walked down the hill a distance of ten miles to Pezu, and at the bottom of the hill was overtaken by a very severe dust storm.

"The two flanks of the storm swept on each side of me like dark walls," he writes, "while the centre was kept back for a time by the mountain, and Pezu shone in the setting sun in front of me—a striking sight!"

At Pezu, as at all his stopping places, he found patients to treat, and the usual people wanting letters written, recommending them for leave or promotion. The tonga drive to Bannu was exciting; torrential rain came on which made the road very heavy.

"Going through the Pezu Pass the horses floundered into a freshet two and a half feet deep, of sand and water. We had to take the horses out, and unload the tonga, and then we pulled it through with much difficulty. At 4 a.m. we reached Ghazni Kheyl Algad, and here we found a torrent breast high. After we had waited an hour and a half the water subsided somewhat, and again we unloaded the tonga, carried the mails and baggage on our shoulders, took the horses across, then pulled the empty

tonga through. By this time the water was up to our hips."

It was no wonder that their arrival at Bannu was somewhat delayed. Frontier journeys are enlivened by episodes of many a kind. If the raiders are not on the warpath the elements usually vary the monotony!

Early in August he went with his hospital assistant, Karam Dad, from Kalabagh to Thal.

He was very anxious at this time to have a hospital at Kamar Mashani, and it was always a disappointment to him in after years that the Church Missionary Society had withheld sanction till the erection of a Government Hospital made it impossible to have a Mission one. Kamar Mashani was, in his opinion, a most suitable place in a district not supplied with any regular Missionary agents. He hoped also to colonise it, and perhaps establish a Christian agricultural village there, or, at any rate, to provide an honourable means of livelihood for the enquirers and converts who, being nothing but farmers, were often hard put to it to earn an independent livelihood, when the ordinary avenues of work were closed to them, owing to their change of faith.

Starting from Bannu in a *tum-tum*, he rode Beauty from Naurang to Landiwah. Here he fell in with the wedding party of one of his Sikh friends, and the search party of a police officer of his acquaintance, who gave him dinner and a night's lodging, or half a night's, as he was off at 3 a.m. At Sheikh Mahmud he had a busy time. Patients as usual flocked to him, and he preached in the bazaar of Esa Kheyl. Several of his schoolboys lived in this place, and it was their great joy to entertain their "Doctor Sahib" and have all their friends to meet him. As he

welcomed anything that brought him into close touch with them and their lives he was always a delightful guest.

He left in the small hours for Trug, where he had a convert and some enquirers to see and instruct; from here he made his way to Ḳamar Mashani, where there were more enquirers, and another wedding party, one of his old boys being the bridegroom.

He was confirmed in his opinion that this district was ready for a permanent Missionary settlement, as there were already so many enquirers anxious for instruction. Amongst those who came to him he mentions a Niazi with his wife and father, a family of Muhammadans, and a Sikh Hakeem. A wealthy Hindu offered him a splendid piece of land near the Dâk Bungalow for a hospital, and many other Hindus and Muhammadans offered to help in collecting funds if necessary.

A dust storm having cooled the air, he was able to ride to Kalabagh early in the afternoon.

"Here I found the Settlement Officer, Hur Kishen Kaul, and the District Superintendent of Police, Mr. Browning, enjoying the cool river breezes under the big banyan tree. Browning put me up in his tent and gave me dinner. After dinner Captain O'Brien arrived by train from Mianwali. This was a remarkable coincidence which furthered my purpose most opportunely. He had arranged a visit to Kalabagh just for one day—the 8th—some weeks before, and I, quite ignorant, had fixed on precisely the same day for my visit. Thus I met the very three people I wanted most to see, the Settlement Officer, the District Superintendent of Police, and the Deputy Commissioner. They all took up the idea of the Kamar Mashani Dispensary warmly and promised to help in any

way in their power. The Settlement Officer and the Superintendent of Police were both leaving on the 9th, a day later, and I should have met none of them!"

Next day they had a great discussion with a *Qazi*, or exponent of Muhammadan law, who was righteously incensed at finding a Sikh and two Wazirs among Dr. Pennell's disciples. Many matters were discussed with the officials, but chiefly the development of the Kamar Mashani scheme, about which Dr. Pennell was very keen. He writes:

"August 9th we left at dawn, and at Tola village the people stopped us to see a number of patients. We halted at Kotki to get breakfast for ourselves and horses, and saw more patients; we had *chappatis*, milk, and a melon. After breakfast we went on, up the Chichali Pass; this being the stony bed of a river, we had to walk the horses the whole way. We rested for two or three hours during the heat of the day under the shadow of a cliff. When we reached the top of the Pass, on a rise of 3000 feet from Kalabagh, the sun had set and the shades of evening were fast closing in. Descending for a distance of about two miles we reached the house of the Mullah of Dum Kalli; he offered us hospitality for the night and allowed us to do our devotions in his mosque. He gave barley and *bhusa* (chopped straw) to the horses, and bread and *ghee* (melted butter) to us.

"August 10th. After a sound night's rest we were up at dawn, and saddling our horses, we started. We reached Char Khel after a two hours' ride. Here there were a number of old acquaintances and hospital patients. They brought us bread and milk, and barley for our horses. I treated a number of patients, and then we resaddled and proceeded to climb the mountains between Jundrai, Shaidan, and Banda. It came on to rain heavily, so we

had no heat to complain of. The rain made the mountain paths rather slippery, and Beauty lost two and a half shoes! We reached Banda at 2 p.m., put up in the Rest House, and soon had the luxury of a cup of tea and a bath, while the horses had a good feed."

He stayed a night at Teri with the hospitable Nawab, then went on to Dashai, where he stopped at the Border Military Post. Here he found most of the soldiers were out after raiders, who had gone into Gurguri the night before and committed two murders. He gave medicine to various sick and sorry folk and then went on to Karbogah.

The Mullah here was a great power throughout the frontier, and as Dr. Pennell had heard of his enmity to himself as a Missionary, he took the opportunity of going to see him. He found him away from home, but his sons were very hospitable, and gave him lodging as well as a meal. The Mullah had caused a very fine mosque to be built from the freewill contributions of the Faithful. The Mullah of a neighbouring village who was present, says Dr. Pennell, "told us as politely as he could that we and all Christians were 'Kafirs' (blasphemers); he also said that Christ was a Shafi, or Redeemer, for Christians up to 621 A.D., but not after that."

Many patients were seen, and the time was enlivened by animated discussions. Early next morning he rode on to Doaba, where he saw more patients, and was refreshed with a draught of milk. At Nariab he stayed in the house of a Sikh. Here the people were very friendly, and all the chief men expressed their desire to have a Mission Dispensary started. They brought their sick in large numbers to be treated by him. At sunrise he

started for Thal, stopping on the way to see patients and preach. At Thal, where his future hospital was to be, he did not stop long on this visit, but rode back to Gurguri in the evening and put up at the police station, seeing patients as usual, and preaching to the many who flocked there to hear him. He then crossed the Manzillai Range and reached the salt post at Bahadur Kheyl, where Mr. Meredyth Young hospitably gave them tea and dinner. Here he received a telegram, asking him to go to Teri and operate on the Nawab's nephew. Sending the horses back by easy stages to Bannu, he went in a *tum-tum* to Banda and slept there till daybreak. The Nawab had sent horses for him and his assistant, and they and the young Nawab, who happened to be going to Teri at the same time, rode in together. The operation was successfully performed, and they left that afternoon, stopping for a few hours' sleep at Latambar and then riding in early to Bannu to put in a good day's work.

Early in September he rode in to Karak, treated a number of patients, and found Jahan Khan working happily. Before his colleague returned from his holiday Dr. Pennell had some difficult cases in hospital. He himself rarely took advantage of the two months' leave that frontier Missionaries usually allow themselves. He found his recreation in touring about the country, visiting patients who found it difficult to get to Bannu for treatment or getting into touch with them in their own homes, sharing their joys and sorrows, living on their kindly hospitality, and bringing them happiness and comfort. This gift of getting into the hearts and lives of the people is given to few, but he had it in great measure and made full use of it. It was always a joy to the simple Pathan folk to

have him as their guest, and nothing was too much to do for him or too good to give him, even though next day perhaps they would demand a *quid pro quo* in Bannu. Yet while he was their guest, they would kill their last sheep (or one newly stolen from a richer neighbour) for his benefit! He loved them so well, and, because of his love, understood them, therefore he never resented the later claim on his time and purse in return for hospitality which at the time was spontaneous.

CHAPTER XXVI

1907–1908

Evidence in murder case—Journey to Samana—Accident—Ill-health—Howlers—Fire in Bannu bazaar—School duties—Thal—Good-byes—His mother—First furlough to England—Isolation—Landing Impressions.

On the return of his colleague Dr. Pennell went out to Sheikh Mahmud with an assistant.

Here they came in for the sequel of the murder that had taken place earlier in the year, and it was fortunate that they did so, as the wrong people had been arrested, and but for Dr. Pennell's kindly intervention would have been convicted. But he encouraged the wrongly accused people, restrained the false witnesses, and managed to let the *Jirgah*, or Tribal Council, hear the true version of the case.

Hospital work, operations, rehearsals for the prize-giving, filled the days to overflowing. The boys had a dramatic performance which gave great pleasure to the onlookers. Immediately after this Dr. Pennell rode with Shah Jehan, who was now a *duffadar* in the 17th Cavalry, to Peshawar, to see if he could be given a commission. On arrival there they found the recruiting officer had gone to the Samana, so they returned to Kohat and took train to Hangu, where they met him. But as the boy's father

was a Mullah of no very high birth, he was not able to get the commission.

In November Dr. Pennell went to Karak, starting at 4 a.m. on his bicycle. He then borrowed a horse at Latambar to negotiate the Sordagh Pass and Algad, reached Karak before ten o'clock, spent a busy day operating and seeing patients, and was back in Bannu by 8.30 p.m. On his way to Lahore, soon afterwards, he chanced upon a poor fellow who had met with an accident.

"At Kushalgarh a traveller, while going up the foot-path from the river, fell into a deep railway cutting. I saw him lying there in great pain, went to the station to get help, and came back with a man and a bed. I had the greatest difficulty in getting anyone to help.

"Some Povindahs said, 'Oh, he's a Punjabi,' and passed on; a Punjabi said, 'I have my children to look after,' and ran away.

"I sent to the assistant in charge of the railway hospital, and he sent back to say that he could not come without the leave of the Executive Engineer, and had no bed to spare. Finally, a policeman and the railway coolies helped me to carry him to the station, and later the engineer came. The man had concussion, and died during the night."

For some days Dr. Pennell had been suffering from serious catarrh and fever; his references to it are merely in relation to his work. "Naso-pharyngeal catarrh so bad that I am doubtful whether I shall be able to preach on Sunday." He allowed himself no diminution in work, no holidays to recover; personal disabilities of all kinds took no prominent position in his mind. At Pindi he was most kindly received and treated by Colonel and Mrs. Hendley, and he says, "After treatment through the night, my

throat was sufficiently restored to allow me to preach. I preached in the morning in Urdu, and in the evening in the English church."

Hospital and school-work filled the remaining days of the year. Dr. Pennell writes :

"This year we have had a great deal of reparative surgery to do. In Afghanistan summary justice largely takes the place of the law courts of British India, and one of the commonest punishments is the slicing off of the culprit's foot by a stroke of a sword ; in the resulting stump the ends of the bone are usually left projecting, and they supply us with a number of Syme's and Pirogoff's amputations. One peculiar case, as unusual as it was brutal, was that of a fine muscular Waziri, who was held down by his enemies while they cut out both eyes with a knife. He was in one of the ' Bath ' wards for some time, and used pathetically to beg us to gain him just sufficient sight to take his revenge, and then he would be satisfied."

The boys' examination and tournament always gave him an extra amount of work, but he entered heart and soul into their games, both in success and failure, and his diaries contain descriptions in detail of their matches and gymnastic feats. He kept a book which was entirely devoted to recording their games. Photographs of the various teams and their annual successes or failures were noted here. He never forgot any great feat of his beloved boys.

The school examinations were an unending source of "howlers," of which he generally noted the most amusing.

Q.—"What is Inertia ?"

A.—"Inertia is that by which we save ourselves from trouble," answered a budding undergraduate.

In a geometry examination one youth wrote, "An axiom is a statement that has no angles."

In the English literature class a query as to the meaning of a *letter of marque* elicited the answer, "A letter of marque is one signed by someone who cannot write his name. Many such are found in the Dead Letter office."

This year's tournament was a brilliant success for the Mission School. He writes:

"We won both cricket and football matches; there was an enthusiastic concert in the evening, and after the prize giving we marched in procession through the bazaars, with the drums and fifes of the Peshawar Mountain Battery at our head.

"December 24th. The Christians came in for a social evening; after they left at 9 p.m. there was an alarm of fire, and on going out we saw quite a large blaze in the bazaars. I got some of the boarders together at once, with the hostel fireplugs and we 'doubled' to the *Chaugali*, where two lines of shops were blazing furiously.

"We poured water from the central *burj*, or tower, on to the nearest shops, and then seeing that they were past saving, we concentrated our efforts on saving the *burj*. The crowd had now become very great, and there was danger of disorder, so I raced off to the Mess and gave warning. Captain Dixon at once had the alarm sounded and the garrison fell in. I then hastened to Blakeway (the Deputy Commissioner), and he and I rode down to the city in his *tum-tum*, and the military arrived about the same time, so that order was soon restored.

"Forty-eight shops were destroyed; a constant stream of water was played on the buildings near by, which contained stores of oil, and on the smouldering embers which burst into flame at intervals."

His boys and he did great service to the Bannu citizens in saving life and property. For years their courage and daring were talked of, and remembered with gratitude.

Later he threw himself heart and soul into the work of collecting funds for those who had suffered from the fire.

Early in the year 1908 he went to Thal, on the Afghan frontier, and after consultation with the *Maliks* and the *Naib Tehsildar* he chose a site for his new hospital. Later on this was changed, as the *Maliks* had some reason for not wishing to give that particular piece of land, and a larger piece a little further from the military post was finally acquired.

A visit to England in the spring of 1908 was decided on, and his old boys in Lahore took advantage of his next visit to that city to give him a big farewell party and an address, " and treated me with great affection," he writes. Between the Sessions of the Committee Meeting, which he was attending in Lahore, he used his time in addressing the students of the Forman Christian College, spoke at the Bible Society Meeting, and visited his old boys and friends.

At Pindi he spent a day with some cousins, whose little daughter, aged three, " was very affectionate, and gave me some toys to bring home."

In February the Secretary of the Church Missionary Society, the Rev. P. Ireland Jones, and Dr. H. Lankester visited Bannu, and addressed the boys two or three times, besides witnessing their games and gymnastic displays.

A severe epidemic (?) of pneumonia in a village near Karak gave him some anxiety. On his return the school school was inspected by the Government Inspector, and as Dr. Barton was out in the district, Dr. Pennell had to ask the assistance of the Civil Surgeon of the Indian Medical Service for his operations. He himself, in his capacity

of Principal of the School, Science Lecturer, and Drill Instructor, had to take classes before the Inspector!

In March he went to Thal again.

"Left on Beauty at 7.30 a.m. for Thal. Karam Dad accompanied me, also Bahadur Khan.

"We reached Gumatti post at 8.30. The Subadar said he would accompany us as he had to go and meet Dr. Pennell who was coming from Thal. Bahadur Khan told him who I was, and he said he had taken me for a Wazir, as I was dressed as one. He and seven soldiers accompanied us, but our guide took us a bad road where there was no path for the horses, so we had to make a circuit. At Zarwan we took leave of the Subadar, and went on with a tribal escort. The Kurram was forded fifteen times, some of the fords being difficult because of the large boulders and rapid streams. Beyond Tangi we were met by a sowar and mounted *Badragga* (escort) who took us to Thal, which we reached at 4.30 p.m.

"I went to see the fort; the sentry let me in after some hesitation, and I met Major and Mrs. Carter. Mrs. Carter kindly gave me some tea, which was very welcome, and the Major put up my horse. I went to the Border Military Police, where Karam Dad and Bahadur Khan had stabled their horses, and where we all slept. The Subadar gave us dinner, but the soldiers were bigoted Muhammadans, and because Bahadur ate with us, they would not let him use their '*Kuza*' (ewer) for his ablutions before his prayers."

Dr. Pennell stayed at Thal a couple of days planning the new hospital, and widening his circle of friends there. Of one day he writes that a Mullah gave them breakfast, and a Brahmin provided their dinner. "He treated us well and gave us his own dishes," so they were fast making friends.

DR. PENNELL DRESSED AS A WAZIR

He wore this costume whenever he trave'led in Waziristan.

It was piercingly cold at Thal, and they had to groom and feed their own horses, not having any *saises* with them. They started early for Bannu, travelling across the strip of Independent Territory that stretches between Bannu and Thal. A mounted sowar accompanied them to the first village, where he procured a villager as guard and guide. This man, however, proved to have a feud with the village a mile and a half ahead, so he refused to go any further, and Dr. Pennell went on alone, as safe as if he had a whole battalion of troops with him, through this wild country where he had so many friends. "We went on alone till we came to the village of Muhammad Jan, who had his thigh amputated in hospital last summer; here I stopped and treated many patients, and we gave our horses a feed."

Further on, first a villager and then mounted sowars met them, and they travelled by short cuts, fording the Kurram seventeen times in all. Dr. Pennell was in Waziri costume, and was not recognized by his Bannu friends—English or Indian—on his return. This visit to Thal and the plotting out of the land for his dispensary, were a source of great joy to him. He was ever working to advance nearer his goal—Afghanistan—and at Thal, on the very frontier, on the high road to and from India, he felt sure much of his teaching was carried to the distant places, where he himself could not yet go.

At Thal he spent many happy days, and later it was his delight to develop the Mission land, digging a well, and laying out a garden, so as to make an attractive resting-place where weary wayfarers might find rest and refreshment.

Early in March he had to begin his farewells to the

people of Bannu and the District, as he was leaving for his first furlough, after sixteen years of work. These good-byes touched him exceedingly. He was so far from realising the place he held in the hearts of these people that when they showed their grief at his departure he was surprised beyond measure.

Farewell dinners, garden-parties, and meetings were arranged by the reises of the District, by his own beloved boys, and by the City Fathers. Addresses were presented, songs composed in his honour in Urdu, Persian, and Pushtu. People flocked to the house in streams to see him, and tell him how greatly they would miss him.

Then he had to say good-bye to his mother, whom he saw for the last time. It was the first real parting between mother and son; all his life she had been with him; in his youth, as he was delicate, she had lived at Eastbourne, so that he could go as a day boy to school. When he came up to London to do his medical course, she took a house in Gordon Street, so as to be near his work and still keep him at home. Yet she was no sentimentalist, and indeed, if anything, erred on the side of too much severity, hiding her affection and inculcating asceticism and a hard life. She used to say to him he must never let the thought of her deter him from going into any danger if it were necessary for his work. "Remember, I shall be proud of you if you die doing your duty," were words calculated to set alight his own daring and love of danger.

She herself had a presentiment that she would not live to see him return. Many attempts were made to get her to accompany him, but she was over seventy-three, and it was her great desire to die among the people and in the country for which she and her son had given up everything.

But all her thoughts were with her son. The out-patient registers in the women's department at the Bannu Hospital are pathetic witnesses to her love for him. The days are noted chiefly as dates in his life.

"March 15th: My son left for England."

"March 19th: Theodore sailed to-day."

And so on to the end. Indeed, whenever he left Bannu her registers kept record of his movements—a perfect log-book—chronicling his state of health, whether she had any letter from him, or rejoicing in his return. And to her he was a son such as few mothers have had, devoted, patient, even obedient in all matters where their judgments and principles did not clash. She was somewhat masterful, and often wished to direct Mission affairs in a manner not meeting with his approval. It was always interesting to note how he kept his own views and directed things as he thought right, without in any way defying or annoying her. Once when she was very insistent on a course of action, and wrote strongly to the C.M.S. authorities at Lahore in a manner that any man might easily have resented, considering that he himself was the head of the Mission, his letter about the matter was perfectly courteous but firm, merely saying he wished "to dissociate himself" from his mother's view of the matter. Her energy and strong critical faculty made her less tolerant of sinners than he was. She was fearless in stating her condemnation of sins of omission or commission, sparing neither colleagues nor subordinates, and it always needed his gentle tact and affection to tide over difficult places and restore peace.

She never spared herself, and having given up everything to live a simple life, she demanded of others as high

a standard of sacrifice as she had herself. Naturally this led to many misunderstandings, and those whose inclinations led them to the easier paths of virtue found very short shrift with her. It was her creed that a true Missionary must devote herself heart and soul, in season and out of season, to the one object. Relaxation she herself took none. She had a considerable talent for painting, but when she came out to India she gave it up entirely, lest it should wean her affections from her work. She allowed herself to classify and arrange the flora of the district merely to occupy her spare moments at Sheikh Budin. All attempts to take her to more attractive hill stations or to Kashmir she resisted, as she thought "any indulgence" of that sort might make her discontented with the bare rock at Sheikh Budin, where she was still in touch with the Bannu people, and able to get to them quickly in case of need.

The Christians in Bannu were kept up to the mark in churchgoing and other ways. She entered into all their lives, helped them in trouble, educated their children when they could not afford to do so themselves, had classes for them, mothered them, stood by them in sickness and danger, and was a very tower of strength to them. She never asked them to do anything which she was not prepared to do herself, and her example of untiring devotion and unsparing generosity made a plea for her in the hearts of Christians and non-Christians alike.

Two stories are worth relating. She always sat at the head of her table, and when Queen Victoria died, the boys said to Dr. Pennell, "Now, Doctor Sahib, as there is a King in England, you will take the head of your table, surely."

ELIZABETH FANNY PENNELL.

The mother of Theodore Leighton Pennell.

JOHN WILSON CROKER PENNELL, M.D.

The father of Theodore Leighton Pennell.

A Wazir came to the hospital once for treatment. The verdict given on his case was unfavourable, for his eyes could not be operated on with any prospect of success. He insisted that Dr. Pennell should take him to his mother. "But," said he, "my mother will only tell you the same thing; she will ask me what I think." "No," said the Wazir, "I must see her; she must know more than you; you have most certainly learnt all you know from her." So to Mrs. Croker Pennell he was taken, and only when her verdict agreed with her son's was the Wazir satisfied.

After Dr. Pennell's death a man from far across the border came into the hospital and demanded to see his "Padre Sahib." The Pathan assistant pointed to the English doctor present as the person who would help him. "No," said the Khostwal, "I want Pennell Sahib." When he was told what had happened, he refused all treatment, and overcome, he hastened out of the room, saying at the door in his guttural Pushtu, "All the mothers in London" (synonymous to him with England) "will never produce such a son." If merely as the mother of such a man, his guide and friend, the one who had directed his tastes and studies, who had helped to form that beautiful character, she will always be remembered with veneration and gratitude. But all along the frontier there is scarcely a village where the Doctor Sahib's mother is not held in love and gratitude in the hearts of the people whom she tended so generously. In other hospitals the patients are able to pay for treatment. In Bannu the tribes-people are so desperately poor that Dr. Pennell and his mother had to keep their purses open always, every outgoing patient was sent away with a little money for the journey, perhaps enough to pay for a camel to his distant home,

and something for food by the way, and often also a warm blanket, or coat for the cold marches; and many grateful hearts remember the love and generosity that was not only dealt to them in the hospital, but made their home-going easy, and could always be relied on in all times of trouble.

Dr. Pennell left Bannu on March 13th at 8 a.m., accompanied by several of his boys and men on bicycles or horses; at the village of some Sikh friends he stopped and was royally entertained. From there most of the escort turned back, Karam Dad, the hospital assistant, and Shah Jehan, now a *duffadar* in the 17th Cavalry, going on with him to Sheikh Mahmud. A pretty little ceremony took place at this village: Fazl Khan, the Christian hospital assistant, gave a dinner to the village folk who had collected to say good-bye to the Doctor Sahib. After they had all feasted he gave them an address, and then all these Muhammadans stood up and together called on the name of God. Holding their hands palm upwards, they asked silently for a blessing on Dr. Pennell's journey, and prayed for his safe return.

The rest of the day was spent in attending to patients and operating, seeing old boys, and arranging affairs for his absence. The last of his escort left him at Kundian, where several old boys had also come to see him.

At Multan he spent a day with his old college friend, Major Wilkinson of the I.M.S., and then went on to Karachi.

The child of a fellow Missionary, Mr. Storrs, was entrusted to his care here. They had a short but not very pleasant crossing to Bombay, where he went on board the *Caledonia.*

He never let slip an opportunity of interesting Anglo-Indians in Mission work, and on board he asked and obtained leave to give a lecture on "Mission experiences on the North-West Frontier," which brought in some subscriptions for Bannu, and interested his audience considerably. At Aden they had to tranship into the *Multan*, which was very crowded.

The only incident that made the voyage memorable was that his little charge developed measles, and Dr. Pennell and he were isolated for the rest of their journey, which was rendered very unpleasant, as he was shut off from all congenial society and had no deck space whereon to take exercise, neither was he allowed to land at Marseilles. He was therefore very glad to get to Plymouth, where he handed the little boy over to his grandfather, and himself left with his friends for London. He records his impressions of England after an absence of sixteen years.

"The things that struck me most were the economy of space and the utilisation of every square foot of ground, the luxurious, smooth, and rapid travelling, the greenness of the country, the stolidness and undemonstrativeness of the people, the size of the horses and sheep, the primroses, the 'sahib-log' doing coolies' work, the yellow furze on the Devon hills, the predominance of black in the clothes of the natives, and lastly, what capital properly laid out is able to do for a country."

The first few days were spent in seeing his relations, visiting his old hospital, making plans for the work of deputation he proposed doing while in England. He lost no time in looking up his old boys of the "Working Lads' Club," and very soon began to speak on Mission work. From April 23rd, when he gave his first lecture on board the

Caledonia, to September 8th, when he left England, he delivered one hundred and nine addresses! going as far north as Edinburgh, west to Ireland, and including most of the English counties. Besides this he wrote a good part of his book, *Among the Wild Tribes of the Afghan Frontier*, on his journeys, much of it being done in the train, and the concluding chapters on the outward voyage.

Not many people can show such a record of work for five months, and those months the first furlough in sixteen years!

CHAPTER XXVII

1908

Sad news from Bannu—Death of Mrs. Barton—His mother's death—Queen's Hall meeting—Friends for the Mission—Cardiff—Nurse for Bannu—Engagements—New ties—Baslow—Operation—Old friends—Voyage out—Mrs. Sorabji—Marriage—Great rejoicings—Home-coming—New partnership—Pathan welcome—Karak—Getting into harness.

SHORTLY after he got to England he heard that his colleagues in Bannu, Dr. and Mrs. Barton, had cholera. Mrs. Barton had only been out in the country a few weeks. The Mission House was a sad scene of illness, for the two patients were too ill to see each other It is in times like this that all the kindliness that is nowhere so marked as in lonely Indian stations has an opportunity of being exercised. During long days and nights the other Englishwomen in Bannu nursed the two Missionaries. No less devoted were the Indian assistants, and new links were forged, welding together the kind English folk who doctored and nursed, and the sorrowing Pathans, Christians, and Muhammadans, who did all in their power to help. But alas! Mrs. Barton did not recover. Six weeks after her arrival in India (and her marriage), she died. The shock to Dr. Barton was very great. Though he recovered from the cholera, his mind was affected by this great sorrow, and six months later he, too, passed away. While

the Bartons lay at death's door in one Mission House, Mrs. Croker Pennell had a recurrence of her old disease, rheumatoid arthritis, in the other. She was sent up to Sheikh Budin to recover, but the fatigue of the sixty-mile tonga journey and the further ten miles up the hill in a dandy were too much for her, and she also died on June 8. To her son this news was most heartbreaking. It was the greatest sorrow to him that he had not been near her to ease her last hours and give her the devotion and attention which he had lavished on her all her life. But it made no gap in his work. His programme was faithfully carried through, not a lecture missed because he himself was in trouble. He spent his spare moments in brushing up his medical and surgical knowledge at University College Hospital, and at Moorfields Ophthalmic Hospital. At the annual meeting of the Medical Missionary Association at Queen's Hall he was one of the speakers, and delighted his audience by reciting the *Kalimah* in perfect imitation of the Muhammadan Mullahs. His personal magnetism and keen enthusiasm gained many friends for the cause of Missions in general and for the Bannu Mission in particular. His wide sympathies and untrammelled interests, his intense love for the people, and his wonderful gift of imparting his own enthusiasms and aims made him an advocate whom it was impossible to resist.

In India, where Christianity is in no way encouraged by the Government, there are not many English officials who take an interest in Missions, and those who are not actively opposed are, at any rate, indifferent. But once these had come under the spell of his compelling force this indifference was changed to keen interest, and objection was generally converted to advocacy.

In May he attended the Missionary Exhibition at Cardiff and was kept constantly busy, giving as many as seven addresses a day. He wore his various costumes of *Sadhu*, *Mullah*, *Wazir*, and was indefatigable in arousing the interest of the people. It was while he was staying with his friend, Dr. Cropper, that he was induced to write *Among the Wild Tribes of the Afghan Frontier*.

One of the most enthusiastic audiences he had on this tour was at his old college at Eastbourne, where he gave a lantern lecture, and the "boys cheered vigorously." In his visits to the C.M.S. Committee at Salisbury Square he urged the needs of Bannu. What they chiefly needed was a nurse. Indeed, he had been wanting one for sixteen years, and had had to do without any help but that given by ward clerks for the men's wards and partially trained nurses for the women's, his mother bearing the brunt of the work. He interspersed his lecturing engagements with visits to his numerous relations, and enjoyed renewing his acquaintance with many from whom his long years in India had separated him. To the man who had all his life had the companionship of a devoted mother, it was a very great consolation in his bereavement to have the sympathy of these relations who now befriended him.

On June 17th, 1908, his engagement was definitely settled by cablegram, his future wife being at the time in Srinagar, Kashmir. Now a new side of his character was developed. For though he had always had the companionship of his mother, he had never known the joy of real comradeship of one of his own tastes and generation since his college days. In his youth he had been rather delicate, and so had to renounce games at school, and this had led

to his long walks after butterflies and insects and his botanising expeditions, shared often by a cousin or schoolfellow, but with no one had he entered into that intimate friendship which most women and many men find so needful and inspiring.

He never willingly lost touch with the various friends of his college and hospital days, but it was not always easy to keep track of them. Being an only child and having lived all his life alone with his mother, whose temperament was serious, not to say stern, he had unconsciously missed the gaiety of irresponsible childhood, and the buoyant pleasures of youth. The wider interests and sympathies of a large family circle, to which he was introduced by his engagement, afforded him all the greater joy because of his former deprivation; and whereas for years his recreations and pleasures had only been enjoyed vicariously through his boys, he now threw himself heart and soul into all that made his engagement and married life so wonderfully happy.

Early in July he met Dr. Barnett, who was to come out to Bannu in place of Dr. Barton, and whose death was so closely associated with his own.

He attended the Students' Summer Conference at Baslow, where he met some old friends and made several new ones, among them Dr. Zwemer, of Arabia, and Brother Stokes, of the Kotgarh Mission.

In August he went into University College Hospital to have his knee operated on by Mr. Barker, under *stovain*. He was always keenly on the scent for anything new in medicine or surgery, and so determined to have spinal analgesia himself so as to be able later to use it in Bannu.

Unfortunately he was of the minority who suffer from

intense headache and lumbar pain as an after effect, and he was in acute agony for about four days, after which it gradually subsided. In the intervals between the paroxysms he dictated his book to a cousin, wrote letters to India, and saw visitors. Ten days after the operation he went to stay at the hospitable house of his uncle, the Reverend Wm. Bramley-Moore, at Russell Square.

As soon as he could discard his crutch he was out and at work again. His old friend, Mr. Chiddell, arranged a meeting of as many old boys of the Working Lads' Club as he could collect. This was a great pleasure to Dr. Pennell, who enjoyed getting into touch with them again, and in interesting them in his own work out in India.

On September 11 he sailed from Tilbury Docks in the s.s. *China*, and whilst on board he finished writing his book, *Among the Wild Tribes of the Afghan Frontier*.

The voyage was without incident. At Bombay his fiancée met him, and they went first to Poona and then spent a week before their wedding with her mother at Nasik. One of the joys of this period of his life was to find himself in complete sympathy with his new relations. His fiancée's mother (Mrs. Sorabji) took him to her heart at once, and in the two years she lived after meeting him he was a dear son to her, and in her he found the love of a second mother, and gave her the devotion no son knew better how to offer.

Mrs. Sorabji, who was one of the most saintly of women, could not but appeal to all that was reverent and filial in him, and she on her side found him a man after her own heart—strong, fearless, humble, keen, and loving. They had much to talk of and to share. With her characteristic warmth and youthfulness of heart she rejoiced in the

joy of her youngest daughter, and her wise counsel and loving sympathy gladdened the radiant hours of that one short week.

From Nasik they went to Allahabad, where they had to spend a few days before their wedding, as neither was a resident of the place. The time here was rather saddened by the serious illness of a sister of his fiancée in Poona. His fiancée, too, had not wholly recovered from an attack of Delhi fever, and he had to combine the functions of doctor with those of bridegroom.

A bevy of his boys and men from Bannu came down to the wedding, his Jahan Khan among them.

The marriage took place in the Cathedral at Allahabad on October 17th, and he and his wife went to Fatehpur for a day, and then to Simla for a week, which was all the honeymoon they could allow themselves. Too many duties awaited them at Bannu to let them indulge in a longer holiday.

At Lahore on their way to Bannu they had a tremendous ovation from the old Bannu boys, who met them there, garlanded them with flowers, and accompanied their carriage with resounding Bannu cheers, and the strains of a local brass band playing the Punjabi variation of "For he's a jolly good fellow."

From here onwards the route to Bannu was punctuated by meetings with welcoming Bannu boys.

At Kundian, Fazl Khan, who had charge of the Sheikh Mahmud Dispensary, met them, and at this point they left the train and started across the desert on horseback. The friendliness of the Pathans supplied them with an escort of ten men from Mianwali to Esa Kheyl. The people of the frontier were overjoyed to have their

Doctor Sahib back among them, and the journey was one long expression of welcome and rejoicing. As they approached Esa Kheyl, a dozen horsemen, numbering amongst them the Khans and head men, rode out three miles to meet them. Eastern etiquette demanded that they should dismount to do honour to their guest, and so they galloped forward, and then, when fairly near, dismounted and stood waiting to receive him. Needless to say he was off his horse as soon as they, to deprecate any idea that he expected to receive their greetings as a superior, and in true Pathan fashion they hailed him, shaking his hand, or embracing him, exchanging *paggris* with him, and showing him the special love that claimed him as their very own. Their sorrow at his mother's death, and their joy at his marriage, which was intensified by the fact that his bride was of their own country, were so simply expressed, so truly felt, that he was greatly touched, and found in their warm and genuine sympathy the crown of his own joy.

At Esa Kheyl they were entertained in generous Pathan fashion at the Tehsildar's house, and rode in the afternoon to the Mission Dispensary at Sheikh Mahmud, three miles further on. Here a marvellous welcome was prepared. The whole village turned out to meet them, and the children of the village school lined the way, while a shrill native band rent the air with its discord, the sandy way was decked out with paper flags of welcome and the Dispensary decorated with bunting and paper lamps of wonderful design, all made by the Christian family there. Fazl Khan gave a dinner to the villagers in honour of the home-coming and marriage of their friend.

It was a truly gay day for the little village, and when

the school children had sung songs and won their prizes, their elders sat round and gazed with unwearied interest at the two they were met to rejoice over, and the screeching of the band playing "*Sehras*" (Indian tunes) went on far into the night.

On October 29th, within twelve days of their marriage, they began their joint medical work. Patients flocked to the Dispensary at Sheikh Mahmud in large numbers, and now for the first time the women were deprived of his treatment and came to his wife with their ailments. Curiosity had brought some, but affection for their "*Daktar Sahib*" had brought more. This was the first of those days of delightful comradeship in work that made the happiness of the three and a half years of his married life.

His wife and he sat perforce at the same consulting table, there being only one in the little Dispensary; he prescribing for the men, and she for the women, operating together when necessary on their respective patients, each taking the place of assistant in turn, for in spite of his wonderful gifts and attainments, he was characteristically ready to take the second place if occasion arose.

After a busy day and a night enlivened by the strains of the village band, they started on their way to Lakki; an escort of riders taking them on their way as far as Chauki Tang across the Kurram. At Lakki, their next halting place, they were entertained regally by the Hindu Tehsildar, an old Bannu friend, and the father of Bannu schoolboys. Outside Lakki the usual guard of honour of the most important people of the village rode out to meet them and escort them into the place. At Serai Naurang a halt was made at the village of a Sikh notable, who

was also a great friend. Here all kinds of entertainments and refreshments were provided for the guests' delectation, including a spirited bout of tent-pegging, one of the favourite sports of the countryside. Naurang Dâk Bungalow was to be the stopping place for that night, so they set off with an escort of twelve riders and torch-bearers to light the way. The baggage camels had, of course, not arrived, in spite of the fact that they had had a long start.

It was long past midnight when they did come in, and an early start had to be made next day. The escort into Bannu increased in number and in quality as they proceeded, and finally numbered over 2000 people; those on foot went first, making a tremendous dust, then came the band shrilling deafening music of bagpipes and flutes with the usual accompaniment of the "tom-tom." Dancers, of course, were of this company, and they threw themselves about in a wild measure which necessitated the unfurling of *paggris* and the brandishing of swords. The bridal *tum-tum* was smothered in flowers, and the horses of the escort were also wreathed. At every stage the crowd grew denser, so that it was difficult to proceed. Each group of people had to have a special greeting, the formal but cordial handshake being almost entirely superseded by the embrace of true Pathan affection, which alone could adequately express their feelings.

Entrance into the Mission garden was only allowed when one of the Reises had thrown a handful of coins to the populace in honour of the great occasion.

The next days were filled with the reception of a constant stream of visitors from the city and the surrounding district, who came to sympathise with their friend in the

loss of his mother and to congratulate him on his marriage.

A visit to Karak was undertaken at the first opportunity, and here, too, the whole village of about 500 people came three miles out into the *algad* to meet and welcome them. Here, where in early days they had refused him even a drink of water and had stoned both him and his men, now they could not do enough to show their love and affection. The famous Khattak dance was performed every hundred yards along the dry bed of the river by groups of thirty or forty of these men. Then patients were treated, and the day wound up with a feast to all the village before the return to Bannu.

The arrival in Bannu was greatly saddened by the news of Dr. Barton's tragic death under painful circumstances. Dr. Pennell had been away but six months, and during that time his colleague had married, and both the latter and his wife had died, as had also Mrs. Croker Pennell. It was a sad beginning to the new life, but Dr. Pennell set forth at once to do all in his power to make up for the loss to the Mission of such valuable workers.

In a place like Bannu there are always peculiar difficulties in the way of organising and guiding matters through troublous times. Dr. Pennell felt that his early return and renunciation of the privileges of leave still due to him were quite justified. The days were filled to overflowing with work, and the disentangling of skeins that had needed his directing touch and calm wisdom.

Official matters engaged him far into the night. The Mission finance had always depended somewhat on his own and his mother's purses, and a great tangle seemed to have ensued after her death. The adjustment of these

matters and the great accumulation of work in the hospital and school absorbed every minute of their joint time for some weeks.

The sad story of his mother's death and of the apparently unnecessary move at the end to Sheikh Budin caused him and his wife much grief. Indeed, there seemed nothing but sorrow to greet them at every turn. The Bartons' house, prepared only six months previously with such thought and hope for a bride, stood sad and empty. Mrs. Croker Pennell died up at Sheikh Budin, but in accordance with the wishes of all her people she was buried in Bannu.

As her coffin was brought down from the hills the Pathan officers fell into line to salute it as it passed; the Union Jack covered the gun-carriage that bore the coffin to the cemetery, and English officers carried her to her last resting-place. She had died as a soldier at her post, and English and Indian alike reverenced her memory and did honour to her.

CHAPTER XXVIII

1908–1909

Thal—Last journey across Waziristan—Village hospitality—The daily round — Prize-day — Dr. Barnett's arrival — Roundabout route — *Al fresco* cliniques — Partnership — Karak — Seventy times seven—Women patients — New bonds of friendship — Tales of affection—Sheikh Budin—Thal horseplay—Accident—Raid.

THE winter of 1908 was to see great development in the work at Thal.

A visit was paid to this frontier outpost early in November by Dr. and Mrs. Pennell, and much time and thought were devoted to the choosing of a suitable site for the hospital. For some reasons it was thought wisest that the new Mission buildings should be near the Border Military Post, and a plot of ground was chosen and measured. Later on the *Maliks* found this site included the village threshing floor, so it had to be abandoned, and a large piece further up the valley was finally decided on. Large numbers of patients flocked in for treatment. The journey back was made by way of Waziristan, the last journey Dr. Pennell made across that part of country, as the political officers immediately after closed the road to all British travellers because of the tribal disturbances.

It was a delightful ride in the winter sunshine from Thal through Billan Kheyl, with its quaint frontier towers, to the village of Nasir-ud-din, an old friend and patient.

It was dusk before the little cavalcade reached the village, and then they were greeted by the suspicious closing of the outer gate. However, though at the approach of strangers caution suggested the closing of the gate and the appearance of several armed defenders before it, the proverbial hospitality of the Pathans demanded that they should be treated as welcome guests. It was discovered that the Malik Nasir-ud-din, with all his strongest male relations, was out on a raid, so his old mother came out to welcome and incidentally inspect the guests.

In this primitive corner of the world lanterns were unknown, and little pine chips used as torches were held up to the travellers' faces to see who they were. Then with a joyful recognition the old lady embraced her well-loved "*Daktar Sahib*," and gave orders for the immediate slaying of the best sheep the village could boast.

The long barn inside the village walls, that served to protect the animals as well as the inhabitants, was hastily cleared of some of its superfluous rubbish, and one end prepared for the guests, by the simple process of putting two string beds into it and a few lighted coals in a heap on the mud floor in the angle between them. Though this fraction of the barn was the guest-chamber, that fact did not, of course, suggest any privacy.

The family perched on one of the beds, or on the floor at their guests' feet, and tales were told, while *chilgozas* (pine kernels) were eaten, and many were the words of welcome and the tokens of love and gratitude showered on the guests.

The old mother was especially pleased to have him, and to see that he had at last done what in her opinion every

jawan (young man) should do as soon as he could shoot straight, and afford to keep a wife. One great surprise and disappointment she suffered, however. Her Doctor Sahib had married only one wife!

The situation was to her quite inexplicable, but she tried to comfort herself with the hope that in time he would increase the number.

Various attempts were made to secure some sort of privacy, which the presence of the "one wife" entailed; the desire for such caused great merriment among the simple-minded hosts, but they did their best to accede to this eccentric demand of their guests, and to this end every "*lungi*" (turban) in the place was requisitioned. As these articles were all extremely old and therefore very crumpled they did but little towards the formation of a partition, hung as they were over a clothes-line. They simply formed little serpentine undulations at varying distances from each other, leaving gaps which were used in friendly curiosity for the intrusion of enquiring heads and lighted pine chips, at intervals frequent enough to do away with any possible implication of neglect.

A request for hot water next morning provoked the indignant response, "But why water, when we have milk in abundance?" That it was for ablutions proved more surprising still, their own customs only demanding such before prayers, and even these ceremonial washings are necessarily of a very perfunctory kind, as a handful of clean sand often takes the place of the unobtainable basin of water!

The journey to Bannu was continued on horseback, the Kurram being forded in all about twenty-two times. At Zarwan the villagers brought maize bread and goat's milk

for the feasting of the guests. Then at Gumatti a halt was made for lunch with the hospitable political officer encamped there.

The return to Bannu brought much work, medical and otherwise. The troubles that dated from the time of Dr. Pennell's leaving India for his first furlough took a long time to conquer.

They seemed always to be cropping up. Now it was the elucidation of the accounts, now the settling of some long-standing trouble in the school, or the thorough reorganisation of work in the hospital, the arrangement of beds, the adjustment of appliances, or the pacification of disagreements in and out of the Mission. To all these duties he brought his unfailing kindliness, tolerance, and unmitigated energy, and to those who looked on and saw him working from before dawn to far into the night, it seemed as if he were possessed of superhuman vitality.

In the midst of all his work he was never hurried or impatient with the people who brought him their little troubles. With the same unselfish friendliness he would enter into the sorrows of the small boy, who, perchance captain of the most junior cricket team, came to get a new ball, and have some knotty point of discipline decided, or advise the Head Master, whose difficulties with his staff needed the wise counsel of the Principal, or settle the accounts of the printing press that wanted supervising, or attend to the Khan, whose son had just lost his sight in a gun accident, or go with a woman who feared her husband was dying in a village miles away and was too poor to pay any fee. No one went away disappointed; he never failed them, and they all knew and counted on his sympathy. And yet he had the work of at least three men

to do at this time. His return had brought hosts of tribesmen in for treatment, and he would be operating every afternoon till quite late. The visit of Sir George Roos-Keppel and the District Tournament filled the closing days of the year with many busy hours. To his great joy his boys won both the cricket and football matches, over which successes there was great rejoicing in the Mission School.

He did several operations under *stovain* at this time and found it answered very well, Pathan patients being almost entirely free from any ill after-effects.

An old schoolboy, a Subadar major, was very ill with pneumonia, the case causing much anxiety. His people would insist on moving him from place to place in spite of his serious condition, with the result that he died in a few days.

The school had its prize distribution, for which Dr. Pennell had prepared the boys' maze-marching and drills. One of his favourite duties was drilling the boys, and no one who saw their splendid figure-marching could doubt how he and they worked together to do honour to the school they loved.

On Christmas Day he preached in the English station Church on Medical Missions. The days of the last week of the year were filled with entertainments for the various classes in school and for the Christians of the Mission. A Christmas tree for the children was given, and parties for the boys took place every day. For all these engagements he was quite ready, entering with spirit into the boys' games, or waiting on his guests with lavish hospitality; in fact, he was the centre and life of every function.

The New Year of 1909 opened with great promise.

Dr. W. H. Barnett arrived on January 2nd to take Dr. Barton's place, and was welcomed with enthusiasm and relief in the busy overburdened station.

To Dr. Pennell's great surprise and disappointment the Deputy Commissioner thought it wise for him to give up his journeys through Waziristan, owing to the unsettled conditions across the border.

The Wazirs themselves were much distressed, as many of them had feuds with all the villages around, and found it very difficult to bring their sick into Bannu in the teeth of armed foes who skulked behind every rock ready to take advantage of them under any circumstances. They themselves undertook to supply "badraggas" (escorts) to conduct Dr. Pennell through the independent territory and to be responsible for him, but the political officers did not feel justified in allowing him to take the risk, and so for the future the journey to Thal, only thirty-four miles from Bannu, had to be done by one of the roundabout ways that skirted Waziristan, the one most used being eighty miles by tonga to Kohat and then sixty by the little narrow-gauge railway line to Thal.

On January 5th Dr. and Mrs. Pennell took this journey, and were able to treat many patients all along the route. At the various tonga stages patients seemed to crop up in the few minutes it took to change horses, and the chest of medicines they always carried with them was called into use at every halt. After a few hours in the Kohat Dâk Bungalow, which was reached at midnight, they went on to Thal by the morning train. Fortunately for the crowds of patients who collected at each station, the Thal train was in no hurry. Half an hour, or often more, was the allotted waiting-time; and as the train slackened speed,

patients besieged the windows of the carriage, generally with one finger pulling down a lower lid to show an eye needing attention. Several, alas! were so blind that they had to be led to the platform, and those who were too ill to push through this crowd lay outside, while their stalwart relations came and dragged the Doctor Sahib out to make an examination and give advice. There was no time to do more than write prescriptions for the less seriously ill, and give directions to those who were worse to come to Thal or Bannu. Several came on in the same train when they knew their Sahib had a new hospital at Thal and would treat them there; and although the importunate crowd surged round him, yet he found time for a word with all his old friends, or old boys who never failed to appear.

It was always interesting to watch one of these scenes. As the train slowed down he would jump out and in a minute would be surrounded by a crowd of people, all clamouring for attention. With a hand on one who was more impatient and insistent than others, he would unerringly see those who were unable to push, or too ill to come near, and with gentle firmness he would make his own way to them, unbandaging a bad leg perhaps, or examining an eye too painful to allow its owner to face the light. "No, mother, your eye is too bad to do. May God help you to bear the darkness." "Yes, Khan, the boy can easily be made well; see, here is a prescription, see, little lad! I'll give you a nice medicine, and you'll soon be running about and gladdening your father's heart. You are a brave boy, you won't cry if it hurts. Why, you are a Pathan—what?—and an Afridi to boot! Well done!" "Now, Gul Khan, you must bring your brother

to Bannu. He has waited a long time for that operation. Don't delay. It may be too late if you don't come soon." "Here, little Gula, look at me. Oh, does the eye hurt? Well, don't look up; come into the shade, O father of Gula, we'll see what can be done." And all the time a running chorus from the patients, "Oh, look at my eye!" "Oh, may God's blessing be on your hand!" "Oh, Doctor Sahib, come and see my man; he's been shot in the leg and is very ill, the poison is in his blood." "Padre Sahib, is my eye ready for operation? Shall I come to Bannu?" "Padre Sahib, Doctor Sahib, oh, give me medicine; I'm very ill; see, feel my pulse. I have fever." "God bless you, Doctor Sahib," and some old dame would kiss his hand, or touch his feet, and he would say, "Nay, mother, it's nothing. I am only too glad to be of service."

On these journeys it became a custom for his wife to write the prescriptions for the men while he hastily examined them; and then probably a little group of women would be waiting outside the station in the seclusion of a clump of trees where they could secure some privacy, and Dr. and Mrs. Pennell would be taken out to see them; and now he would write the prescriptions while she examined the patients, or perhaps the railway officials would have collected a group of the more strictly purdah women inside the courtyard, and these would be hastily advised as to treatment. Generally the only thing that could be done for them at these impromptu clinics was a hurried examination and the verdict that they should proceed to Bannu or Thal for treatment. It always satisfied them if they could first be seen and advised, and given a paper, saying, "Admit to Mission Hospital." This, they felt, justified their long journey and would ensure admittance.

Meanwhile the train still waited, and at last when the crowd had thinned somewhat, a deprecating official would suggest that time was up, seats would hastily be taken, and off they would go, to repeat the performance at the next station. At Thal they spent their time in supervising the new buildings, and settling accounts.

On their way back they diverged at Bahadur Kheyl and paid a visit to Karak, where they had time to examine Jahan Khan's improvements in the land and garden and settle many affairs with regard to sending workmen to Thal.

Early next morning they left for Bannu, and there the usual accumulation of work awaited them. The young Muhammadan who had become a Duffadar in the cavalry through Dr. Pennell's influence was giving a lot of trouble, and the characteristic faults of his Pathan ancestry made him a difficult subject to deal with. His reckless extravagance and love of display had led him into debt, and now he wished to fall back on Dr. Pennell's help again. After a lavish expenditure of loving persuasion he was induced to promise amendment, to curtail his expenses and to pay off his debts himself. This unfortunately was far from being the last of his misdemeanours, and though at the time Dr. Pennell's unwavering kindness and repeated forgiveness did not seem to be making any impression on him, he was never forgotten or repulsed when he came for pardon.

It was this marvellous power of never *condemning* a transgressor that was the secret of his influence. He never hurt while he corrected, or showed contempt for even the weakest offender. The strength of his optimism could always be reckoned on to give new hope and new desire

for amendment of life, and once a sin was confessed and repented of, he took it for granted that the offender really meant to renounce it, and never referred to it again. Repeated sins and repeated repentance met with the same unchanging kindliness and desire to hold out a helping hand. It may have led to more frequent repetition of faults than a sterner régime would have allowed; but it gave those who loved him a sure sense of abiding confidence that he was always ready to help them no matter how grossly they had sinned, and all that was noble in them responded to this Christ-like quality.

The presence of a woman doctor at the hospital caused a great increase in the number of women patients who came in for treatment, consequently the lack of accommodation became more apparent every day. The first attempt to combat this deficiency was made by the admission of a case to the Pennell's own house, the one spare room and a tent being used for the patient and her husband.

The patient in their house being a woman was in Mrs. Pennell's care, while Dr. Pennell undertook the duties of anæsthetist. The number of legal cases in which evidence as to age and other points had to be given also increased at this time; and however busy he was, he always found time to accompany his wife to court if the case were hers, and so spare her any of the inevitable unpleasantness attendant on such proceedings. Together they visited his and her cases in the city, the patients valuing his opinion when he came as consultant, and the women and children being glad to make friends with his wife when she accompanied him to his cases.

This partnership was thus a fresh source of strength to the Mission, for all the natural kindliness and friend-

ship of the people, Hindu and Muhammadan alike, responded to this new sight of their Doctor Sahib being companioned in the work he had formerly done alone, and it brought them much closer to him when they felt they could discuss all the trifling details of their homes and children with someone who now shared their experiences. For nothing was too insignificant in their opinion, not only the illnesses of the whole family, but their sorrows and troubles, their joys and successes, they wanted to tell him everything, and now they felt it simpler to pour it all out to a woman who could share with him all that concerned them.

The Hindu women especially appreciated this new channel of sympathy, and would spend many an hour waiting outside the bungalow till they could find the "*Mem-Sahiba*" returning from the wards or out-patients, when, with their little offering of sugar, almonds, or fruit, they would come and sit beside her whatever she might be doing. It was their great joy to tell her stories of their Doctor Sahib's kindness to them.

"Has he told you how he came out to me one pouring wet night when my little son was nearly dead, and he stayed with us, and helped us, and the little lad got better as soon as he saw the Doctor Sahib, and he wouldn't let his hand go? the Doctor Sahib stayed till the strength of the illness was spent. By that time the morning light was coming in, and he had to go back as the big bell was ringing for his church; but he came to us several times in the day, and each time Paira got better and better, and yes—that big boy in the tenth class, that's he."

Or, "Let me tell you how he came out to our village when Ganesh's father was so ill; we were too poor to pay, but

he said that did not matter, and he rode out day after day, two *kos* (four miles) there and two *kos* back, and he used to make the poultices to teach us how to do them, and he would carry the patient from the room out into the sun, and just the sight of him made us feel strong, and Ganesh's father grew better for the touch of his 'mubarak hath' (hand of blessing)."

And then perhaps a little piping baby voice would join in, for they always brought two or three of their youngest children with them: "And the Doctor Sahib is *my* Doctor Sahib, he is not Lachmi's," this assertion of proprietary rights being insisted on very firmly. Then they would launch into tales of how he had helped them when they were in trouble, and paid their son's school fees, and settled their land questions and got Ramdass his rightful inheritance, and protected the widowed mother of Gurmukh, and *never refused*—yes, that was the burden of the song, never refused to see any one or help those in trouble. Day or night, winter or summer, fair weather or foul, he was among them "as one that serveth." And all this wealth of love he had earned they came to show his wife in the fullness of their hearts, vying with each other in telling stories of his goodness and greatness, and their love for him.

Probably they wondered if she would ever be good enough for him, who to them was as a god. But at best they were satisfied that she would not in any way curtail the time he gave to them and their interests, or prevent his being to them exactly what he had always been. When they were convinced of this they looked kindly on her, realising how she welcomed all they could tell of the Sahib who was their friend.

It was also the joy of the old workers to tell her tales of his wonderfully brave doings in the early days when he was still only the "Feringi Sahib," of whom the people were suspicious. If he happened to be present he generally managed to cut all such stories short, or attempted to make them seem the most ordinary everyday doings of an ordinary man, and so moments had to be chosen when he was busily engaged elsewhere, and then the confidences would be poured forth with as much eagerness as they were listened to.

At the end of January Dr. and Mrs. Pennell paid a visit to Sheikh Budin. It was here Mrs. Croker Pennell had died in the June of 1908, and they were anxious to wind up her affairs and look into her papers. Unfortunately, half-way up the hill the insecure girth of one of the country ponies they were riding gave way, and Mrs. Pennell was thrown and severely hurt. They went up the hill for two miles on foot, and then were met by a dandy in charge of the *Hakeem* of Paniala, an old friend of Mrs. Croker Pennell's.

It was a sad little visit with its memories of his mother's last days. A sheaf of unopened letters, many from him to her, were found, and then that chapter of their life was closed for ever. They removed all that had any special associations, and decided to sell the house. It was the last time he ever visited Sheikh Budin. The accident had been serious enough to prevent the prolongation of the journey to Dera Ismail Khan, and they returned to Bannu for a couple of days before starting for Kohat on the way to Khal. At Kohat they had a meeting for the townspeople to collect subscriptions for the new hospital. They greatly appreciated the fact that a broad-minded Hindu barrister

was ready and anxious to assist in raising the necessary subscriptions.

At Thal the work of building was progressing rapidly, and one or two rooms being completed, the drugs and appliances were moved there from the little dispensary in the bazaar. Several of the patients that had been seen at the *al fresco* cliniques at the railway stations between Kohat and Thal were treated immediately. Indeed, it was a very busy time, for there was not a single street in the little village that did not have its patients lying in wait for Dr. Pennell.

Thal was full of Waziris and Turis, who had come in for a *Jirgah* (tribal council), and many of these were old friends and patients who brought their relations or their sick and sorry folk to be introduced to the " Padre Sahib." An ever-increasing crowd of Waziri Maliks and Turis followed him as he went about from place to place.

The Mission bungalow was not ready to be inhabited, so Dr. and Mrs. Pennell stayed in the comfortable little quarters of the Border Military Post lent them by the commanding officer.

Here after the day's work the Maliks followed him to have a chat, sitting round a glorious wood fire. One old Wazir from over the border was greatly interested in the fact that his friend was just married, and was most anxious to know what price had been paid for the new wife, especially when he learned to his amazement that the list of her accomplishments included surgery and photography.

The next days were taken up with medical and surgical work. The Waziri bullets being of the expanding type produce most serious injuries.

Dr. and Mrs. Pennell were sitting by the fire late one

winter afternoon with their assistants, listening to accounts of the doings of their Waziri friends, when suddenly an alarm sounded. From the roof of the Military Post they could see and hear the tumult in the little village of Thal. The Turis and Waziris having had their disputes settled, and having enjoyed a big feast in honour of the event, were in a mood for horse-play and so raided the bazaar. The shopkeepers and villagers took cover, and from the shelter of their roof-tops tried to throw stones on the raiders below, who replied with rocks from the dry river bed.

Fortunately no shots were fired, as the tribesmen meant it more in fun than otherwise ; but to prevent any contre-temps, the police sergeant rushed out with his men ; Dr. Pennell and his assistants formed an ambulance corps, and a ward was hastily prepared for the wounded. The Hindu shopkeepers and Thal-wals were too scared to appear, and only a few of the offenders had anything to show for their sport. One man was brought back by the police as a prisoner and confined for a few minutes, more as a warning than a punishment. He was not at all annoyed, but cracked jokes with his captors, and when released, as he proved to be an old patient of the Mission Hospital, Karam Dad took him home as his guest.

A new era had dawned for the dreary little village of Thal, and it was very touching to see the grand send-off they gave their Doctor Sahib when he left next day. *Maliks* and patients flocked to the station with many entreaties that now the hospital was opened the Doctor Sahib would come at least once a month to see them.

The little toy train used in those days to travel slowly enough for a man to keep up with it walking rapidly. Yet

so unused were these frontier tribesmen to anything that worked on lines and therefore could not make a detour to avoid obstacles, that many accidents occurred along the line. On this trip Dr. Pennell was asked to get out at the little station of Doaba to view the corpse of a man killed by the goods train that travelled at the rate of something like four miles an hour.

The accident had happened the day before, and the police, with the true calmness and patience of the orient, sat waiting for some passing doctor (and these of necessity were rare) to examine the body and state whether death had been caused by the man falling on his head, or by the train going over him.

While the examination was made and the report written, the train was thus delayed, and several patients seized the opportunity to be examined, among them the father of the deceased man, who turned out to be an old patient.

At the half-way station of Hungu the people had brought their sick from far and near, and the long wait of three-quarters of an hour was none too long for the numbers that had to be seen.

At Kohat more patients still were waiting to be seen, and then the tonga took Dr. and Mrs. Pennell to Lachi, where they meant to spend the night.

Here the hospitable Khan had arranged to provide dinner, and about nine o'clock a fat, kindly gentleman walked in, followed by a string of servants, each carrying a tray covered with a gay "*roomal*" (lit. handkerchief, really an embroidered tray-cloth), under which were succulent Indian dainties, *pilau* and *halwa*, and *shorba*, and a Russian tea-service and varieties of fruits. While the guests ate, the host sat in silence propping his eyelids open, as he was

very sleepy; the villagers and attendants sat on the floor. Etiquette forbade their speaking while the Khan was silent and the honoured guests eating. Suddenly shots were heard and shouting; the police guards in the court-yard fell into line, and on the word of command rushed out into the night. On enquiry it was discovered that a gang of fifteen raiders had come into the village of Durmalik near by, looted the house of a Hindu, and carried off his small son of two years old. Finding their booty as much as they could carry, they left the little lad in the mountains, where the police found him next day.

Several patients were treated before the early start next morning, and at Domel Dr. Pennell casually asked a sad-looking old Hindu if anything had lately been seen of the raiders. "No," said he, "not since they carried off my son a fortnight ago!" The poor man lived next to the police station, but the clever raiders had managed nevertheless to get his son, and to hold him to ransom for the sum of Rs. 2000.

Some weeks later he very proudly produced the recovered son, but he himself was reduced to great poverty, having had to sell all he possessed to pay the ransom.

On their return to Bannu, Dr. and Mrs. Pennell had several patients to treat; the hospital was fairly full, and there was much sickness in the surrounding villages. Dharma Kheyl and Hussaini were visited; many of the women were anxious to have medical advice in their own houses as the villages were just too far to allow a woman, especially a sick one, to come to the out-patient dispensary of the Mission.

Towards the end of February Dr. Pennell had one of his attacks of fever and sore throat, but could not be induced

to stay in bed. It was very cold in Bannu, and a severe storm with rain lasting several hours had freshened the country, but had made Bannu very muddy. As he had several patients in the city seriously ill he had to go and visit them in spite of the weather, and as the work in the hospital had accumulated, long afternoons were spent in the operating theatre. To add to his ordinary medical and surgical practice he now had some cases of madness to treat. One was an old boy who was brought to him with his mind quite gone, and no one but the Doctor Sahib could control him.

Dr. Pennell's power over mad people was quite wonderful. A patient would be raving, breaking up the furniture, biting bits out of the wall, perhaps chained by his alarmed relatives because of his violence, and at the entrance of Dr. Pennell, without a word said, he would instantly be quite quiet, and with meekly-bowed head would answer all questions, promising to control himself. At the soothing touch of the Doctor Sahib, the patient would immediately do anything he was told, would take his medicine, lie down, or eat his food without the faintest protest. Naturally this added to his duties, for unless he was present the patient refused both food or medicine.

Early in March he went with his wife to the Medical Conference at Peshawar.

On the way back they stopped a night at Kohat. During the night a fire broke out in the bazaar and spread rapidly. The soldiers turned out from the barracks ostensibly to help, but the gaping coffers of the Hindu moneylenders were too great a temptation, and they fell to looting till they were ejected by the Deputy Commissioner.

A visit to the newly-completed hospital at Thal was next taken, and large numbers of patients were seen, over a hundred coming in for treatment in the new premises. It was a great joy to find how the people flocked to the hospital. Many of them were from far Afghanistan, Khostwals, Khorots, Afridis, Turis, on their way from India back to their summer quarters in the hills.

On the way back to Bannu, Dr. and Mrs. Pennell diverged at Bahadur Kheyl. Here Beauty and the Beast met them, and they rode across the hills to Karak. Here, too, they found a large crowd of more than a hundred patients awaiting them, and the Tehsildar, a Pathan, came in the evening for a talk. The subject of their conversation was the origin of the Pathans, whom the Yusufzai (Musufzai) held to be Jews of the tribe of Benjamin, quoting in favour of this view the text in Genesis which describes them so well. He instanced their custom of the scapegoat and the blood on the door-posts, as allying them to the ancient race. Their physiognomy, of course, is very much in favour of this theory, which is quite commonly held.

The busy springtime had brought in large numbers of transfrontier people, and the note in Dr. Pennell's diary for March, 1909, says: "A record day for cataracts; I did sixteen and my wife four"; and March 19, "A very busy day. A. and I began operating at 8 a.m. and went on till 6.30 p.m. with scarcely a break!" March 20: "Barnett, A., and I each did six cataracts, eighteen in all, besides other operations." March 26; "Very busy day. Out-patients all the morning, then school, then operations 3 to 7." On March 24 Meran Shah was attacked by Afghans, and a few days later the Viceroy's visit to the Kurram valley was cancelled.

It is difficult for Pathans to see the necessity of a cutting operation under certain conditions, when what they have regarded as similar cases have been cured without the knife.

A young Pathan lad was being operated on for stone. The condition demanded a supra-pubic lithotomy instead of a crushing operation. The elder brother could not for some time be brought to consent to this procedure; at last he was persuaded, but he insisted on standing by his little brother, and reiterated at intervals, "If he dies, I'll take your life for his. If he dies, I'll take your life!" and he meant it too. Those who stood by saw with wonder how unaffected Dr. Pennell was by this blustering person. He was quite unmoved by his threats, and with unruffled calm completed the operation.

And day after day, as the boy hung between life and death, the elder brother sat by his head night and day, and whenever anyone went near they heard him mutter, "If he dies, I'll take your life!" But at last the day came when danger no longer threatened, and the little fellow would smile a welcome to his loved doctor, and the brother's affection was slowly won; but later, when he was asked if he had really meant to take revenge in the event of the boy's death, he calmly replied, "Of course I should have kept my word."

At the end of March Dr. and Mrs. Pennell went to Thal for the opening of the new hospital. On the tonga journey to Kohat they were "held up" at Lachi by a large body of patients who had collected from round about. They spent one night at Kohat, and next morning arrived at Thal, where they had a very busy time. Every nook and cranny was filled with patients. Five cataract operations

were done in the morning. Out-houses, wards, kitchens were all in requisition. The dozen beds were not nearly enough, and in a short time twenty-five had been admitted as in-patients, even the new stable being used as a ward. These were cases that required immediate operation, or that were not too bad to be left to the care of the hospital assistants afterwards. As early as 7.30 the three doctors (for Dr. Barnett had also arrived) were busy seeing patients, and with just a short stop for breakfast they went on without a break till 3 p.m., treating over 160 cases. The surgical limitations at Thal were such that several patients were sent to Bannu who could not be attended to there.

On April 3, Mr. Bolton, the Deputy Commissioner of Kohat, formally opened the hospital and unveiled the portrait of Lord Roberts which he himself had presented. Notwithstanding the large number of patients treated at the hospital, the journey from Thal was one series of *cliniques* at every station, patients crowding into the Pennells' carriage from both sides and begging for, nay, *insisting* on, treatment. Dr. Barnett had stayed in Thal, so many of these patients were sent back to him. The journey to Bannu from Kohat was done by night, so that early next morning, as Dr. Pennell cheerfully remarks in his diary, ' We were soon in full swing of work again ! "

CHAPTER XXIX

1909

Football team picnic—Barton Memorial Theatre—Ghazi in the Tochi—Dera Ismail Khan—Kalabagh—Sheikh Mahmud—Buildings—Captain Graves wounded—Memorial to Mrs. Croker Pennell—Karak—Troubles at Thal.

THE Provincial Tournament was just over, and the victorious Bannu football team was met on its return by the rejoicing school and taken in procession through the bazaar to the strains of a native band. In the evening they had a grand dinner with the masters and boarders.

As soon as the weather was warm enough, Dr. Pennell started the boys swimming in the school baths, opening the season with a competition for which he gave prizes, and himself led the sports by doing the high dive and swimming round the bath.

Then Dr. Barnett and he took the triumphant footballers for a picnic at the Kachkot, where they practised swimming on the *kik*, or inflated oxskin. After a glorious time in the water the boys bivouacked and cooked themselves a savoury meal.

At the end of April the foundation stone of the Barton Memorial Theatre was laid by Mrs. Fasken. This was a great source of interest to Dr. Pennell, who spared no pains in collecting funds and arranging plans, making up all deficits himself.

It was while the officers of the 37th Rifles were giving a garden party on the night of April 27th that news was brought of the shooting of an officer at Meran Shah by one of the sentries, a Bakka Kheyl Wazir. The officers were playing bridge, and one who was "dummy" sauntered out on to the verandah. Without any warning the sentry on duty lowered his rifle to his hip and fired, hitting the officer in the region of the liver. At the sound of the shot the other men rushed out of the Mess, and one of them, doubling up as at football, made a rush for the sentry and caught him about the knees, thus saving his own life as the man fired again, but the bullet went over the officer's head. No reason was found for the sentry's action; his own tribe were furious with him, and he immediately paid the penalty of his deed. For days his victim lay in the hot little fort at Meran Shah, hanging between life and death. Three weeks later Dr. Pennell was asked to go up for a consultation on the case, and advised his being brought away from the Tochi at once. He was brought to the Bannu Mission House for a few days, and then sent up to Murree.

Early in May Dr. and Mrs. Pennell made a journey to Dera Ismail Khan, where the Mission was without a senior doctor. Here they did several operations and inspected the medical work of the Mission.

Early in the morning, at 6 a.m., patients began to arrive outside their bedroom door, and when they emerged it was to find the verandah crowded with the maimed, the halt, and the blind, especially the blind. Some were old patients who came to report progress. After seeing all these they left in a tonga for the ferry across the Indus, two and a half miles away. At the water-side they were taken with their coachman and the harness in a ferry-boat to the next little

bit of dry river-bed, where an empty tonga was waiting, and thus driving where possible, and being punted, rowed, or towed through the river, they finally reached Darya Khan, where they took train for Mari, arriving in a violent sand storm, which necessitated their taking refuge in the waiting-room.

Early next morning they crossed the river to the rose-coloured salt mountains of Kalabagh. Here the houses are hewn out of the solid rock salt, which, however, the people may not use for food, as all the salt is taxed; the "streets" in some places are only three feet wide and completely covered in, the houses almost touch each other, and no attempt is made to secure light and ventilation.

In spite of these drawbacks the people are most industrious, and a busy hum pervades the little place; salt-works and iron-works employ some of the population, while others weave a special material peculiar to the place, and others again are engaged in alum-works. Unfortunately nearly every one of the inhabitants has goitre, and one is reminded of the Swiss villages where a similar complaint prevails.

An old woman suffering from cataract sent a message begging for a visit. So Dr. and Mrs. Pennell climbed the steep and narrow stairs to her home. No sooner had they got there than the roof was crowded with patients who seemed to come from other roofs, from above, and below, and everywhere, like the rats of Bishop Hatto. This was the more extraordinary, as the visit to the cataract patient had been quite unexpected.

On arrival at the Dâk Bungalow they found a venerable old Seyyid waiting to have his eye examined, and he and a Sikh friend insisted on playing hosts and providing all

the meals for the day. Presently patients began to pour in, and the day was spent attending to them and talking to the visitors who came in without cessation. In the cool of the afternoon Dr. Pennell and his water-loving friends had a long swim on the "kik," and then by 7.30 he and his wife started in a little open boat in the glorious moonlight for the village of Trug further down. A string bed three feet wide was placed across the boat for the two passengers, and with a man at the helm to keep a look-out for rocks and shoals, and a small boy at the oars, they started downstream. The night got very chilly, and there was scarcely enough room for rugs and blankets, which ended by dragging in the stream on each side of the boat. The boatmen were so cold that at one o'clock they suggested tying up, and crawled on to the bank, where they wrapped themselves up in their scanty sheets and slept the sleep of the weary, Dr. and Mrs. Pennell doing the same in their narrow little vessel.

At dawn they were astir and sent the boatmen to hunt for Fazl Khan, the hospital assistant, who was to meet them. Curiously enough he had arrived at 2 a.m., and by the merest chance camped a few yards from the very spot they had chosen. Only when the morning fires were lighted did they discover each other in the grey dawn. Trug was six miles off and they started immediately on horseback, going on from there after a short rest during the heat of the day, to Sheikh Mahmud.

It was harvest time, so the villagers were all out in the fields, and could only come in at intervals during the day. The time was spent, however, in the much less congenial task of settling land disputes.

The Pathan temper is one of the most difficult to deal

with, and when two brothers begin to accuse each other of shifting landmarks and other villainies, it takes a good deal of patience to persuade them that each is as honest as the other! All that day and the next the quarrel went on. Dr. Pennell argued and persuaded and discoursed and entreated, but one point being settled another would crop up, and so the trouble went on, till finally he refused to break bread in their house or drink water, and ordering the horses proceeded to leave them. But though they were prepared to continue a family feud till Doomsday, neither could bear to let his beloved Sahib leave like this, and so with the delightful simplicity that makes the Pathan so lovable, they fell on each other's necks and made friends simply to keep their Doctor Sahib with them; the horses were taken away and a merry meal partaken of, and the cup of peace passed round.

Another ride in the dusk of the evening brought the travellers to Chauki Tang, where they waited for the moon to rise. At twelve it was light enough for them to cross the desert, and they started with the stars for guide, crossing a dry river course, where snakes and some of the smaller wild beasts made their home, before getting to Lakki at 4.30 a.m. Here no *chaukidar* (watchman) was to be found; but a judge from Bannu, a patient of Dr. Pennell's, was putting up next door, and hearing and recognising his doctor's voice, sent his servants with beds and *chota haziri*. They found the usual crowd of patients here, and then set off in the cool of the evening for Naurang Serai, where they stayed in the pretty little village of their Sikh friends for the night, driving into Bannu early next morning.

The accommodation in the wards was daily getting less adequate, and at the end of May a couple of new family

wards were added. Dr. Pennell decided to pay for them out of the fees of the private patients who were to occupy them. Bannu is, however, a very poor place, and the sum of Rs.5 (7s. 6d.) which a patient paid for such a ward, even if he took it for a month, added up very slowly to the required figure. However, the three doctors—Dr. Pennell, Mrs. Pennell, and Dr. Barnett—entered into a competition to see which could contribute most towards the required sum, which was very soon realised, as many patients preferred the privacy of a room where they could have their innumerable relations and cook their little messes without let or hindrance, to the restrictions of a hospital ward. Dr. Pennell's patients were, of course, far in excess of those of his colleagues, and he very soon had made up his share and done half of Dr. Barnett's as well.

On March 28th, at five o'clock, Dr. Pennell received an urgent message, asking him to go up to Saidgi in the Tochi valley to attend Captain Affleck Graves, who was "badly wounded." In fifteen minutes he was ready to start, and chafed at the delay caused by the cavalry escort that the authorities insisted on sending with him. Beauty, ever ready to enter into her master's feelings, went splendidly, doing the fourteen miles in seventy-five minutes, while two of the escort's horses were quite "blown" and had to follow slowly.

It appeared that Captain Graves was driving down from Meran Shah in a tonga when raiders appeared and fired at him; as he stood up to aim at them he exposed himself and was wounded in the chest. The tonga ponies were shot too, but the game little beasts kept on till they came to the shelter of the military post at Saidgi, where one of them fell down dead. Captain Graves's wound was not

very serious, fortunately, the lung being only slightly injured. Dr. Pennell sat up with him all night, and early next morning brought him down in an invalid tonga to the Mission-house at Bannu, where he was nursed till Mrs. Graves came down from the hills to look after him.

Early in June the masters and boys of the school had a meeting to decide on a memorial to Mrs. Croker Pennell. Many touching speeches were made by many of them who had experienced her kindness. It was most interesting to note the particular qualities of her character and incidents of her life which had most impressed them. One point they were unanimous in mentioning was her unswerving adherence to duty, however great the personal sacrifice involved. Many were the incidents they cited of her unobtrusive generosity in helping all who came to her, not merely with money, for promiscuous giving was against her principles, but some of the masters told of how she had helped them with their studies for the B.A. and M.A. degrees; others of her assistance when they were in domestic difficulties; others, again, of her kindness to their womenfolk in illness; some of her gifts to their children or her help and interest in their education. One man had always remembered a story she had once told him of her youth. She had just been given *Sesame and Lilies*, and was absorbed in it, so much so that she even excused herself from going down to lunch, so that it was no small surprise and a most wonderful delight when in answer to a more imperative summons she descended to find Ruskin himself calling on her people.

The memorial to Mrs. Croker Pennell given by the masters took the form of an Annual Prize given for the best essay on a selected subject. The old boys for their

part decided to enlarge the swimming-baths and build bathing-rooms. Later this was carried out. Dr. Pennell undertook the difficult task of collecting funds for this latter project, but died before all the money was realised. He himself, however, paid more than half the cost. The swimming-bath is a splendid one, and past and present students still get much pleasure out of it, especially in the long hot summer days.

About this time the boys got up a play for the hospital funds. They performed *King John* in Urdu, to the great satisfaction of the Bannu public, under the tutelage of Nawab Qadir Khan, who had come to Bannu for a short time.

A short visit to Karak followed, the heat being so intense during the day that patients and doctors felt greatly oppressed. In the afternoon a great thunderstorm cooled the air, and work went on briskly again. This oppressive weather, with the occasional relief of thunderstorms, continued during the hot June days. The schoolboys spent most of their spare time in the water, and water-polo superseded football and cricket.

At the beginning of July, Dr. and Mrs. Pennell visited Thal. It was a very hot journey, and at Thal too the heat was excessive, till a heavy thunderstorm made life and work easier. One day all the Maliks were entertained at a tea-party. The garden was beginning to look green, and the hospital was becoming quite popular with the tribesmen. The Thalwals are not as easy to make friends with as other Pathans, but they could not resist the kindly advances of the "Doctor Sahib," and they all came with great goodwill to see him.

The hospital assistant at Thal, however, was found to have been neglecting his work, and fear of the raiders,

who had sent messages to say they were going to kill any Christians they found in the hospital, had caused him to desert his post night after night and take refuge in the city. This, of course, was a serious matter, and gave Dr. Pennell much trouble. He had not expected to find cowardice in a Pathan, and that one an old Bannu schoolboy!

He gave the young man another chance after pointing out to him the seriousness of his offence, and did all he could to encourage him, but so imbued was this youth with the fear of the Dacoits, that in spite of all efforts to help him to play the man he still proved cowardly. In consequence he had to be transferred to Karak and a more courageous resident-doctor sent to Thal. The grief of this to Dr. Pennell was very great, and later on when it appeared that the young man had still further transgressed, his discharge became imperative.

Troubles seemed to be crowded into this time, for another of Dr. Pennell's protégés was also giving him much cause for anxiety by his extravagance and unruliness. In the school the spirit of wickedness was also rife, the chief offender being defended by his Pathan father, who threatened violence against anyone who dared to prove anything against his son.

To cleanse his school and redeem the backsliders was Dr. Pennell's great desire. He spared himself no trouble, writing to the two who were away, finding understanding friends who could go to them and reason with them, and day and night he worked for the school, eradicating the evil with a sure, firm hand and doing everything to help his boys to resume higher ideals and nobler aims.

All this was very exhausting, and he started with his wife for his summer holidays on July 8th far from well. At

Lahore his old boys came in force to the station to see him. A day was spent at Saharanpur, where plants were chosen for the gardens and plantations at Bannu, Karak, and Thal. Dr. Pennell was enthusiastic in his love of gardens, and the bare acres of land at Thal were a constant challenge to his enterprise. Thalwals and raiders had for long years denuded the hills of their forests, and it was his aim to make the Mission property attractive, with shady trees and gay flowers, as he believed strongly in the influence of beautiful things. The digging of a well was begun in the compound, and two years later, after many delays, they finally found water at a considerable depth. But before they reached that point many difficulties had to be encountered. One tribe is specially good at well-sinking, and they only come into India in the spring and leave again in the autumn. It was therefore during their journeys to and fro that they had to be induced to give a few days of labour to the well. Various gangs agreed to do the work at different times; but some little dispute in the bazaar, or some sudden desire to be on the move again, would make them forget all promises and contracts, and the work would be deserted again. After these constantly recurring disappointments, it was a great day of rejoicing when they at last actually found the long-desired water.

The strain of the last months at Bannu had left him so exhausted that he was susceptible to the slightest infection, and during the journey from Bareilly to Lucknow he became so ill that he was with difficulty taken to the Mission-house, where Mr. and Mrs. Morse kindly received him and his wife, and where they spent two days while he recovered.

A short visit was paid to friends at Siwan, and then they proceeded to Calcutta to stay with Cornelia Sorabji, a sister-in-law he had not yet met. He wrote of this visit to her mother:

"It has been a great pleasure meeting Cornelia; she is so clever and interesting, and has such a wonderful grip of public affairs enhanced by lucidity and verve of conversation."

In Calcutta, besides fulfilling social engagements, they visited the Pathological Laboratories.

One incident in the streets of Calcutta is worth mentioning. Dr. and Mrs. Pennell were driving down one of the big streets when they saw a bullock-cart very heavily laden ahead of them. The driver, a boy about sixteen or so, was lashing his miserable cattle unmercifully. The goaded animals had so learned to dread the whip, that as he raised his arm they quivered with fear, shrinking away from the falling lash. It was a piteous sight, and fortunately one not often seen on the frontier. In a second Dr. Pennell had stopped his own carriage, and, running towards the cart, must have seemed like an avenging angel to the brutal driver. He, however, was not only cruel but cunning, and before Dr. Pennell had reached him he set up a fearful howl, and throwing himself off his perch, clung to his wheel as if he were being murdered, hooking his feet round the spokes in a most practised acrobatic fashion.

As he was already yelling it seemed a pity not to give him something to yell for, and he probably had the best beating he had ever had in his life, as a warning never to ill-treat his beasts again. Meanwhile his cries had attracted an enormous crowd, but the scarred and bleeding backs of the cattle showed what had brought the whip on the boy's own

back, and the onlookers thought it wisest not to interfere with so stalwart-looking a "Pathan." This in Calcutta was surprising, and Dr. Pennell had known quite well what risks he was running, when his indignation had made him punish the bully. But cruelty of any sort, whether to man or beast, he could never see without being moved to action!

On the other hand, he was very slow to punish. Once some of the naughtiest little boys in Bannu were brought to him for chastisement. Their sin had been serious enough, it was thought, to deserve a reprimand from the head of the Mission to add solemnity to the occasion. He was heard to say in his kindest voice, "Now, boys, you know you shouldn't behave like that; don't you see how wrong it was?" "Yes, sir," in weak accents from the offenders. "Well, you won't do it again, will you?" "No, sir," hopefully. "Well, run away and play now!" And that was all these boys ever heard of their misdemeanours, but fortunately they were loyal, and their love was sufficient to justify his faith in them, and they did try their hardest not to "do it again."

They went from Calcutta to Dacca to see another sister of his wife's, travelling by train, and then on the Ganges and Brahmaputra rivers by boat. After a few days spent there they went on to Darjeeling. The river was very high, many of the little villages being submerged.

At Dhubri they spent the day on a "Flat" moored to the bank, and witnessed one of the sudden squalls so common in that part of the world. One little boat was upset, and the fishermen, whose only clothing was a scanty handkerchief about the loins, got a good soaking; finally they swam to shore with their little capsized skiff; but no sooner were they ashore than they seemed to realise it was raining,

and immediately they opened large umbrellas and crouched under them, all dripping as they were!

The little mountain railway to Darjeeling took them up and up through luxuriant forests and pretty tea gardens, winding round the mountain spurs. From Darjeeling they went back through Calcutta to Allahabad to stay with Mrs. Pennell's brother. Here Dr. Pennell addressed a Missionary meeting of 500 children, who had undertaken to support a cot in the Mission Hospital at Bannu. Next day he addressed the Indian students at the Macdonnell Hostel of the University, and in the evening spoke at Bishop Clifford's. The following day he spoke to the Sunday-school children and the boys at the Christian Hostel, and in the evening to the soldiers of the Middlesex Regiment at their Institute.

On August 10th they were at Delhi, back again in the country they loved. Dr. Pennell always felt well when he could breathe the pure, crisp Punjab air. At Lahore they picked up a little Pathan orphan who had been at school, and took him home with them. A visit to Thal gave them great disappointment, as the young assistant was behaving very badly, and had been away from his post without leave for twenty-one days. After settling matters and wiring for a substitute, they went to the charming little frontier place, Parachinar, where Captain and Mrs. Scott Moncrieff entertained them. The pathetic little English cemetery here contained the graves of four officers, all of whom Dr. Pennell had known. One had been shot accidentally in the Milana Gorge, one poisoned by his Khansama (cook), one killed in action near Kirman. They rode up to Shlozan, and at the Zyarat the Malik Shah Jehan gave them a great feast. Lord Roberts was

remembered by all the Maliks and chiefs of this post, and they sent many messages to him, thinking, as Dr. Pennell was his *rishtadar*, or kinsman, he must needs see him frequently!

At Thal they spent a busy day with patients, and then returned to Bannu, where an accumulation of duties awaited them.

An Old Boys' Club was formed, and the memorial to Mrs. Croker Pennell was taken in hand. The "Old Boys" met at a reunion on September 23rd, and renewed the happy memories of their school days, many of them coming long distances, several being in important Government positions, some in the Army and some at college. They wound up by having a football match of Past students against Present, in which the latter were very naturally victorious. The Muhammadans were keeping Ramazan, and would not touch food or drink before sunset in spite of their exertions.

The raids about Bannu were on the increase, and the Hindus in the neighbouring villages were very far from safe. A crowd of them came to Dr. Pennell and insisted on his going to the Deputy Commissioner on their behalf, to beg the latter to enlarge Bannu city, so that they could take refuge within its walls when their lives were in danger.

On October 17th Dr. and Mrs. Pennell went out to Naurang, and as they arrived a patient was brought to them. She had been cleaning her house, and while dusting a shelf, her husband's loaded pistol, which was on it, had gone off accidentally and injured her severely in the face. On the frontier even the simplest domestic duties are fraught with danger, and the opportune arrival of medical assistance was welcomed as a dispensation of a merciful Providence.

CHAPTER XXX

1909–1910

Medical Society — Enteric fever — Anxiety — Recovery — Sick leave — Medical Missions—Birthday Honour—Troubles in Bannu—Adventurous journey to Kohat.

In October, 1909, the Bannu Medical Society was started, with Dr. Pennell as President and Mr. Wadia, of the I.M.S., as Secretary. As there were eight doctors in Bannu, three in the Mission and five in the Military or Civil Service, besides Indian assistant surgeons and sub-assistant surgeons, it was thought such a Society would be a great help.

A short visit had to be paid to Karak to set right the wrongs accomplished by the young assistant who had been transferred there from Thal. This was one of the few journeys Dr. Pennell had to do alone; but his wife was ill at the time and the matter could not be postponed. He went by bicycle to Domel and then rode across to Karak. Next morning he left and rode back to Domel, where he found his bicycle, but alas! six miles further on a tyre burst and he had to walk into Bannu. This journey had serious results for him, for it was then that he got infected with enteric, and shortly after had the illness that so nearly ended fatally. He used to think that he had been immune for the first sixteen years because he had

taken no precautions, and it was only after his marriage when milk and water were so carefully boiled for safety's sake, that the first time he was exposed to infection he succumbed.

The days between the journey to Karak and the beginning of his illness were very busy indeed. The School Prize Day intervened, with all the work and arrangement it always entailed. His fever began on November 6, but this did not prevent his going to Thal. He had fever on the journey, and at Thal it rose to 104°.

Next day, however, he was busy operating and preparing for the arrival of Sir O'Moore Creagh, who was to visit the Lord Roberts Hospital. His fever continued high, varied by rigors and an occasional fall. An urgent call to the fort necessitated his going out at night, in spite of his serious condition. He became worse on the way back, and had to be taken to Bannu in an invalid tonga. Then came the long trying illness that so depleted his strength. For some days it was not possible to diagnose the disease, as the onset was unusual and he gave none of the usual reactions to tests. In spite of his temperature his mind was so clear that he was able to do a great deal of the clerical work of the Mission, kept its complicated accounts, and directed the whole machinery from his room.

No one realised the gravity of his condition, and it was with the greatest difficulty that he was kept quiet at all. Finding him for once, as they thought, free, at all hours of the day, boys and men, tribesmen and patients, all who had any *arz*, or petition, all who wanted advice, besieged the bungalow, and the strictest precautions had to be taken to prevent their entering his room, which they did when his wife was busy in the hospital or school, trying

to do her own work and as much of his as was possible. Then came the blow, for on November 24th he had a severe hæmorrhage, and for several hours hung between life and death. The sad news spread all over the city and into the villages with incredible rapidity, and the Mission-house presented a most extraordinary appearance. Silent crowds collected in all the adjoining rooms and on the verandahs waiting for the least sign; most of them were praying, many weeping as well. Women and children, Christians, Muhammadans, and Hindus, each in their own way, poured forth their hearts in prayer for his recovery. All business in the city was suspended. In Dharmsalas and Mosques his friends, Sikhs, Muhammadans, and Hindus, made special intercession for him. His humbler friends, beggars and Wazirs, came to the house, and sat near the door waiting for news, praying for the life so dear to them. The schoolboys hushed their games, and they and their masters swelled the waiting throng outside. Those patients from the wards who were able to walk limped or were helped by their friends to the verandahs of the house, where they also joined their prayers to those of the people already gathered there. One old blind beggar walked round and round the house, his cap in his hand, reciting the Quran if haply that might win life for his beloved Doctor Sahib.

Some made journeys to shrines and left offerings to gain this one great boon they all so passionately desired.

From the villages old patients hobbled in, the stronger helping the weaker. One of his old boys ran all the way to Bannu, a distance of twenty-two miles from his station. He had a Government appointment and was unable to get leave, so he had run all the way in his free time, and

was only able to pause long enough to make the desired inquiries before starting back so as to be at his work next morning. Telegrams from all over India began to pour in, from his boys, his friends, and his relations.

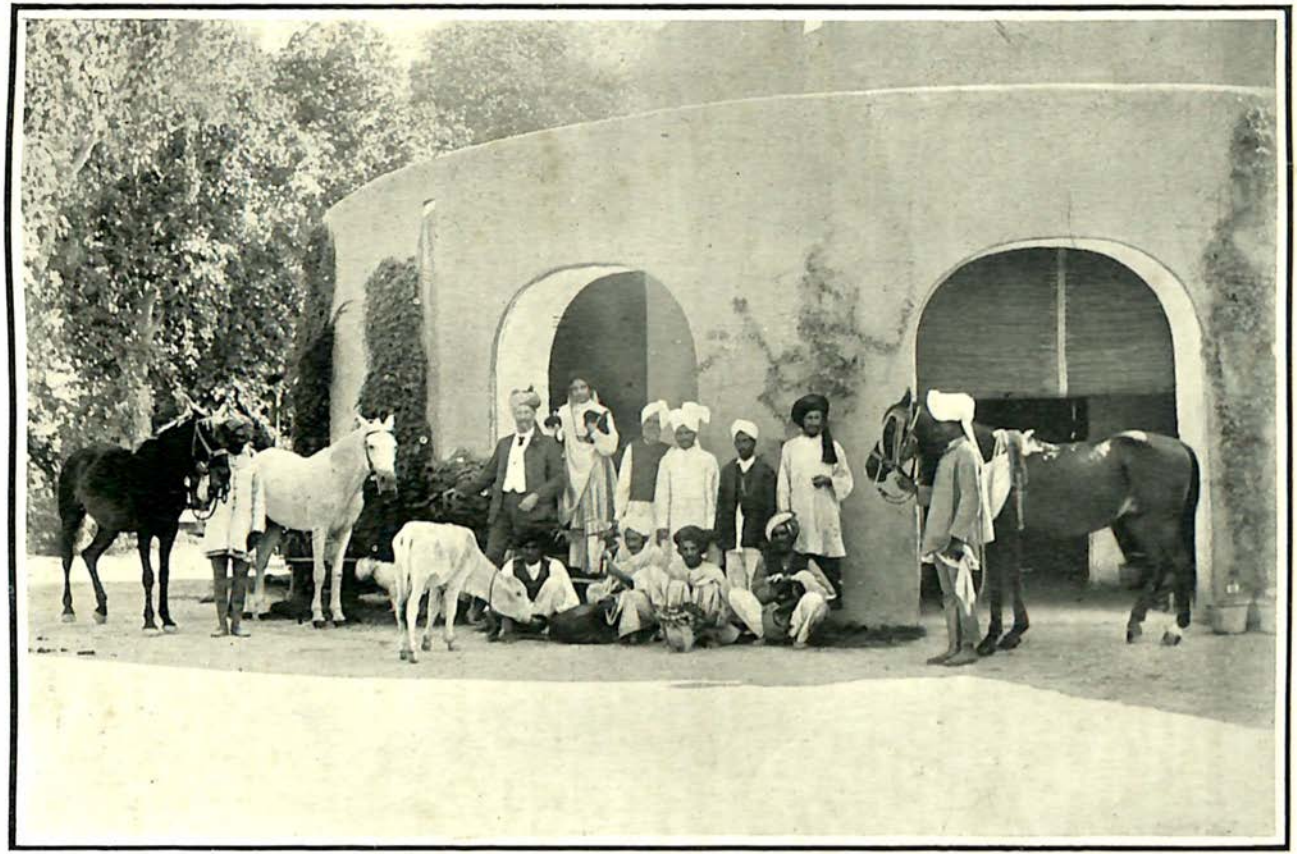
His "beloved son in the faith," Jahan Khan, came in from Karak, and from every village around people hastened into Bannu in deep sorrow for the trouble they could do nothing to avert, nothing, indeed, but pray, and that they did without ceasing.

Of course, they begged and entreated to be allowed to see him, and it was most difficult to refuse them. The slow hard tears of strong men are among the most heartrending sights to watch unmoved; and Wazirs, Mahsuds, and Afridis sat on the verandah unashamed of their emotion, begging that at least the *Mem-Sahiba* would come and assure them that he was still alive. "Let us at least behold the eyes that have looked on him, since we may not see him ourselves," was their cry.

In the sick room where the bed was raised at the foot on high blocks, he lay calm and serene, perfectly free from all agitation, ready to do whatever he was told, prepared for the issue whichever way it went.

Captain Pierpoint, of the 51st Sikhs, attended him with untiring kindness, and a few days later Dr. Arthur Neve, of Kashmir, summoned when the danger was at its height, arrived. He took over the work of the Mission, and gave confidence in the sick room as well as comfort to all the anxious ones.

His splendid constitution helped him through, and gradually his strength recovered, till, on December 10th, his temperature was normal for the first time since November 6th. From that time onwards he made a steady recovery.



DR. AND MRS. PENNELL WITH THEIR SERVANTS AND ANIMALS

From a photograph taken at Bannu Mission House in October, 1909. The white horse is "Beauty," the dark bay standing near her is the "Beast." The cow moved out of the picture, and the dogs and cranes are not visible. To the right is "Robin," just recovered from an accident.

During his illness the extra doctor for Bannu and the nurse, Miss Fagg, arrived from England, and the work of the Mission was thus carried on with less strain than would otherwise have been possible.

The early part of 1910 was spent in arranging Mission affairs, with a view to the compulsory furlough that was necessitated by Dr. Pennell's illness. Dr. Barnett was quite inexperienced in the technicalities of the whole business, and had to be initiated into the statistics, accounts, and the hundred and one things that make up the work of a Mission. During his first year Dr. Barnett had of necessity given most of his time to language study, and had done some of the medical work; but he was now to be responsible for the whole Mission during Dr. Pennell's absence in England, and he felt the burden would be a very heavy one.

As he felt unable to assume so many responsibilities the Pennells decided to sell the printing press. For a couple of years this had made a great demand on time that was more urgently needed for school and hospital, and its financial condition made a continual drain on Dr. Pennell's private purse, the man in charge having taken advantage of the lack of supervision during Dr. Pennell's absence in 1908 to use the funds for his own purposes. This necessitated a strict daily supervision of accounts, and the correction of proofs had also to be done by Dr. and Mrs. Pennell. For all these reasons it was thought advisable to sell the press. A short time before the newspaper had been given up, because with the increasing demands of Bannu and the three out-stations, Dr. Pennell found the editing no light matter, as it meant writing several articles and correcting proofs as well.

The days of convalescence were spent in settling affairs, so as to give least trouble to those left to carry on the intricate and complicated work during the eight months of Dr. and Mrs. Pennell's absence.

The people of the city and of the districts poured in to see the convalescent patient. Indeed, when he sat in the little summer-house doing accounts and statistics, it became necessary to place sentinels at various quarters to prevent the constant flow of well-meaning visitors. Each one felt that he or she had a peculiar claim to see the beloved Doctor Sahib, and they brought offerings of flowers, fruit, or sugar. Some fed the poor as a thankoffering for his recovery, and some gave presents of flour or dinners to the patients in the hospital.

The first day he was able to walk through the bazaar the people rushed out of their shops, the flower-sellers covered him with garlands, or threw rose leaves in his path; many emptied the flower stalls to load him with roses and jessamine in the joy of their hearts. Shop-people left their shops and followed him, touching his feet or wanting to shake hands with him; the beggars, of whom there are always many in Indian bazaars, followed him about in troops. His own boys constituted themselves a body-guard, and so the little procession passed in triumph through the streets, the hearts of Dr. and Mrs. Pennell filled with joy and gratitude for the love of these simple people. "Doctor Sahib Mubarrak!" "Mubarrak Padre Sahib!" came from all sides. "Mubarrak shukar dai, der der shukar dai!" (Congratulations, thanks to God, great, great thanks).

Then many of the richer ones followed him to the house with *dahalis*, or gifts, of sugar, nuts, and fruit, all of

which were distributed as thankofferings to the patients and schoolboys.

It was with great sorrow that the people realised the necessity of his going away to England to recover. Surely, they said, he would do better in the country of his love and adoption with all of them to help him. But it was felt most imperatively that he needed to be away from India, where it was impossible for him to withdraw from the cares and duties of the Mission, and where patients were sure to find him out.

Farewell meetings after the usual friendly Indian custom were held in the school and elsewhere, and on the last Sunday his beloved boys came in to spend their final evening with him.

Early on January 19th, at 6 a.m., the Pennells left by tonga for Kohat, Dr. Barnett, Dr. Elwin, and some of the boys bicycling out six miles with them.

At Kohat a Sikh enquirer came to have a talk; he had come to believe truly, but lacked courage to confess his faith. Meanwhile he was using his influence with others, and having daily readings with his Sikh and Hindu friends.

Dr. Pennell's strength did not permit of a long journey without a break, so at Lahore they stopped for a few hours, and here the old boys came in a body to see their Doctor Sahib after his illness.

At Delhi another stop was made, as Mrs. Pennell had to attend meetings of the Women's Medical Association. Then they travelled to Nasik, where they found Mrs. Sorabji very far from well. She had grown very old and feeble, and it was a great shock to them to see her so aged.

Four quiet days were spent in the pretty Nasik home, where he gradually gained strength before the voyage.

They sailed on February 1st in the *Koerber* for Trieste. The voyage was without incident; on the 16th they reached Trieste and took train to Venice.

Dr. Pennell had never spent any time on the Continent before, so it was all fresh to him, and the days spent in Italy were a succession of delightful experiences.

In London they were received in the hospitable house of his aunt and uncle at Russell Square, where they stayed for some months, owing to the serious illness of Mrs. Pennell. She was ordered to bed on arrival and had to stay there for several weeks. Meanwhile he was gaining strength rapidly, and began taking a course of physical exercise and swimming.

One of the first sad results of his absence from Bannu was the perversion of the young hospital assistant who had given so much trouble during the previous year. This was a great sorrow to Dr. Pennell, and if there had been the slightest possibility, he would have rushed back to his post; in fact, he was only withheld from this rash course by his wife's serious illness and his own incomplete recovery. The C.M.S. doctors forbade his undertaking any series of lectures, but he was allowed to speak at isolated meetings, and on April 15th addressed a group of young Oxford and Cambridge men on the educational needs of India.

News from Bannu continued to be most depressing. Dr. Kate Knowles, who was doing Mrs. Pennell's work, and Miss Fagg, the Nursing Sister, both developed typhoid. Dr. Barnett was over-burdened with the sole responsibility, and affairs in school and hospital were giving him much anxiety.

While in England Dr. Pennell lost no opportunity of

interesting people who were usually indifferent or even antagonistic to Missions in his work.

His book was being widely read, and did much to further the cause he had so much at heart.

On May 6th he spoke at the Medical Mission Meeting in the Queen's Hall. The following is an extract from this speech:

"Medical missions are the laboratories of practical missionary effort. Modern education differs from that of thirty years ago in the prominence it gives to practical teaching and experiment. Just as we have realised that we need something more than the mere verbal setting forth of the Gospel message to non-Christian nations, we need the practical exposition of it which is given by medical missions. India is surfeited with doctrine and dogma, and turns away from the preacher to her own philosophies and speculations, but when brought face to face with a practical exposition of the Christ life she is captivated, she is entranced. It is just because the lives of Englishmen in India have so often not been exemplars of the Christ life —nay, have often been so far removed from what the lives of Christians should be—that Christianity has not made vastly greater progress in India than it has.

"The need in India to-day is not so much more preaching, as more practical setting forth of what Christ has done for our lives, and can do for the lives of all. And it is just here that every Englishman who goes to India is either himself a missionary, or an actual obstacle to the acceptance of Christianity by the people of that country; *he cannot be neutral,* for his life is open to all, and daily watched by thousands and contrasted with his profession and the Christianity they have heard preached about. I have met many converts who were first drawn to Christ by the truly Christian lives of Christian civilians and military men, aye, and of their wives too.

"One comes to my mind now, where a man told me that

he was first attracted to Christ by the life of a lady, the wife of an English officer high up in the Indian army. There was the little baby of this lady's sweeper, the humblest of her servants: it was the one and only child of its parents and was seriously ill with pneumonia. The lady took it into her room and nursed it herself all through one critical night and continued her tender care till the child recovered. There you have the medical missionary in all truth. She had never been sent out by any society and had never been enrolled in any list, but she was as truly and faithfully setting forth her Master's example as the best medical missionary the Church Missionary Society ever sent out. We want many more such. Itinerating near Bannu, I met a mining engineer; he showed me one of his workmen who had fallen over a cliff which was found by measurement to be just over 200 feet high. He found the man with his skull fractured and brain protruding; he took him to his tent, cut off the protruding piece of brain with his scissors and, in default of anything better, stopped the hole with some cobblers' wax; he then tended the man back to life and showed him to me well and strong, but with a deep depression on his head and with some distortion of his nose, for which latter defect he wanted my assistance. Needless to say, this man had won the hearts of his subordinates and workmen, and though not a medical missionary in name, was winning the people to Christ.

"The influence of medical missions penetrates where the missionary cannot go. Afghanistan is a closed land, not only to the missionary but to all Europeans, yet the influence of medical missions has penetrated through and through. I suppose there are few, if any, villages in East and South Afghanistan, which have not sent their quota of patients to our Frontier hospitals. These patients have heard the Gospel preached in our out-patient departments; have, many of them, lain week after week in the wards of our Frontier hospitals, receiving the ministrations of the

Christians, watching our lives, and gauging the reality of our professions, and then they have gone back to their distant homes and retailed their experiences on many a winter's evening or a summer noon in a far-off village, while the old men and young warriors gather round to listen to all that they have seen and heard across the Frontier. Often a Testament or other book carefully secreted from prying eyes is smuggled back to their homes and studied in private, and passed on in secret to some friend, and thus the people have become familiarised with the Gospel story.

"Medical mission effort is one of the two great ways (the other being educational work) in which we can discharge our debt to India. We must deliver ourselves from the fallacy that we are acting 'My Lady Bountiful' in supporting medical missions in India. No, indeed! we have a debt to pay, and God will one day require it at our hands if we have not paid it. We have given India a peaceful rule, a wonderful administration, and many other benefits—sometimes willingly, sometimes unwillingly—but remember, we have also adorned ourselves with her jewels and filled our coffers with her gold and enriched our thoughts with her philosophies and her spirit of meditation; and more than this, in making India an integral part of the British Empire, we have accepted a huge responsibility. We found India meditating on the ineffable, stretching out her hands for union with the eternal. There are only two possibilities as to how we can leave her: one is as a Christian country, the other in the throes of an atheistic materialism. We have taught young India Bentham and Mill and Byron, but the Bible has been taboo in all our Government institutions, and it is only through our missionary agencies that we can give her the Gospel of Christ and offer her that Christianity which has been the glorious heritage of this nation for so long. The inevitable result of the Government's non-religious system is ma-

terialism, atheism, and sedition—of which the first-fruits are already being garnered. Let us give India our Bible and Christ before it is too late, for, if we neglect to do so, she will undoubtedly rise up in judgment against us and condemn us.

"I say with emphasis that if we any longer keep back Christ from India we shall reap a harvest of blood, of rapine, and destruction, which it is terrible to contemplate.

"Medical missions are a peace-making agency and have averted much bloodshed. The North-West Frontier has been well chosen to be the seat of the majority of our Indian medical missions, because it is inhabited by the most warlike and fanatical races, as is evidenced by the Frontier wars, both small and great, which so frequently recur in that part of our Empire. Now I say without hesitation that, so far from our medical missions being a political danger, they have been instrumental in averting wars and preventing bloodshed. I have been among the fiercest and most fanatical of the tribes across our border as well as on this side of it. I have never once carried arms. I have wandered alone by day and by night through their country. I have lived in their villages and they have never betrayed me or tried to take my life. Among these people village is against village and family against family, and the blood feud is carried on from generation to generation with relentless perseverance till sometimes no adult male remains in the family. We have an out-station at Thal, thirty-four miles from Bannu, the greater part of the intervening country being in independent territory. While travelling through this territory we are escorted by armed men of the various tribes we pass through, for each tribe can only escort us as far as its own boundary, and then hand us on to the next for safe conduct. They often cannot themselves go beyond gunshot of their own borders; the very next village may be at warfare and ready to slay

any unwary neighbour who wanders within their territory. Even a village is often divided into two factions, which wage an intermittent warfare upon each other. And this is a sample of what obtains all along our border; tribe against tribe, clan against clan, village against village, and family against family. A prominent Frontier chief once in conversation with me was excusing himself for having never visited Bannu. 'You see,' he said, 'I could not go there without passing through the lands of my enemy, and the risk would be too great. It is all very well for you, you are a doctor and can go anywhere with an escort or without, but we cannot do that.'

"Could we multiply our medical missions, I can say it without fear of contradiction, many sources of misunderstanding between the Afghan tribes and the British would be removed and the periodical incidence of Frontier wars diminished.

"Medical missions are their own advocate, inasmuch as they have everywhere proved themselves an immense success. Our very success is often the most embarrassing feature we have to deal with. Patients flock to us from far and near; we are surrounded by them from morn till eve; we cannot send them away empty, for divers of them come from far. Yet our staff is absolutely inadequate, our hospitals are bare, our dispensaries often lack the most necessary drugs, and our purses are so empty that we have nothing wherewith to replenish our stores. Last year, in the Bannu hospital alone, we dealt with 34,000 individual cases, and admitted 1655 of them to our wards. There were 86,000 visits paid to our out-patient department, and we performed nearly 3000 operations; yet for this and the work at our three out-stations we had only four qualified medical men (two English and two Indian) and one qualified medical woman. We had, moreover, not a single trained nurse. In April of last year we opened a new branch at Thal, the hospital being named the Lord Roberts

Hospital, as Thal was for some time his base in the Afghan war, and before the year was out nearly 10,000 visits had been paid to this hospital. If this is the case with Bannu, what shall I say of Srinagar, of Peshawar, of Dera Ismail Khan, of Quetta ? The work there is as overwhelming, the need as great."

After him came his old college friend, Dr. Cooke, of Uganda. In speaking of the kind of men wanted for Medical Missions, he told the audience of one who had been at college with him, the best student of his year, who had carried off one gold medal after another, and then had not taken the obvious road to fame and success which awaited him in the ranks of medicine in England, but had gone out to serve his Master, in lonely unknown lands. It was this man, he said, who, by his influence and character, had induced him also to become a Medical Missionary.

Meanwhile, Dr. Pennell was quite unconscious that this eulogy referred to him, and when Dr. Cooke wound up by saying, " And it is the man who has just spoken to you, Pennell of Bannu, of whom I speak," his astonishment was so great that it exceeded his embarrassment ! For he alone of all that heard Dr. Cooke had not guessed that the words applied to himself.

The illness and death of King Edward occurred at this time, and all the Empire was plunged in grief. At 1 a.m. on the night of the 6th the newsboys were crying, " Death of the King," and a wave of sympathy passed over the land, extending to the furthest points of that Empire, which, however diverse in race and creed, is one in its enthusiastic loyalty to the Royal House. The grief of England was the grief of the Empire, and on the far-off Afghan

Border tribesmen and outlaw mourned for a King and an Emperor.

Dr. Pennell's attendance at the Edinburgh Conference this summer was rendered impossible by the serious illness of his wife, and various other engagements had to be renounced for the same reason.

The following notice appeared in the papers during June:

"The medical profession was well represented in the last list of Birthday Honours, and it was especially gratifying to us to notice the name of Dr. T. L. Pennell, who has received the gold medal of the Kaisar-i-Hind. This distinction is conferred upon those who, in the opinion of Government, have rendered conspicuous philanthropic service in India, and no one who has followed the details of Dr. Pennell's medical mission work at Bannu, during the last sixteen years, can doubt how fully the honour is deserved."

On the 29th he addressed the East India Association, and on the 30th a meeting at the Sheldonian Theatre at Oxford. The Bishop of Oxford was in the chair, and there was an appreciative audience. A visit to Ashbourne, where he spoke for the Nasik Mission, and then lectures at a Boys' Club in Fitzroy Square, followed.

About the middle of July, his wife being able to accompany him, they visited Cambridge, where Dr. Pennell held some meetings; he also helped to examine the students at Livingstone College. On the 25th they went to Canterbury, where he addressed the Girls' Diocesan Association on the "Problem of Islam."

The meetings of the British Medical Association were attended, and it was at this time he decided to take a complete X-ray outfit to Bannu. He spent many mornings

choosing the apparatus and making himself familiar with its working, hoping it would prove useful in his frontier hospital.

In August they visited his friend, Dr. Cropper, who had been instrumental in persuading Dr. Pennell to undertake the writing of his book.

The news from Bannu meanwhile continued disquieting. Dr. Barnett was feeling the strain greatly, and the violent tempers of some of the Pathan Mission agents were causing trouble with which he was too inexperienced to cope.

At this time, at his publisher's suggestion, Dr. Pennell promised to write *Things Seen in Northern India.* He made the agreement on July 2nd, and being anxious to finish the little book before he sailed, all his spare moments were devoted to this purpose.

On August 25th he finished it and took it to his publishers. That evening they left England, and going via Queensborough and Flushing, went to Bonn, where they saw and acquired for Bannu a large number of the different appliances for Bier's treatment. They then went to Wiesbaden to see Professor Pagenstecher, an old friend of Mrs. Pennell's, where both enjoyed seeing the Eye Hospital here and getting hints to be used at Bannu. From Wiesbaden they went to Ober Ammergau, and were struck with the reverent feeling of the people and the wonderful atmosphere of the whole place.

CHAPTER XXXI

Home-going—Return to Bannu—Wedding—Thal—Baptism.

FROM Ober Ammergau they went by Mittenwald, Zirl, and Innsbruch to Trieste, where they met the young bride who was going out in their care to marry Dr. Barnett.

They sailed in the *Africa* on September 3rd. On board Dr. Pennell met a friend of his early childhood, Major Fraser, who was returning to his regiment, and they enjoyed recalling many reminiscences of their early days. They landed in pouring rain in Bombay on the 19th. One day was spent at Nasik. It was the last time they saw Mrs. Sorabji, who died a few weeks after.

The return to Bannu was most joyous. Old students and friends came to meet them at various stations on the three days' journey to Kohat. As they neared home their spirits rose with the glad anticipation of home-coming. "So delighted to be in the dear old Punjab again," he writes in his diary. The people and their ways, even the names of the stations, meant "home" to him. Elsewhere he was often shy and constrained, but once in the land of the North, he renewed his youth. He would sit gazing out at the dry, bare sandy wastes, or the well-watered plains of the five rivers for sheer love of their friendly and familiar aspect. It was always the same, for the damp air of Bengal or Bombay affected his spirits and his health;

but once he breathed the dry air of the Punjab, the blood coursed once more joyously through his veins, and he felt himself at home full of vitality and power.

At Kohat Dr. Barnett met them, and the journey to Bannu was accomplished by tonga.

Several of his old boys had bicycled or ridden out to meet them, and there were great rejoicings everywhere when it was known that the Bannu "*Daktar Sahib*" had really returned.

The following account of the next few days is written by Mrs. Pennell:

"On September 23rd Dr. Pennell and I returned from sick leave, bringing with us Miss Hockin, Dr. Barnett's fiancée. A great crowd of people came out some miles along the way to welcome us; most of the boys had coloured flags with 'Welcome' in large letters; several others fired off guns and crackers as we came in sight.

"On the 26th Dr. Barnett and Miss Hockin were married in the little Mission church amidst great rejoicings. Flags and bunting decorated the grounds, the church was bedecked with flowers and branches. Four little Indian girls were bridesmaids. Dr. and Mrs. Barnett went off for their honeymoon next day. The hospital work has now begun in earnest. The patients come in large numbers every morning. One day last week we had over 100 men and 151 women and children at the out-patient department.

"For various reasons the subordinate staff has been reduced in numbers, and the work is particularly hard. As our funds are low we cannot launch out and have a good and efficient staff; so that with all this out-patient work, and 72 beds, we have, besides the doctors and one English nurse, only six men, one woman and six servants to help. In spite of this restricted staff, we are unable to

refuse patients who come from Kabul and elsewhere, so our beds are all full. Indeed, we are only allotted fifteen beds in the women's department and there are thirty-five patients in to-day!

"One poor woman has come all the way from Kabul. She has extensive cancer, which is quite inoperable, and we have to let her go back. Several cataract cases have been waiting for Dr. Pennell's return, as they have implicit confidence in him.

"It is very touching to see the blind old women and men feeling his face to assure themselves it is really he, and then kissing his hands, and blessing him.

"We have the usual gun-shot injuries, due to raids and feuds, and a few days ago there was a man in who had a fractured skull due to a blow from a stone, thrown at him by his own son in a fight. It was too bad an injury to be able to help, and he died that night.

"One of our most interesting but trying cases is a girl who has acute hysteria. Her relations and friends have all told her that she is mad, and so now she tries to make herself appear so. She has violent fits of crying and shouting. She can scarcely be held down while the paroxysm lasts, and it takes all our patience to bear with her.

"Our practice is not restricted to our own hospital. The other day Dr. Pennell was sent for in a great hurry to go to the Civil Hospital, where he saved a patient's life by an immediate tracheotomy. Again, he was asked by the Civil Surgeon to go and see a raider who had been shot in the leg and who would not consent to an amputation till Dr. Pennell had seen it and given his opinion.

"The villages around are often visited by us. The patients in them are sometimes too ill to be moved, or their menfolk feel it is safer not to let them go outside the walls of the village. We thoroughly enjoy seeing them in all their primitive simplicity, and feel we get to know them much better this way than when they just come to

the crowded out-patient department, where we have no time to do more than prescribe for them. We have a nice little girl in who has a very bad foot which has been neglected, and now is very painful and inflamed. Her brother too is a patient; he fell and broke his arm, and then went to a barber or carpenter, who did it up so badly that the poor boy was in extreme pain till he came to us.

"A Malik was brought in with a very painful disease of both eyes, which necessitated their being bandaged up. As he had feuds on with all his relations, his friends sit round him day and night with their rifles ready loaded.

"On October 10th Dr. Pennell and I visited the Thal hospital for the first time since Dr. Pennell's serious illness of last year. There had been many changes in the staff there, as its dangerous situation needs an exceptionally strong, brave doctor.

"The Bannu road has been very unsafe of late, raids taking place at all hours; the mail tonga too has been attacked and looted, and passengers kidnapped. However, as time is valuable, it was not possible to spend a whole day on the 80-mile drive, and we drove till 10 p.m. (four hours after the official time for closing the roads) and started again at 2.30 a.m., long before the mails were allowed to go. No raiders or outlaws attacked us, and we got to Kohat in time for the Thal train. We spent a day and a half setting things right, making arrangements for the digging of the long-delayed well, for the building of a compound wall and other details. We saw many patients, were entertained by some of the Maliks, and ended up by missing our train, having wholly forgotten to ask if the time had been changed. As there is only one passenger train in the day we had to make a great effort to catch it, though it had started forty minutes before. The belated 'tonga wallah' who had forgotten to come for us, as ordered, was nowhere to be found, so with difficulty we got another tonga, that had come in that morning from Para-

chinar. We sent a man to the station to wire to Doaba, 14 miles off, that we were hoping to catch the train, and then our plucky little ponies simply went like the wind, and did 14½ miles in one hour and ten minutes.

" Unfortunately the last part of the road was very difficult, as several dry river-courses, all pebbles or sand, had to be crossed, and while our spent ponies were recovering in the hollow bed of one of these, the man on the look-out at Doaba station lost sight of us, and so the train, that had waited forty whole minutes, went off just as we came in sight of the station. It was too trying! Then we decided to go by Karbogha, where the great Mullah lives, and we made an effort to get a ' doolie ' or ponies ; but though the ' doolie ' was found we could not get any men to carry it, as there had been several raids and murders in the hills on the way there. The pony was produced, but the village boasted no saddle of any description, so we were compelled to wait at Doaba station, where the kind Muhammadan station master gave us tea in a lordly pot, made syrupy with sugar and thick with milk. Later his wife cooked us a savoury meal of rice and chicken, which we enjoyed on our return from the village, where we spent an entertaining time, being welcomed by old patients and visiting new ones. We sat with all the village elders on the *chaŭk* and heard tales of the raids and murders in the district. The old patients were profuse in their offers of hospitality, and were most disappointed that we were not able to eat more dinners than one.

" Next morning we travelled by the goods train, having seats in the little 5-foot square box that forms the guard's van. We were shaken to pieces, as the engine driver wanted to get us in to Kohat early. He simply raced down the slopes and up again, and then we waited about an hour at each station ! Once we were kept waiting a very long time, because the signalman who ought to have given the ' Line clear ' from the next station, had gone off on a jaunt into

the city, and they could not find him. We had a special tonga waiting for us, and got off as soon as we could. We were unfortunate in our horses, and so were delayed some time on the way. After passing Banda we were held up by a posse of police, who said the road was closed to traffic after 6 p.m. We handed them a visiting card with due solemnity, and they, believing it to be a special permit, allowed us to go on.

"We spent the night at the Salt Officer's bungalow at Bahadur Khel. He is a Sikh and an old friend of ours at Karak. For some reason he thought it necessary to give us a quasi-English meal, and his subordinate acted as butler. Before dinner we were offered drinks of sorts, and our host was quite disappointed to find us teetotallers, as he had made special preparations for his chief and had laid in stores of wines and tinned foods, and wished us to take advantage of them.

"The Muhammadan sub-inspector next came in with a *degchi* (saucepan), from which he poured soup into our plates. Then followed rich dishes cooked in Indian style, then roasted quails, and finally a quaint liquid mixture of eggs and milk saturated with essence of lemon. After dinner they apologised for not giving us coffee! and after putting fruit before us, our host himself had his own dinner brought in. It was quite different from ours, and had been cooked by another servant—a Sikh. We were amused to find our rogue of a coachman had taken our most precious camel-hair rug to bed with him. We traced it to the stables after a long search elsewhere. At four o'clock we were up and started for Bannu, which we reached at about 8.35."

Dr. Pennell was still far from strong, and the slightest exertion seemed to tell on him. He rode out to Karak a few days after his return, and found himself thoroughly exhausted. He writes :

"I left Bannu at 6.30, reached Domel (ten miles) at 8 a.m., went by the Thal route and reached Karak at 11 a.m.; extremely hot the last hour. Beauty was very tired; I, too, was exhausted, and my pulse remained at 104° till the evening. This, however, was my first long ride since my illness."

Patients in the villages, hospital and school work filled the days. They went to Thal and found that the dismissed hospital assistant had stolen many things, including drugs, instruments, and appliances; matters were consequently in a sad state. It was heart-breaking to find so much to put right, but his wonderful optimism helped him in this as in the many disappointments he had to face at this time.

A new doctor was appointed to Thal, and a fortnight later Dr. and Mrs. Pennell took him there and helped him to settle into his new and difficult surroundings. Dr. Pennell was far from well, having fever and suffering from consequences of his bad attack of typhoid. However, it was too busy a time for him to take any notice of his own ailments, and he returned to Bannu, after putting the affairs at Thal in order. At Kohat he had to see several enquirers.

At the end of November he attempted to start a Boys' Scout Scheme in the school, but there were too many difficulties connected with conditions on the frontier, and he had to leave it for future development.

In December a family of Niazis was baptized; the man had been an enquirer for some years, and had endured much persecution. He was even in jail for some months, having been convicted of a crime of which he declared he was innocent. After some instruction his wife was also

ready for baptism, and they and their baby were received into the Church at Bannu.

The School Tournament took place in the last days of the year. The Mission boys did not do as well as usual—though they won the cricket match.

On December 24th the Pennells had an adventurous journey by motor to Kohat, arriving at the Dâk Bungalow at 1 a.m. after several hair-breadth escapes.

Next day Dr. Pennell preached in the little station church, which was full to overflowing, people having to sit in the vestry and on the steps of the font.

At Thal they found the new doctor working well, and things seemed to have taken a turn for the better. Several patients were seen, and operations performed, before the Pennells returned to Bannu.

CHAPTER XXXII

1911

Meran Shah—Esa Kheyl—Crossing the Indus and Kurram—Lucknow Conference—Marwat Mullah—Kaisar-i-Hind—Mullah Powindah—Guests—Patients at war—Illness—Mission—Excited Bannuchis—Camping—New school opened—Accident—Difficulties of Treatment—Waverers—Returned prodigal—Tuberculosis—Kashmir—Nil Nagh—Return.

EARLY in January Dr. Pennell was asked to go up the Tochi valley to see an officer who had been ill with typhoid fever since August 15, 1910. He went up to Meran Shah immediately, returning next day to Bannu. One Sunday they had some trouble during the bazaar preaching, caused by Afridi soldiers who tried to make a disturbance. But fortunately nothing serious happened, and the audience merely increased in numbers. A pensioned Pathan Havildar came to see Dr. Pennell and confessed himself a believer. A Sikh soldier also came, to whom, years before, he had given a Bible, and Dr. Pennell was greatly cheered by the appreciation and earnestness with which this man had studied the gift.

The following is taken from a letter of Mrs. Pennell's:

"In spite of the way the motor behaved on our Christmas journey to Kohat, we put our trust in her, and having had some trial runs and found her going satisfactorily, we determined to begin our journey in our little car on January 10th. There were many last injunctions to

assistants, and messages to colleagues, at the last moment, so quite a crowd collected to see us off. Well, the car was having her turn at being a 'teufel' that day, and so to humour her we were pushed out of the gate hoping the engine would catch on as soon as we started.

"We got 200 yards on our way and then stuck! It was very humiliating. Carburetter and sparking plug were immediately examined, but after two hours of patient toil we had to send for a *tum-tum*. Our luggage was transferred, and we were about to make the inglorious change, when a motor-bicycle came round the corner, and our meek-looking *tum-tum* pony jerked the reins out of the hand of the attendant syce and bolted down the road for the serai he calls home. After him went the dogs barking and yapping at his heels, and after them a dozen by-standers. The pony raced on till he came to a deep *nàlà* (water-course) crossed by a flimsy bridge. Across this lay the serai of his heart, so helter-skelter over the bridge, the wheels on the extremest edges, the *tum-tum* swaying from side to side, the luggage in imminent danger of being upset, when by a miracle he reached the serai gate and the *tum-tum* stuck fast and was saved. We had followed on foot, and came up to see our luggage being transferred to another *tum-tum*, but this pony absolutely refused to go, so we had to get still another—our fourth conveyance since we had started, and we were only an eighth of a mile from home!

"An optimistic old man was our driver; he needed all his optimism too, for his *tum-tum* was one of the most rickety I've seen, and his little pony very tiny. The balance of this vehicle was most important; we had to sit in certain definite positions going up hill and certain others going down, with an infinite variety of changes for small ups and downs that kept us on the move. To my anxious questions about getting to our destination he would answer cheerily, 'Have hope! have hope!' I noticed he never asked us to have *faith* in his turn-out.

"However, in two hours we got to Naurang, fourteen miles from Bannu, and after a hasty lunch we started off again. We had sent on the horses and our own *tum-tum* the day before, so Theodore rode Beauty and I drove the Beast. The usual road was impossible owing to very heavy rains, so we had to go five miles out of our way by Gambela, through the village where Captain Stirling was shot in the raid last summer, and by heavy mud tracks to the river Gambela. In some places the road was very bad, and we went deep into the water nearly the whole depth of our wheels. Poor Beauty strained a muscle in this bad spot and limped a good deal, so Theodore got off and walked. We got in to Lakki at six o'clock, but our luggage and *tum-tums* were greatly delayed behind us. Theodore sent a man to help them, but he just sat down and waited on the near shore of the Gambela. It had been raining most of the afternoon and evening, and at last Theodore went out himself and helped the *tum-tums* in. One of the ponies had stuck for 1½ hours at the bad spot. They got in at nine o'clock, the syces very wet and tired.

"Next morning we started off at 9 a.m., Theodore on Beauty, the hospital assistants and their baby on a camel, and I in a dandy carried by four unwilling and very lazy men. A few hundred yards out of Lakki they put my dandy down and refused to go any further, unless we had four more men.

"With much difficulty we got two more, and with cajoling and the promise of backshish we at last persuaded them to go on. We had two rivers to cross before we got to our next change of dandy-bearers, and I did the second on horseback, as it was rather deep. About six miles from Lakki we had eight new men, good strong Marwats, who were very cheery and quite anxious to go along quickly. I rode the Beast for another three miles, and then they carried me into Darra Tang. Here the engineer of the new railway had left orders for his servants to give us tea—

which we found most acceptable, as it was 2.30 and we had started from Lakki at nine, and our lunch-basket was on the baggage-camel, which was nowhere in sight.

"After tea we prepared to cross the Kurram on horseback, but the engineer who is engaged in building the new bridge would not hear of it. He had seen so many accidents at that spot, horses, riders, and foot-passengers suddenly disappearing in the river, that he insisted on sending for a camel for us.

"When it came we found it was a baggage-camel and had no saddle or *kajawas*, so we had to mount astride! Theodore sat in front of me and I had to hold on to him, but as the camel rose we were nearly sent over his head. It was a most risky crossing, for Theodore had nothing to hold on to, and so I did not dare hold him. We breathed a sigh of relief as we got across on the other side. The chief engineer had kindly kept the new construction train waiting for us, and we got gaily into a goods van that had two chairs placed for us, and made our first trip by rail to Sheikh Mahmud. We stopped the train at the point nearest our Dispensary and walked there. Four coolies got out of the train with us and helped us with the dandy. Fazl Khan and his family came out to meet us, and soon after our horses and camels arrived. Next morning we went in to Esa Kheyl for the operation that had brought us all that way. The lady was very purdah, and would not let Theodore even give chloroform, so I had taken the Zenana assistant down.

"The operation kept us busy till one o'clock, after which we had a sumptuous Indian meal. We saw several patients, men, women, and children, and then went back to Sheikh Mahmud. Several of Theodore's old boys are in Esa Kheyl, and they came to see us. Theodore had to go to a village near by called But to see some patients, and I had some at the Dispensary. Next morning we walked out two miles to meet a trolly that was being lent us.

It took us to Esa Kheyl again, where I saw my patient, and several others. We had such crowds trying to stop us that finally we had to escape, and getting into our trolly we went down to the river about 5½ miles off. Here we got into a ferry, horses and all, and crossed a branch of the Indus, here a mile wide.

"The currents in the river were very strong and we went a curious zigzag course, doubling on our own route and wasting a lot of time; passing through tall river reeds and grass ten or twelve feet high.

"We then rode across the sand of the river-bed for miles and miles, and crossed the stretches of the Indus that turned up at intervals, till finally we saw Mianwali before us. After crossing the last bit of water we saw our prospective host on a camel waiting for us. He was an old master from the Bannu School. After greeting us he rode off to get tea ready, and we were glad to get to his house, where his Persian wife had prepared a most appetising meal, and there was a cosy fire awaiting us.

"We saw several patients, and then dined with our host. His wife, who is strictly purdah, came in to see me while Theodore went out; she is a charming little lady.

"We hope to get back to Bannu on the 21st, and then the Barnetts will go to Thal for a fortnight.

"After the Barnetts' return from Thal, Dr. Elwin is to go on tour again. It is such a blessing to be able to keep up the work in the districts now. For the last three years it has been almost impossible to do justice to the outstations, and the districts have been left unvisited, as we had no one to spare to go to them. Now at last we can take up that work again."

The next visit paid to Allahabad was during the time when the Exhibition was in full swing. From here the Pennells went on to the Lucknow Conference, Dr. Pennell being a delegate. Dr. Zwemer was Chairman, and none

who attended that Conference will ever forget the inspiration of the time. While others showed by maps and statistics how Islam was making inroads into Africa, Java, and other places, Dr. Pennell sought only the remedy for this state of things. He advocated a step which he considered of great importance for the Church in India to take in the matter. He was very keen that we should send Punjabi and Afghan Missionaries to these places. Pathans always made good propagandists, and as Muhammadan Pathans were the means of spreading Islam in other countries he felt that they would work with equal success as Christian Missionaries.

He maintained that there would be a new infusion of life into the Christian Church in India if it took on itself the responsibilities and privileges of missionising. When he returned to Bannu he put this matter before his little congregation of Christians, and some volunteered to go. The one chosen was an early convert of Dr. Pennell's and an old Bannu schoolboy. He went out to Mombasa that year, thus making the fourth Pathan from the frontier who had gone forth to preach Christ to other nations, since Dr. Pennell had been working at Bannu.

On the return journey the Indus was in flood, and at first no one would volunteer to risk taking a *tum-tum* over the broken bridge. However, as soon as Dr. Pennell's identity was discovered by some eager patients, things began to look more hopeful, and very soon two *tum-tums* were ready. At several places it was found most difficult to cross, the current being so strong that several boats had already been washed away, and in one place a large section of the bridge of boats had been carried bodily downstream. Under these circumstances, it was not easy to

persuade the boatmen to attempt the passage of the swollen river. However, by dint of continual asking and a few judicious tips, the Pennells managed to get a small boat, which, after running aground on several sand-banks, at last reached the other side. Two days were spent at Dera Ismail Khan, where Dr. Arthur Neve and Dr. Gaster held consultations with Dr. Pennell about the work of the Mission.

In Bannu many worries awaited him in the school. Dr. Barnett had gone to Thal, and while he was there thieves broke into the hospital and carried away drugs, instruments, and necessaries. In Bannu, too, there were several minor thefts, of which the following account was written by Mrs. Pennell:

"It is a cold dark winter night in Bannu. The tired doctors have gone to sleep, the hospital patients have been given their last 'feeds' and doses, the night round is over, and all is still. An anxious watcher sits by the pneumonia patient in the 'Conolly' bed, and a tired father holds on his knee the head of the boy who had an operation yesterday. The logs in the grate burn brightly, and the convalescent patients cuddle snugly down under the blankets, or alas! in some cases only *quilts*, that they have to cover them. Gradually all sound ceases, even the pneumonia patient drops into an uneasy slumber and his worn-out watcher does the same. The surgical ward is quiet, the night-duty ward clerk has been doing day work as the ranks are thinned by sickness. In the Mission bungalow a doctor and the Nursing Sister are being nursed through typhoid fever. There is sickness, too, in the Hospital assistants' houses, whooping cough in one, other troubles in another.

"Outside the Mission Compound the night is full of hideous noises. The horse fair is on, and Bannu is filled

with outsiders, Waziris, Turis, Bangash, and Kabulis, great rough men they are. They have, many of them, come long distances with horses that will compete to-morrow in the races. Some have brought ponies to sell. Some are going in for the sports that are to take place on the Polo ground. The serais are full, but no one trusts his neighbour among these, and each lies down cautiously near his horse or camel, not daring to sleep, as their guns and swords have had to be left outside the town, and only such knives as they have been able to smuggle in are in their belts.

"But here, what is this? Along the road leading to the back gate of the Mission Hospital, a couple of men are stealing. They are enveloped in dark blankets, so we cannot tell who they are. They listen at the gate, all is still. The only sound they hear is the crackling of the fire logs, but the Chaukidar's *snore* even is not audible, so they conclude, and rightly, that he has taken advantage of the circumstances and is safely ensconced in a warm corner of the verandah, where *nothing* can disturb him. In a trice they have climbed over the gate, and find their way to the linen room; this room, which for *so* long was empty, and has only recently been filled with a fresh supply of sheets and clothes! It is the work of a minute to wrench off the lock. They listen intently to see if they have been heard, but no, all is silent. So in they go, and help themselves to 'kurtas' and sheets, pyjamas and night clothes—as many as they can carry. But Hunter, the terrier puppy, has at last heard the noise, and now sets up a barking, so they scramble off, only just in time, for the patients' friends have given the alarm and the compound is at last awake—but *too* late! The linen-room is as empty as (and indeed emptier than) ever. Poor Bannu Hospital! It seems to have had a bad time lately. Three of the Missionaries have had typhoid fever, and sickness has also visited many of the assistants' houses, and now our

precious, and alas ! all too scanty, store of linen has been robbed.

"A new Chaukidar (night-watchman) is put on next night, and everybody tries to be alert. But alas ! the duties of the day have been heavy and sleep comes all too rapidly. The Mission compound is again wrapped in sleep —except for the 'new broom' of a Chaukidar who bravely patrols the grounds. About 2 a.m. he hears a noise near the old operating theatre and hastens there just in time to see three men escaping. He attacks them vigorously, and in the struggle they leave their spoils behind (dressings and theatre requisites). But alas ! the poor Chaukidar is wounded on the cheek and arm, and is a sorry spectacle.

"The overworked doctors feel this must be an end to their troubles, and are rejoicing that at least less was stolen on the second night. The duties of the day must be proceeded with, out-patients seen, in-patients dressed and prescribed for, operations done. They are busy in the theatre in the afternoon when a cry of 'fire' is raised, and they fly to the other end of the compound to the out-patient dispensary, which is usually closed about two o'clock, to find it on fire. Fortunately very little damage has been done, and it is soon put out.

"The next day is Sunday, and the usual band of preachers proceeds to the bazaar, but there are too many outsiders here, to whom they are unknown, and a sharp hail of stones greets them whenever they begin to sing or preach. They go on as long as possible, but at last they have to stop.

"It is, indeed, a sad time for Bannu. At the Thal hospital, too, there has been grievous trouble, and two of our Christians have left us."

Early in February a Marwat Mullah came to Bannu as an enquirer; he had been reading the Quran, and when he found it spoke of CHRIST as the Spirit of God, while

Muhammad was only referred to as the Prophet, he felt he must learn more about Him at once.

It was most inspiring to see the eagerness with which he grasped the teaching of the New Testament. Day and night he was reading it, and at all hours he would come to Dr. Pennell for some explanation, no matter where he was or what he was doing. He even pursued him round the edge of the swimming-bath with eager questions as to some abstruse passage. Azam Khan, with his precious Testament carefully wrapped in a silk handkerchief, was a familiar sight to everyone. He would read the Gospel carefully in Pushtu, and if he found any difficulty he would refer to the Persian and Urdu translations; if light did not break on him, then he would seek Dr. Pennell, who soon got used to seeing Azam Khan tearing after him to school or hospital with his Testament open at the place of difficulty—caring for no man, unconscious of everything but his great need to understand, and that without delay. The particular difficulty once solved, his whole face would light up with joy, and he would go back to his little room to continue his reading. He was so eager to confess CHRIST that he insisted on accompanying Dr. Pennell to the bazaar preaching.

"February 5th. Azam Khan, the Marwat enquirer, came with us to the bazaar preaching.

"He was soon the cynosure of all eyes, and Wazirs, Marwats, and others collected in unusual numbers, first pointing at him, then collecting round him and bombarding him with questions; he, however, gave clear answers and was quite unruffled. Then they began rowdyism and he was hit by two large stones; I was only hit with sugar-cane. Then a posse of police came and cleared the people off and we retired quietly."

In October of the year before a drum and fife band had been started in the school. To their great pride they were asked by the Municipality to go to Naurang to welcome the Chief Commissioner in February, 1911.

On February 13th there was a durbar in the Nicholson Hall, and Dr. Pennell was given the Kaisar-i-Hind Gold Medal, the Chief Commissioner making a speech to him in Pushtu. The Mullah Powindah, who had inspired so many raids and preached "*ghazi*" so continually, sent a deputation of Mahsud Maliks to ask Dr. Pennell to go up to Kaniguram to see him. The Chief Commissioner of the Frontier thought it might be unsafe for him to make this journey, and suggested a safe conduct being given to the Mullah to come to Bannu. The Mullah, however, was not willing to risk it, knowing that there was a price on his head, and feeling quite sure that though the British authorities might mean well by him, he had enough enemies among the Pathans who would be only too glad to have a shot at him!

That he was probably wise was proved a few months later when the very men who had come as his emissaries before, arrived on a secret mission to beg Dr. Pennell to give them some sure and certain drug that would "rid them of their turbulent priest"! "Think of the honour you will earn in ridding the Government of an enemy!" said they, and could not understand why the Daktar Sahib was so foolish as not to take advantage of such a heaven-sent opportunity!

The hospital was very full of patients, 126 being in the wards, while the verandahs and sheds were also packed: Operations occupied the greater part of every afternoon.

The Mahsud Maliks who had come down from the

Mullah Powindah were asked by Dr. Pennell to dine with him. "Your bread is at my house this evening," he said, in the correct formula of the country; "all three of you will eat with me." "Ten of us will come, Sahib," they responded gratefully, and were as good as their word.

Ten Mahsuds take a lot of feeding, and it was a wondrous sight to see how quickly the great dishes of *pilau*, mutton curry, and sweets disappeared. The cloth was always spread on the floor for such repasts, which were prefaced by the usual ablutions over a Persian basin, the water being poured on the guests' hands from an ewer. Then with a preliminary "Bismillah," they fell upon the heaped-up plates placed before them. But before a helping was completed the first served were ready for the second, and it was with great difficulty that any proportion was maintained between the rate of Mahsud deglutition and that of ordinary serving!

A few days later a few Wazir Khans, a Mullah from Swat and one from Marwat, came to a similar feast. After dinner they were greatly entertained and interested to see the diagrams of the old Gospel Codices, and took part in most learned discussions on the scriptures of their own or their host's religions.

In March a Medical Missionary Conference was held at Peshawar. Dr. Pennell addressed the members, emphasising the greatest needs of the frontier, viz.:

(1) An Evangelistic Missionary knowing Pushtu and Arabic.

(2) A Training School for Afghan converts as Evangelists.

Dr. Barnett meanwhile became ill in Bannu and the Pennells had to return hastily, as the hospital was very

crowded. Heavy rain had made the roads almost impassable, and it was with great difficulty they drove through the Kohat Pass. At Banda, where they stopped for the night, the bungalow was in a miserable condition and leaked like a sieve. Some rooms could only be negotiated under umbrellas. Early next morning they set out by tonga for Bannu; in the Chingosta Nullah, the driver, syce, and Dr. Pennell had to get out and push the tonga through the water; the ponies were dead beat and it was very heavy going.

Fortunately, Dr. Barnett had recovered and was ready to begin work again.

Rain continued for nine days and nights almost continually, and the mud-houses of the Mission were in very bad state. One go-down fell in, and several of the out-houses threatened to collapse. Among the interesting cases at this time were the following:

"We have had several very interesting cases lately, some of them victims of the dreadful feuds that make our border tribes seem very like the clans of earlier days in Scotland.

"One Sunday morning while we were at church, a picturesque group of Waziris came into the compound bearing one of their people on a 'charpoy,' or string bed. Great wild fellows they looked, well-built and muscular, and with quite fine faces, though unkempt and fierce. But they were very gentle with the wounded man, and very anxious to hear the doctor's verdict. The poor man was shot through the scapula, and was very ill. On enquiring into the story we found that the fight had begun by a camel straying from one village to another, and the people to whom it had gone refusing to give it up, the first village demanded something or some one in exchange. As they

got no compensation for their camel, they stole a woman! Of course, this could not be borne, and so a big fight began between the two little villages and in the fray two men were killed and several wounded. The man who was brought in belonged to the village that had killed the two men, and so they were very nervous, because the rules of the Waziris hold it a point of honour to go on till both sides have killed the same number.

"It was with great trepidation next day that they saw another cavalcade coming in. This time it was a wounded man of the other party, and twenty strong Waziris accompanied him. His wound was slighter than the first man's, but both of them had the unpleasant treatment that so often ends fatally. A goat had been killed and its reeking skin tied over the wound in each case. The two parties were kept at the two extreme ends of the hospital, because though they might not attempt to have their vengeance here, yet the man who was badly wounded was in such a state of nervousness, lying ill and unarmed, that his temperature went up and he was getting worse.

"Another gunshot case is an old woman of about seventy. She was out with her son who had a loaded gun in his hand. It went off inadvertently, shot her in the left shoulder, shattering the bone. She came to us a fortnight after, very bad indeed; an operation was done and the bullet extracted from the bone, where it was embedded. The old lady is very happy now, and her devoted son comes and gazes at her with great thankfulness. He is very anxious to take her home to the hills and do her daily dressings himself."

The work in the Mission was now very heavy. From fifteen to twenty-five operations were performed every day, and the school work took a great deal of time also. The wards were very full indeed. A run of difficult

cataract and stone cases all arrived simultaneously, and the work in the city and villages was pressing.

Dr. Pennell spent what time he could spare in setting up the X-ray apparatus he had brought out, and the larger part of the evangelical work of the Mission, as well as the instruction of enquirers and Christians, were on his shoulders.

The Mullah Powindah sent down another deputation with a letter written in execrable Pushtu and Persian, asking for some large and expensive books as a gift, and offering the large sum of Rs.25 if Dr. Pennell would go to his fastnesses to treat him.

It was a very trying time. Each of the staff was ill in turn. Dr. Barnett developed pleuro-pneumonia and was seriously ill. Dr. Elwin, who had been sent to Dera Ismail Khan, had to return to Bannu to do his work.

In Holy Week, Rahmat Masih Waiz, of Multan, held a Mission in Bannu.

The Pennells had to go to Karak for a day; on the way they saw some patients at Sordagh; at Karak a cataract operation was done on a patient who could not come to Bannu; over fifty patients were seen, and at one o'clock they returned.

On Easter Sunday Dr. Pennell had just returned from taking the service in the Station Church when he had an urgent wire asking him to go to a case at Dera, ninety miles south. He left at once by motor and spent a night with the patient, returning next morning to his multitudinous duties at Bannu. The street in front of the patient's house was crowded from 7 a.m. with the blind and maimed and halt, all eagerly waiting to consult him. Immediately after his arrival at Bannu he began operating,

as he never liked keeping patients waiting if they were expecting him.

The next days were very full of work. Dr. Barnett was convalescent, but had to be sent away to Karak to recover. Dr. Pennell himself was far from well, but was too busy to be invalided.

Coming home from a visit to a patient in a village one afternoon, the Pennells nearly ran into an excited crowd of Bannuchis, who swarmed across the road preventing further progress.

Paggris were thrown at Mrs. Pennell's feet, and in course of time it was elicited from the yelling, gesticulating throng that they had brought a girl to have her age determined. One man said if the girl were not proved to be over eighteen, he would get seven years' imprisonment; and in token of his abject humility and importunity, he stayed bareheaded, pulling handfuls of grass from the wayside, and filling his mouth with it! "I am your cow," he said, as an expression of his abject humility. At the gate of the Mission the opposing party met them in great numbers, shouting down the alleged offenders, and declaring the girl to be a minor.

So high had feeling run that the police had had to come in and keep the crowds back in order to protect the girl.

With some difficulty she was admitted into the house, examined, and her age determined. A sealed certificate was then given to the constable for the court, and the crowd dispersed when they found they were not going to be informed of the result of the examination.

Though Dr. Pennell had not been able to inaugurate the Boy Scouts as such, he had always encouraged his boys to go camping and to aim at the same ideals. In May one hun-

dred and eighty of his boys marched out to Akra, with the school band leading. Dividing up into parties, each under a master, they made their way to the site of the old Greek encampment of Alexander. Here they camped by the river and were soon disporting themselves in it. The shady village of Barth and the peaceful Zyarat gave them shelter from the noonday sun. Here under the jâl and mulberry trees they ate their food and rested. The two blind custodians of the Saint's Tomb, who were old friends of Dr. Pennell's, brought them tea. In the afternoon the boys had scout games and romped to their hearts' content; then about six they began cooking their evening meal, each little group having its own arrangements, but all eating together, the only limitation being that the Brahman boys did the actual cooking where there were mixed assemblies.

The excursion had aroused great interest in Bannu, and several kind Khans had volunteered to go out with the boys, some carefully bringing their guns, so as to be prepared in case a raiding party of outlaws should think this a good opportunity to kidnap little boys for ransom! A warm stretch of sand near the river below Akra, with a handy spring of fresh water, was chosen for the sleeping-ground, and the volunteer watchmen did sentry-go all night. Nothing alarming occurred, but at 4.30 a.m. they fired their guns in quick succession and roused the sleeping boys to the great excitement of a possible raid! But no Wazirs were in sight, and the boys realised with disappointment that merely the enthusiastic desire of their watchmen to be of some use had been responsible for the shots.

A morning swim, and prayers, and then they returned to Bannu, refreshed in mind and body.

On May 13th the new school building was opened by General O'Donnell. For years the accommodation had been far from adequate, and as no funds were forthcoming from the Mission, Dr. Pennell built the new school in memory of his own and his wife's parents, his own funds being helped by a Government grant.

It was with great pride that the boys entered their new building, the last memorial to be built by him in his life-time.

Two days later, driving by night to Kohat, the Pennells had a bad motor accident. Dr. Pennell's knee was severely cut, and he had to be brought home at once to have it sutured. It was a fortnight before he was able to use his leg again, and for part of that time he was on crutches.

The news of the accident quickly spread all over Bannu, and in the intervals of work they had to entertain kind visitors who poured in to see if their beloved Sahib were seriously injured.

In June the Pathan clergyman was transferred to Dera Ismail Khan, and all his duties devolved on Dr. Pennell.

The days began to be very hot and work in the wards decreased, but there was much to do in the city and villages.

The following is an example of the kind of prejudice that doctors encounter. A small child belonging to an educated Indian lawyer, whose wife and mother, however, were absolutely ignorant, was a patient.

Her illness demanded ice-bags to the head, but the female relatives declared this would be the death of the child, and sitting by the poor mite's head, on the string bed, they absolutely refused to let anyone but themselves touch her, putting on boiling linseed poultices the while.

It was late at night, and the child was very ill. Dr. and Mrs. Pennell were at their wits' end to know how to save it. Entreaties seemed of no avail, commands were ignored, till at last, by sheer persistence and the hearty co-operation of the hitherto overpowered father and uncle, they were able to do what they wished. The furious womenkind retired swearing and cursing, heaping blame on the heads of the men, and screeching invectives from the roof-top, where they had been sent to be out of the way. Of course, the child could not be left for some time, and it was only when the exhausted women had subsided into quiet, and there was a possibility of the ice-bags being continued without opposition that the Pennells were able to return to the Mission. Fortunately the child, after a long and painful illness, pulled through, and the mother and grandmother, grateful and penitent, were often at the Mission-house with a rampant little maid who demanded dolls as her right, and fought her little sister on the question of whose special belonging the Doctor Sahib was.

Coronation Day was celebrated with great joy in Bannu. Dr. Pennell read prayers for the Garrison in the absence of a cleric, and the Bannu schoolboys had a parade in the Mission compound. In the afternoon they had water sports, to which most of the English officers came.

A visit to Karak was saddened by discussions with an unsatisfactory enquirer, who was wanting to introduce the question of money into his religious beliefs. This was very trying, and Dr. Pennell might often have lost heart, but he would patiently teach the most mercenary of these people the law of One Who gave Himself freely.

A Niazi convert who had gone astray came back at this time—a true prodigal, broken in health, and penitent.

Dr. Pennell received him with all love, kindly tending him in his illness, doing most things for him with his own hands, and never reproaching him. Gradually the man recovered, and soon begged that he might be allowed to make a public confession and be received into the Church. It was a great day of rejoicing when he was admitted, and his two small children also baptized.

In his campaign against all forms of evil, Dr. Pennell tried to teach the people of Bannu something of the dangers of the spread of tuberculosis—which at this time was attacking the youths of the town and district. To this end he gave a public lecture on the subject, with the result that many of his boys and masters determined to do all in their power to prevent the spread of the disease by the insanitary customs of the people, and a crusade against these habits was immediately started.

The improvements at the Thal Hospital under the new management were a great source of joy to Dr. Pennell. The well was proving an immense boon to the people, and the trees he had planted were doing well. Patients had come in from far and near, and they had a very busy time treating them. On their way through Kohat the Pennells received the terrible news of the death by drowning of a small schoolboy at Bannu on the very day of their departure. It was a great blow, and saddened their whole holiday.

From Pindi they went by Hasan Abdal, through Abbottabad to Kashmir. At Abbottabad several old Bannu friends, English and Indian, met and entertained them.

The sad news from Bannu had affected Dr. Pennell very much, and he was far from well. A stop had to be made at Garhi Habibullah because of his ill-health.

However, next day they were able to go on, and made their way to Baramulla, where, on a small doonga houseboat, they found peace and leisure. It was some days, however, before he was himself, and to a man of his active habits it was very irksome to have to refrain from frequent swims or long walks, because his strength gave out. A walk to the top of the Takht-i-Suliman every morning before breakfast was a test he set himself, and it was a great satisfaction to find as the days went on that the time taken in climbing decreased, while his pulse rate was less accelerated. He preached in the Mission Church and saw some old friends, besides making new acquaintances.

At Nil Nagh, where he found his old friend Mr. Tyndal Biscoe, they had a delightful little holiday; his health improved greatly, and much of his time he spent in the water.

A few days were spent at Srinagar, where he gave an account of the Bannu Hospital work at a meeting of Missionaries, and then they went up to the bracing heights of Gulmarg for a few days.

Coming back to India by Bareilly cart, they spent a night in a cattle shed at Phagwara; but otherwise had no adventures beyond the losing of a suit-case from the back of the cart, which was picked up later and returned to the police station by a wayfarer. From Kohat they tried to go on by motor, but at the fifth mile had to give up the attempt and get a tonga, which travelled by night, thus allowing them to begin work early next morning. Bannu was very hot at this time, and after a few showers only just became bearable during the middle of the day. The whole earth seemed panting for rain.

A little patient with macroglossia was admitted at this time. Her father was wanted by the police, who arrested

him immediately after the child's operation ! As the little girl would not let anyone but her reprobate father do anything for her, a reprieve was obtained for him. But later when the child was better, it was found one fine morning that there had been a flitting in the night and the police were baulked of their man !

CHAPTER XXXIII

1911

Old Boys' Association—Karak—Teri—Id-i-Fitr—Native State Customs—Mahsud guests—Collecting—Dera Ismail Khan—Patients by the way—Delhi Durbar.

AT the end of August they had a reunion of the old boys enlivened by water-sports and races, and followed by speeches and a repast timed to take place after sunset, so that the Muhammadans who were keeping Ramazan could also take part. The "Old Boys' Association" celebrated its first anniversary.

A few days later the Pennells went to Karak. Owing to a mistake on the part of the syce, they had to spend the night on the high road from Sordagh to Karak. The villagers kindly brought string beds and themselves formed an impromptu guard, quite unnecessarily as it happened; but as raiders were supposed to be in the neighbourhood, they were anxious for their Doctor Sahib's safety. As soon as the moon was up at 3 a.m. the travellers were able to proceed, and arrived in Karak before six, thus being in time for a good day's work. It was on this visit that the question of the Church was finally settled, the subscriptions started, and the site chosen. This was to form part of Dr. Pennell's long-projected plan previously mentioned for a training home for converts and enquirers. It was to be on the lines of the old Oriental schools of

theology, practising the simple life, devoid of distractions, and without the bewildering complications of instruction on ancient heresies. It was to aim at the pure study of the Scriptures and the life of devotion and meditation that would fit men to go out into the world as Evangelists and Missionaries, inspired by the Christ ideal. Karak was selected as being off the beaten track, and offering none of the temptations of a city. He used to say, it would all work out rightly once the right man was found to undertake it. He hoped greatly that an Indian or Pathan Christian would be inspired to volunteer—a man of learning and deep spiritual life; one who would have sympathetic understanding of the Pathan temperament, and be fearless and unafraid.

This was one of his happiest visits to the little place of his affections. Several enquirers dropped in to talk to him and receive instruction, and Dr. Pennell returned to Bannu heartened and encouraged by the vision the approaching fulfilment of his cherished schemes, and deep joy that Jahan Khan, his own first convert, whom he had watched develop from a raw vindictive Pathan boy into a patient devoted follower of Christ, should be responsible for the change wrought in these hardy mountaineers who had at first rejected his medical aid and even persecuted him and his supporters.

Soon after this they paid a visit to the kind Nawab of Teri, an old friend of Dr. Pennell's. As it was the Id-i-Fitr, the school in Bannu was closed and the wards fairly empty. Dr. and Mrs. Pennell set off one afternoon and spent the night in Banda.

It was one of the happiest journeys they had. All along the route they were greeted by gaily-dressed men and

boys, celebrating the "Id." Dr. Pennell had not forgotten his many children friends on the way, and had brought a bag of coppers with him, which he scattered among the shouting groups of ragamuffins who turned up to greet him at each stage. Never was a merrier journey; children followed the tonga for long distances, shouting greetings, begging for "paisa," deftly catching apples or oranges, and shrilling "Mubaraks" in their childish voices.

The road from Banda to Teri was very much out of repair, and the tonga bumped its way through streams and over boulders, hurling its occupants against the sides and rendering them bruised and sore for many a day. Most of the way Dr. Pennell went on foot.

Arrived at Teri, they were kindly received in the durbar room of the courtly old Nawab and given seats on the Persian carpet beside him. It was pathetic to see the blind old chief still attempting to keep up his reputation for hospitality, and giving orders that his guests should have the best he could afford. Wonderful silk and velvet quilts and table-covers, gold-embroidered bedspreads and hangings were unearthed from some hidden store, brought in their quaint bundles to the Nawab who recognised them by touch and approved or rejected them as they came. The guests were taken into a once gaily-decorated room that had belonged to the eldest son, who had died five years previously. No master's eye had been here for years, and the dust lay thick on everything; the gorgeous silks and embroideries looked most incongruous in this house of former splendour, side by side with the rubbish collected by careless servants during many years. The purdah arrangements at this little hill-state are very strict

and a great matter of pride to the natives. It was as though they told of some high and sacred custom when they related that once a man's daughter married into the Nawab's household, he never saw her face again—no, not even when she was dead, though a daughter might see her *dead* father. Indeed, the women folk even kept purdah from other women, and for once Mrs. Pennell was able to realise how impossible men-doctors must find it to diagnose a case, when custom allowed them no more than the pulse to judge by! However, by dint of persuasion and after a few hours' intercourse, the patient consented to a proper examination, but was nearly heartbroken when she found that in spite of this (to her) great concession, the medical verdict in no way bore out the promise given by the "Pir" who had been consulted at a distant shrine some months previously by one of her women. The latter had taken with her, for purposes of diagnosis, a scrap of the Begum's clothing, and a charm she had worn.

The night was made interesting by the peculiar customs of the old chief, to whom day and night were alike; at 2 a.m. he had a bath in the courtyard, at which most of his Court attended, and after long prayers he had a large meal lasting a couple of hours. This also was a "state" function!

One curious feature of this Court is that no servant or retainer may stand his string bed the right way up, as this was tantamount to lèse-majesté, therefore all the beds were placed with their legs in the air!

The "purdah" was so strict that even the mention of the Zenana was not allowed before men, and so when reference was made to the patient "inside," the Court was cleared!

A picturesque procession, headed by the old Nawab in his palanquin, with his sons, nephews, and grandsons, and all their retainers following, wound its way down to the River Teri early on the morning of the "Id" to hear the prayers recited. Then there was great feasting; the huge cauldrons, only in use on great days, were kept continually busy. Travellers, beggars, wandering minstrels—all were entertained, and that royally.

The old Nawab was determined that the glory of his feast should be enhanced by being served, for his two chief guests, at a table. But when the time came, no table could be found that was large enough to accommodate the forty-eight dishes required by the laws of hospitality, and so rows of servants stood by holding the surplus dishes!

Early in October a band of raiders came down to Esa Kheyl, attacked the harmless postmaster, cut him to pieces, took all the money the post office held and the jewels of the postmaster's wife. The cavalry went out after them, but effected nothing.

Some of the Mahsud Khans from the Mullah Powindah paid Dr. Pennell another visit and dined with him. After dinner they were taken over to the hospital courtyard and given a magic lantern display, which entertained them greatly. As they were utterly unused to looking at pictures, the patients, who felt quite learned by comparison, gave loud and pointed explanations of every man or beast shown on the sheet. The gramophone, on which Pushtu and Persian songs were played, also afforded them great amusement

During this time yet another duty had fallen on Dr. Pennell's shoulders, though primarily undertaken by others. This was the collection of subscriptions for the

swimming-bath built as a memorial to Mrs. Croker Pennell and professedly subscribed for by old boys. As the outlay had far exceeded the amount subscribed, Dr. Pennell and a faithful band of Reises and Khans made weekly rounds to the houses of the rich in Bannu city asking for funds.

The Prize Day—the last he held for his boys—took place on October 25th. For days before the boys had been rehearsing in preparation. The play was an adaptation of one of the scenes of the Oriental Pageant held at Allahabad the winter before, and the boys thoroughly entered into the spirit of the thing. They especially enjoyed personating the various races who came to the Court of King Akbar.

A short visit was paid to Dera Ismail Khan, where several patients were seen. The news of the Pennells being on the road having got about, a large concourse of villagers came from the little hamlets around and waited, hoping to catch them on their return. Near Yarik a crowd of about thirty or forty of these anxious patients was waiting, of whom those who were not blind were leaders of the blind, some by the roadside, some in the little hollows in the plain, where they had made themselves comfortable for the night. They made no attempt to make their presence known, and the motor flashed by while a group of them stood open-mouthed at this unwonted sight. Seeing several scrambling up from the side of the road and noting their blank and dejected appearance, it was thought advisable to stop and ask if they wanted anything. In a minute the car was surrounded by a pressing throng; old men and women were dragged forward by their children, some were carried or pushed, all entreated and begged for

attention. Out came the medicine chest that was always part of the equipment on these journeys, and the simpler maladies were dealt with, while the more serious ones and all operation cases were directed to go to Bannu. Further on another crowd led by a returned patient waylaid the travellers, so that they were very much delayed, and as the tyres gave out, too, they had to spend a night at Chandà Dâk Bungalow. Next morning as they could not make the tyres last further than Gambela, they left their car there and went on to Bannu by tonga.

In November a new Short Service man arrived to help Dr. Pennell in the school. As the Church Missionary Society had not hitherto given him any educational helper, and the pastoral work was also on his shoulders, Dr. Pennell found it necessary to provide his own assistant, and a young Cambridge graduate came out to fill the post. He also employed a clerk to do the office work, and leave him more time to devote to the spiritual side of the Mission.

On his next visit to Karak, Dr. Pennell, failing to find Jahan Khan at the Dispensary, traced him to the rock quarries in the neighbouring hills, where, with his characteristic enthusiasm, he was busily directing a party of labourers and personally selecting the stones for the new church. A Mullah with his wife and two children had come asking for baptism, and the whole village was in an uproar about it.

At the beginning of December the Pennells went to the Delhi Durbar.

On the day of the State Entry, at the tail end of the procession rode a somewhat haphazard band of frontier chiefs, poorly equipped and indifferently mounted, but fierce and strong to look upon, and quite without

any of the gay trappings that their richer fellow-chiefs displayed. Suddenly one grizzled member of this little group caught sight of an Englishman in a Pathan paggri, who was one of the few (perhaps the only one) who applauded them. "There's our Bannu Padre Sahib!" he cried, digging his neighbour in the ribs, and then they all gave a resounding frontier shout, and waved frantically in greeting, rejoiced to see a friend. Not a few of the bystanders looked round to see who could be the friend of such a ragged lot of Border ruffians.

At Amritsar a stop was made to attend an important medical committee to arrange the work for the new year, and Bannu had to give up one of its doctors.

During the Durbar days he frequently came across his Pathan friends. Sometimes a policeman would make a special path for Dr. Pennell, and as he turned to thank him, he would meet an outstretched hand, and a hearty Pathan greeting of "Stere mashé Daktar Sahib!" or the Pathan companies in the regiments detailed for lining the roads would hail him as he passed. Once he came on a group of Pathan officers from a regiment that had been in Bannu, and nothing would satisfy them but a hearty greeting to every one of Dr. Pennell's party, at the risk of making them late for their engagements. Old schoolboys cropped up everywhere, and many friends whom he saw then for the last time.

The King graciously accepted a copy of *Things seen in Northern India.* The year before he had similarly accepted *Among the Wild Tribes of the Afghan Frontier.*

The journey back to Bannu was done partly by motor, partly by train. The end of the year was marked by the baptism of a Mullah and three children at Karak.

CHAPTER XXXIV

1912

Trials—Bad cases—Bishop's visit—Foundation of church at Karak—Marwat—Persecution of Azam Khan—Troublesome protégé—Pressure of work—New hospital plans—Illness of Dr. Barnett—The end.

EARLY in January much occurred in the hospital to dishearten Dr. Pennell, as a series of bad cases came in. He was never able to take the pain or grief of others callously, and a patient who was brought too late, or who succumbed to the ignorant interference of his friends, would cause him infinite sorrow. One day a Wazir, suffering from volvulus of the sigmoid, was brought in late in the afternoon. The friends wanted immediate relief for him, and though he was an old man, it was thought advisable to give him the chance. The operation was therefore done at once, and the obstruction relieved, but shortly after the man died from shock. On the same day another man in the hospital under Dr. Barnett died from hæmorrhage. In the women's wards one woman died of acute tuberculosis, and a baby that had been successfully pulled through a long attack of erysipelas suddenly got broncho-pneumonia and died. A day like this, combined with all the minor worries of a Mission School and Community was, indeed, a " very black day," as Dr. Pennell calls it in his diary. Shortly after he himself had bad naso-pharyngeal catarrh with fever, but was too busy to stop work.

A message from the bazaar summoned him one evening to see a dead man, as an enterprising hakim declared it was not death but only a faint. In spite of all signs to the contrary the friends maintained that the man still lived, and one so-called "doctor" from the bazaar continued to give strychnine injections. They refused to credit the most convincing proofs of the man's death.

The bazaar preachings at this time were greatly disturbed by Talibs and Mullahs, who all tried to argue at once, or insisted on open rival preachings!

At the end of January the Bishop of Lahore paid a visit to Bannu. He held a confirmation in the Mission Church, and on February 1st went out with a large party of Bannu Christians to the village of Karak, in the Khattak country.

The first function was the consecration of the cemetery in the Mission compound. It was a great day in the annals of this little frontier village so lately hostile to Christians and especially to Missionaries. For the first time in its history there were forty Christians at the service held before the laying of the foundation stone.

Then a procession was formed, the Christian boys from Bannu constituting the choir and singing lustily, "The Church's One Foundation" and "Onward, Christian Soldiers!" in Urdu. The villagers joined the procession and behaved wonderfully well throughout. After the stone had been well and truly laid "in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost," the Bishop led the choir and procession round the foundations, the 127th Psalm was recited, and "The Church's One Foundation" again sung. Then the Pathans sang Pushtu hymns, and the procession marched back, singing,

to the hospital. It was a day of great rejoicing, and for those who had borne persecution, even to the point of being stoned and denied shelter or a cup of water in this very village, it was a day of solemn thanksgiving.

Never before had the Khattaks seen such a ceremony, and now they felt the Christians had surely got a firm footing among them, for within a few weeks they had seen a public baptism at the spring in the Mission grounds, then the consecration of a cemetery and now the laying of the foundation stone of a church. The little church, called "the Church of the Holy Name," is now completed and is being used, a glorious witness to the triumphant power of that Name to which it is dedicated. This was one of the happiest days of Dr. Pennell's whole life.

Azam Khan, the Marwat Mullah, who had become a Christian, wished to give his land to the Mission, so he and Dr. Pennell went out on a prospecting tour to examine the property in question.

Dr. Pennell bicycled to Hawed, and then rode on Beauty to Bragga and through a labyrinth of ravines to Landai and Durakka. Leaving the mare here, he walked on to Tajore and met Azam Khan at his village; then both of them tramped over the land, and Dr. Pennell advised and planned how it could best be used. He hoped in time to have a little village school, dispensary, and *Chaŭk* where the villagers could come and listen to the teaching of the Bible. Scarcely a fortnight later Azam Khan arrived in Bannu with a compound fracture of the skull which he had sustained a week previously, several of the villagers having attacked him and wounded him with an axe, after which they left him for dead. His little brother of fourteen, finding him in this condition, carried him home, and nursed him till he was able to move.

The villagers had grown violent when they realised that Azam Khan was not only a Christian himself, but meant to give his land to the Mission and bring Christians into the village.

Azam Khan, with the courage of a true Pathan, made very light of his injuries. He arrived one afternoon, and talked cheerfully for some moments; but when pressed as to his obvious appearance of ill-health, he said casually, "Yes, I have a little wound here," and removing his paggri disclosed a most unhealthy wound in his head. He was immediately attended to, but the earlier treatment of his zealous little brother had consisted of the application of the reeking skin of a sheep, and so the wound rapidly became septic, and for days Azam Khan lay between life and death. Yet he would never consent to the punishment of his assailants. "Let them know we Christians don't want revenge," he said. And if some enthusiastic friend urged their punishment, he would say, "They did not understand, they are only ignorant, we must forgive them." As the days went on he grew worse and worse; for a long time his face and head were in such a condition that his eyes were completely closed; he had high fever, and was in intense agony. Yet no one ever heard him say a word against those who had hurt him; nor did he ever complain. With unvarying courtesy he received the attentions of all who served him. Dr. Pennell and Dr. Barnett attended him night and day, and there was no lack of volunteers, Christian or Muhammadan, who were ready to nurse him. He bore his sufferings with intense sweetness and unwavering patience to the very end; and in the last days of his life, when Dr. Barnett was suffering intense agony, he more than once remembered

the perfect example of endurance which Azam Khan had shown.

One of his greatest anxieties was lest he should die before he had made his will and given his land over to the Mission, and when he got a little better he asked for a judge to be brought, and had the deed drawn up and registered in due form.

But he was not to die. Gradually his symptoms cleared, and to his intense sorrow, before he was about again, the two doctors who had tended him so lovingly, quite regardless of risk to their own lives, were both taken ill and died within a few days of each other.

At the frontier Mess one night, General O'Donnell, in giving the toasts of the services, added a little tribute to the Mission, of which he said, that "though it worked as it should unobtrusively, yet it was always to the fore when needed." And Dr. Pennell found himself being carried round the Mess dining-room on the shoulders of the younger officers, to his great surprise and embarrassment.

The school examinations came on at this time simultaneously with a very busy time in the hospital. The wards were full, the new sheds were crowded with men-patients, the verandahs were lined with beds; never before had there been so much work in Bannu. Operations took place every afternoon, varying from twenty to forty in number; cataract cases filled the eye-wards, and the doctors and nurses were worked off their feet.

Urgent cases in the city and cantonments had also to be attended, and the work of the church made an additional claim. This press of work came at a time when one doctor had been transferred elsewhere, and there was one

master less in the school, besides which there was no clerical Missionary in Bannu, hence the Mission staff was busy from early morn to late at night, and all the burden of responsibility fell on the indefatigable Head. In addition to all this, he instructed two enquirers who came to him regularly after 9 p.m. every day, and was giving extra time to the boys of the matriculation class, to whom he devoted the late hours of the evenings.

The new Zenana Hospital was sanctioned by the Church Missionary Society, and the foundations were begun on March 6th, 1912. It was with great rejoicing that the three doctors mapped out this beginning of a better building for the Mission Hospital, which had long outgrown the temporary mud quarters erected by Dr. Pennell and his mother twenty years before. The plan was to build the new Zenana ward on the site of the oldest part of the hospital in the large Mission compound, and when the money for that had been collected, Dr. Pennell's next project was to build the new Men's Hospital and Out-Patient Department. H.E. the Viceroy was asked to lay the foundation stone, and all things seemed to be working up to the fulfilment of another of his plans for the good of the Mission.

A virulent case of septic poisoning was the immediate cause of the fatal illness which overtook Dr. Barnett on March 15th. He had intense pain in the axilla, and signs that demanded operation.

Another of the staff was ill at the same time, and on Sunday, March 17th, Dr. Pennell operated on his colleague, whose pain was greatly relieved, but alas! he himself took the infection.

That night, however, at 2 a.m., Dr. Pennell was called

again to administer an anodyne as the pain was increasing, and gradually Dr. Barnett's condition got worse.

Dr. Pennell was now bearing the burden of the whole Mission work, in the school, and of the men's wards in the hospital as well as the duties of the church. His colleague's serious condition necessitated frequent and long visits to him. On the 19th he himself began to feel ill, but he struggled bravely to carry on the work.

All the morning he went about doing his own and Dr. Barnett's duties, as well as tending his colleague with untiring care.

On Tuesday, the 19th, after lunch, he was too ill to do operations; but was only persuaded to stay in bed when his wife undertook to do them for him, as he knew several patients had been waiting some days. That afternoon he sat up for the last time, coming in to the social little tea-party that he enjoyed with his fellow Missionaries. He was too ill, however, to do more than lie on the sofa; after that, as his fever was high, he was persuaded to go to bed. Major Cooke Young and Captain Leonard of the I.M.S. were subsequently unsparing in their attention; but during the first day of pressure the former was some miles out of Bannu, and it was only late at night that the latter was found. By this time Dr. Barnett was in a serious condition, and Dr. Pennell fast getting worse. Telegrams to Peshawar, Lahore, and Srinagar were at first productive of no help.

On the night of the 19th Dr. Barnett's symptoms became more alarming. Kind volunteers in the station were ready to help and nursed him devotedly.

He himself, poor man, was in extreme agony, and suffered greatly, knowing he was leaving a young wife, and

that their child would be born in a few days. His pain could only be controlled by morphia, and his lungs became gradually congested.

On Wednesday, the 20th, it was obvious that all hope was gone, for he sank rapidly.

Meanwhile, Dr. Pennell lay at his own house very ill indeed, but with his thoughts full of the duties he was perforce unable to perform. He insisted on interviewing his clerk and settling many pressing questions; his house surgeons and the masters of the school also visited him and reported on the work in hospital and school.

He insisted that every message for help from his colleague should be responded to at once: "Do go to Barnett —I am all right," was his constant cry.

That afternoon, the 20th, Dr. Barnett died, and Dr. Pennell's first thought was that Mrs. Barnett should be cared for. Then, though suffering himself and very weak, he wished to assure himself that nothing was being left undone that could possibly lessen the shock of the tragedy, as well as show honour to his friend and colleague. He insisted on being left while Mrs. Barnett was comforted and cared for, even in his extremity feeling that her need was greater than his own.

That night he was in acute agony, and then followed two days and nights of fluctuating hope and despair, and violent pain, only relieved by sedatives. Little could be done to help him, and his perfect self-control throughout made all assistance appear superfluous. Nothing could shake his serenity or make him forget his characteristic consideration for others. In the afternoon of the last day the long-expected serum from the Pasteur Institute arrived, at the same time as Dr. Cox from Peshawar; but

an injection merely relieved the pain and could give no permanent help.

That evening, at nine, his pulse began to fail, and it was seen the end was near. When he was told, he discredited their fears; but death had no terrors for him, his only regret was for work left unfulfilled, his only sorrow for those who grieved his loss.

His friend Jahan Khan, two other Christian assistants, and an old and faithful Muhammadan assistant, came and prayed by his bed, and he joined with them. It seemed as though the intensity of their longing, and that of the waiting crowds who lingered round the house, was, indeed, going to prevail, for at 11 p.m. he rallied—and was distinctly better. In the fullness of their joy, they came back to return thanks with him, and then left to continue their watching with hope surging in their hearts.

Dr. Pennell then insisted on all his nurses and doctors going to rest, thanking them each in turn as they left him.

But at 8 a.m. the following morning they were hastily summoned back, for his pulse had begun to fail again, and it was obvious that the end was coming. Those last hours will always be a sacred memory to his friends. He was fully conscious almost to the last, and bade each of them farewell, the doctors, Sister Fagg, Jahan Khan, the Indian assistants, finding a special message for each friend.

At 6 a.m., as the strains of the réveillé rang through the morning air, the watchers saw that he had passed into a new life.

All the last days the house was surrounded by waiting crowds, who had collected from miles around at the news of his illness. When they were told that all was over,

their grief was so intense that it was impossible to deny them a last sight of him who had been so much to them. He lay in his Pathan dress, in all the serenity of death, while they filed silently by—Hindus, Muhammadans, rugged warriors from over the border, women and children, schoolboys, beggars, patients, the lame, the halt, and the blind, old and young, foe and friend, all united by the common sorrow that bowed all heads alike.

The countryside was plunged in grief. In little hamlets, by the camp fire and in the bazaars, his people mourned him. They had lost one whom they loved, one who had become part of their lives; the news spread far and near, and all day the surging crowds continued to arrive from villages and outposts. At the gate of the house of sorrow they hushed their voices, even stilling their sobs lest the sound should hurt those whose grief they shared.

Among those who hastened to Bannu as soon as the news of his illness was received were old patients, whose own weaknesses were forgotten in their desire to be in time to see their Sahib. One lame man but lately returned from the Mission Hospital begged his sturdier neighbours to carry him in as he could not walk. "We cannot," said they, "we shall have to run all the way in case we are too late—which may merciful Allah prevent." To all his entreaties they turned a deaf ear, so he set off with a crutch, not considering the weakness of a recently united fracture. Alas! he had not gone more than a quarter of a mile when his leg gave way, and for two days he lay there, his friends being in Bannu, all having hastened to the Mission-house. He cared little for his own pain, the greater agony was that he had not seen his Doctor Sahib.

On the afternoon of March 23rd Theodore Pennell was

borne to his last resting-place. Willing hands were there to claim the privilege of carrying him from the house to the little cemetery. So dense were the crowds that it was with difficulty a way was kept open ; all pressed to touch the coffin or to get near somehow, and, surrounded by the love of the people for whom he had lived and for whom he had given his life, he passed on his last journey.

The glorious words, " I am the Resurrection and the Life," lifted their hearts to the truth he had lived to teach, and though he will never be forgotten, he is not mourned as dead.

A well-worn track to his grave shows the spot best loved in that cemetery, and fresh flowers are laid there daily by loving hands—the simple jasmine and roses that are symbolic of joy and affection in the East, and we know he has not lived in vain, for they say of him, " He is not dead, our Doctor Sahib could not die, he lives ! "

GLOSSARY

TABLE OF THE CHIEF SOUNDS REPRESENTED IN THE GOVERNMENT SYSTEM OF TRANSLITERATION

ạ = short *u*, as in "bun."
á = broad *a*, as in "mast."
i = short *i*, as in "bin."
í = *ee*, as in "oblique."
e = *a*, as in "male."
o = long *o*, as in "note."
u = short *oo*, as in "foot."
ú = long *oo*, as in "boot."
q = guttural *k*.
kh = *ch*, as in "loch."
gh = guttural *r*, not used in English.
' = the Arabic letter *'ain*, a guttural not used in English.

PRONUNCIATION OF THE PRINCIPAL ORIENTAL WORDS USED IN THIS BOOK

Afghán
Afghánistán
Afrídi
Alláhu Akbar
Amír
Baltistán
Bengáli
Bezwáda
Bhágalpur
Bukhára
Chenáb
Chilás
Chinárak
Chitrál
Deraját
Dharmsála
Ghulám
Hákim (ruler)
Hakím (doctor)
Hardwár
Hazára
Islám
Jahán
Jamála
Jelálábad
Kabír
Kábul
Káfir
Kálabágh
Kalám
Karáchi
Karím
Khalífa
Khorassán
Kohát
Koran
Laghmáni
Loháni
Majíd
Málik
Mughál
Multán
Nának
Nárowál
Nezabázi
Nizám
Panjáb
Panjábi
Pathán
Patwár
Pesháwar
Rám
Ramazán
Risáldár
Ríshíkes
Sádhu
Sanyási
Sardár
Sarkár
Subadár
Sulíman
Tálib
Tamána
Tiráh
Waziristán

GLOSSARY OF WORDS NOT GENERALLY USED OUTSIDE INDIA

Ber=a tree, very common in Afghánistán—*Zizyphus jujuba* and *Z. vulgaris*. Its fruit is largely eaten by the people.

Bhagti=devotion, faith. The Hindus contrast salvation by *bhagti* with that by *karmá*, or works. Chaitanza and others were the apostles of *bhagti*.

Bhásha=the script in which the Hindi language is usually written; the language itself.

Brahmachári=the first stage of the life of a devout Hindu, when he is a celibate student under some teacher or *guru*.

Burqá=the veil used by Muhammadan women out of doors to cover themselves. It hides the body from head to foot, allowing only two slits for the eyes.

Chadar=a cotton or woollen shawl, used as a wrap in the day and a sheet by night.

Chapátti=flat cakes of unleavened bread, cooked over a *tauwa*, or flat piece of iron.

Chárpai="the four-legged," the plain native wooden bedstead.

Chaŭk=the room or courtyard which the headman of a village sets apart for the use of the public. Village business and gossip is carried on here, and travellers accommodated.

Chaukidar=watchman.

Chigah=an alarm, sounded by beating a drum in a village, for the arm-bearing population to come out in pursuit of raiders or robbers.

Chilam=the Afghán term for the Indian hookah, or hubble-bubble pipe. The kind used in Afghánistán is simpler in construction, and has a shorter tube.

Dáktar=the native corruption of "doctor."

Dharmsála=a Hindu temple and rest-house for travellers, these two institutions being almost invariably combined.

Dúm=the village barber and musician, these two offices being usually combined; he also does most of the minor surgery of the village.

Dúmba=the fat-tailed Afghán sheep.

Fatwá=a religious decree, promulgated by a court of Mullahs, or by one Mullah of authority.

Feringi = the name universally accorded in Afghánistán to Europeans (the Franks). In British India it has a prejudicial signification, but not so in Afghánistán.

Ghazá = a religious murder, when a Muhammadan fanatic kills a Christian or Hindu for the sake of religion.

Gházi = the fanatic who commits *ghazá*.

Grihasta = the second stage in the life of a devout Hindu, when he marries a wife, begets children, and carries on his profession or trade.

Guru = a religious preceptor or guide among Hindus or Sikhs.

Hákim = a ruler, an executive officer.

Hakím = a native doctor, who practises on Western or Hippocratic lines.

Halwa = a kind of sweet pudding, very popular with the Afgháns.

Hazrat 'Esa = the Muhammadan appellation for our Lord Jesus Christ.

Hujra = a guest-house, where travellers are accommodated in Afghán villages. It differs from *chaŭk* in that it is more specialised for the use of travellers, while the latter is more for the use of the village folk.

'Id = a Muhammadan feast-day. There are two chief feasts—the "'Id-el-fitr," or day following the fast-month of Ramazán, and the "'Id-el-zoha" or "'Id-el-bakr," which is the Feast of Sacrifice, in memory of Abraham's would-be sacrifice of his son.

Izzat = honour: a word constantly in an Afghán's thoughts and conversation, but which even he is not always able to define.

Jirgah = a council of the tribal elders. This may be appointed by the tribesmen themselves to settle some dispute, or in British India it may be appointed by the civil officer to help in deciding some judicial case.

Káfir = an infidel. Strictly, only one who does not believe in God and the prophets, but loosely applied to all non-Muslims.

Kalámulláh = the Word of God. Comprises, according to Muhammadan teaching, four books—the Law (Tauret), the Psalms (Zahúr), the Gospel (Injil), and the Koran.

Kalimah = the Muhammadan creed: "There is no God but God, and Muhammad is the prophet of God." The recitation of this is the recognised way of declaring oneself a Muhammadan.

Kanal = a measure of land—one-eighth of an acre.

Karmá = works. According to Hindu philosophy, a man's reincarnation depends on the character and amount of his *karmá*.

Karnal = the Afghán corruption of "colonel."

Khán = a lord, a chief; an honorific title in Afghánistán, or merely part of a man's name.

Lashkar=an army; often applied in Afghánistán to a small body of men going out from a tribe for warlike purposes, but they may be going for peaceful purposes—hence the English "lascar."

Málik=in Afghánistán the headman of a village or tribe.

Má'uẓbílláh=a Muhammadan exclamation on hearing bad news or a calamity: "May God protect us!"

Muharram=a yearly Muhammadan feast held on the 10th of the month of Muharram.

Mullah=a Muhammadan preacher.

Munshi=a clerk or preceptor.

Naib Tehsildar=Government official next below a Tehsildar. "Naib" means "Vice."

Nambardar }
Lambardar } village headman.

Paggri=the Eastern head-dress or turban.

Patwári=a village bailiff, who keeps the accounts of the village lands.

Patwarkhána=the office of the bailiff.

Pardah=the Eastern custom of secluding women from the public gaze.

Pilau=a popular dish in Afghánistán, consisting of meat cooked with rice, with spices, nuts, raisins, and sweets.

Qurbán=*lit.* sacrifice; also used as an expression of devotion by an inferior to a superior.

Qismet=fate, destiny; an ever-present idea in the Muhammadan mind.

Rebáb=an Afghán stringed instrument, resembling a guitar.

Sáhib=*lit.* gentleman; the term of respect usually applied to Englishmen.

Samádh=the posture assumed by an ascetic for contemplation of the Deity. There are a great variety of these, each possessing its own peculiar merit.

Sangar=an entrenchment. In the mountain warfare of Afghánistán these are made of short walls of stones on the hillside.

Sanyási=the fourth stage in the life of a devout Hindu, when he retires from the world, and gives himself up entirely to religious meditation.

Sardár=a chief, an Afghán nobleman.

Sarkár=the usual term for the British Government.

Sharm=shame. The Afghán idea underlying this word is a complex, in which shame, public disgrace, modesty, delicacy, sense of honour, all share in varying degree. He is always talking of it.

Sháster=a religious book of the Hindus.

Shesham = a common tree on the frontier that yields an excellent hard wood for various articles of household use—*Dalbergia sissoo*.

Sowár = a horseman.

Sura = a chapter of the Koran.

Syce = a groom.

Tahsíl = the sub-division of an administrative district; the centre for the collection of the revenue.

Tálib = a Muhammadan religious student; a pupil in a mosque.

Tap-jap = a recitation of religious formulæ by a Hindu.

Tauba = *lit.* repentance; an exclamation denoting abhorrence or contrition.

Tehsildar = a Government Revenue official and executive officer.

Ustad = a master or preceptor; a religious teacher (among Muhammadans).

Wiláyati = belonging to Europe; especially applied to merchandise of European origin.

Yogsadhan = a system of contemplation, combined with religious exercises, whereby occult power is acquired.

Yunáni = pertaining to Greece. This is the word usually applied to that system of native medicine which was derived from the Greeks; in Europe it is spoken of in connection with the name of Hippocrates, who formulated it. The other, or Hindu system, is the Vedic; those who practise the former are called *hakims*, the latter *baids*.

Zamindár = a farmer, a landowner.

Zyárat = a shrine; the grave of a holy man; a place of pilgrimage.

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